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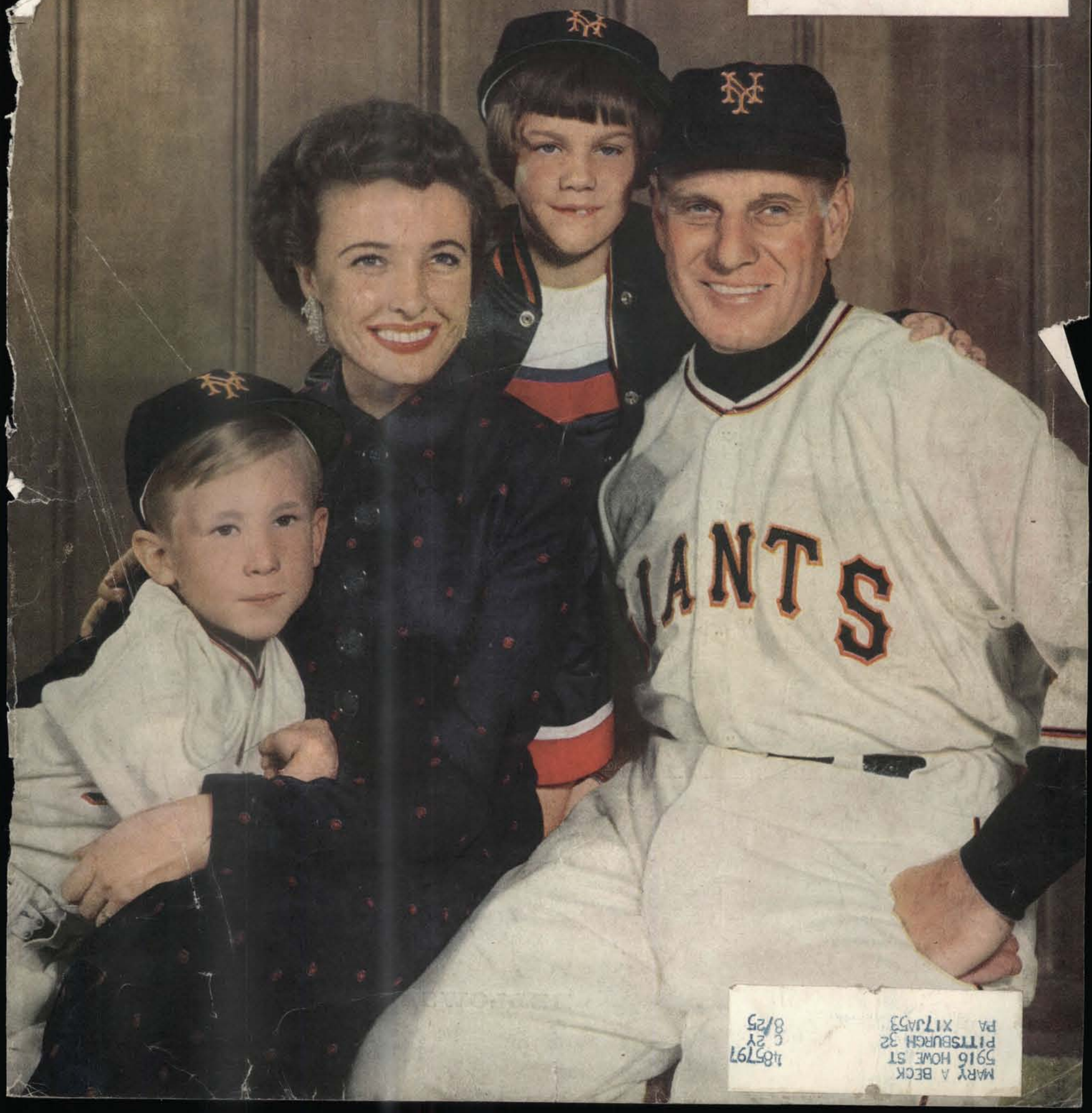
DUROCHER
Laraine Taught Leo:
Nice Guys Finish First



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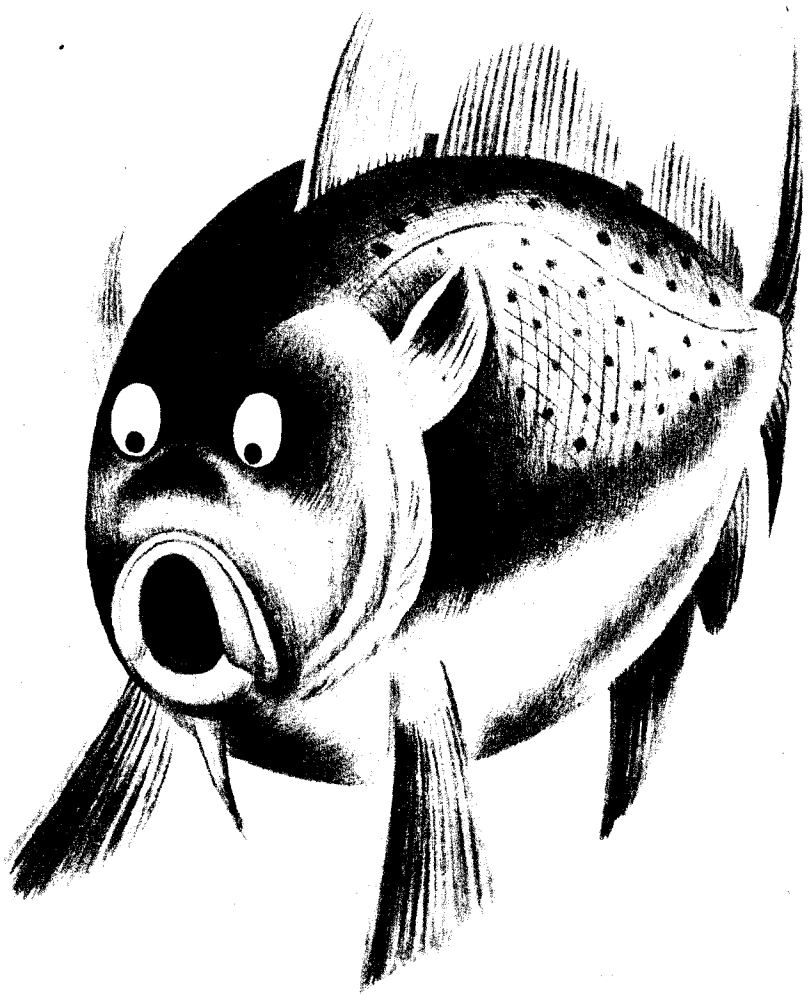

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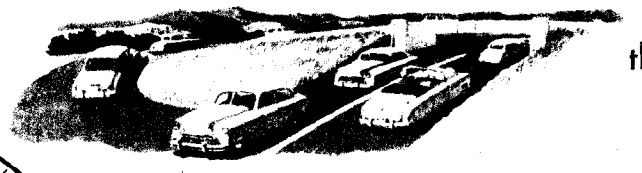

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Picture OF THE MONTH

The most exciting movie we've seen in a year is "The Wild North".

This one's another "King Solomon's Mines"—and maybe even a little bit better. It's got the same kind of thrills... the same exhilarating action and suspense. Matter of fact, it's even got one of the same stars—Stewart Granger—the bronzed, white hunter of "King Solomon's Mines", whom you'll see co-starred with Wendell Corey and the sloe-eyed, sultry Cyd Charisse.

"The Wild North" is filmed in the beautiful new Ansco Color. And, in it, Granger's a devil-may-care trapper—a zestful adventurer seeking to wrest a fortune in furs from the icy clasp of the northern wilderness... Cyd Charisse is the beautiful Indian half-caste who arouses all his elemental emotions—and leads him into stark and terrifying peril... And Wendell Corey's the indomitable "Mountie" who matches his courage, guile and endurance against Granger's in a fantastic manhunt through the uncharted, white jungle of the North.

Frankly, our personal Fahrenheit zoomed when we watched Granger and Cyd Charisse find uninhibited romance in the glow of the aurora borealis. And we predict that your mercury readings will soar, too, at the wild action you'll find in this fabulous adventure.

You'll see a spectacularly savage attack by a snarling, hunger-maddened wolf pack; you'll see a terrifying avalanche—thousands of tons of earth, snow and stone in a roaring cascade down a mountain; you'll see a twisting, turning, turbulent battle with death in the most thrilling river scene ever filmed—as Granger and Corey "shoot the raging rapids" in a frail bark canoe!

There's nothing tame about "The Wild North"! It's a spectacular successor to "King Solomon's Mines" and "Quo Vadis". We'll venture to say that you, too, will be wild about M-G-M's "The Wild North"!

★ ★ ★

"THE WILD NORTH" starring STEWART GRANGER and WENDELL COREY with Cyd Charisse. An M-G-M picture photographed in new Ansco Color, written for the screen by Frank Fenton and directed by Andrew Marton, produced by Stephen Ames.

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March 8, 1952

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The Cover

The happy family pictured on this week's cover consists, as every baseball fan knows, of the New York Giants' manager Leo Durocher, his actress-wife Laraine Day, and their adopted children, Chris and Michele. The benign expression which photographer Gerald Karsh captured on Mr. Durocher's face is (1) a natural aftermath of the 1951 season, a fabulous one for the Giants; (2) a reflection of his hopes for the coming season; (3) the typical look of a contented family man. For the inside story of baseball's best-known husband-and-wife combination, be sure to read Collie Small's report on the Durochers, starting on page 22.

Week's Mail

Mr. Taft's Foreign Policy

EDITOR: I think Collier's has done the American public a great service in its editorial But, Senator, They Don't Fit (Jan. 19th), in bringing before us an *unemotional* picture of Mr. Taft. Heretofore, all sides have been taken on his "probusiness" attitude, and too few voters have taken into consideration his limitations in personality and "flexibility of mind," as you put it so gently.

MRS. W. L. THOMPSON, Warren, Ohio.

. . . The thing that is wrong with your editorial is one phase of what is wrong with America today. Many people, even as you, seem to be trying to argue themselves into believing that we need something besides a strong, thorough American, with genuine statesmanlike principles and sound economic sense, to head our government in its foreign affairs.

It would be interesting to hear your description of a good foreign affairs President. I want to say that any President who would be good for America domestically would be good for her in foreign affairs. We will have a strong foreign policy only as we are strong at home. We will be respected in foreign affairs only as we are economically and morally sound at home. Do you not see any connection between our weak foreign policy and the weakness thrust upon us internally by our unsound government of the last two decades?

CLARENCE E. CUNNINGHAM, Mesa, Ariz.

. . . Your editorial on Senator Taft's approach to a sound foreign policy was quite appropriate. Instead of showing initiative, the senator is inclined to let others take command.

He points out their mistakes but does nothing to assert a positive program. To him a negative policy is the only solution to the world's headaches.

During the last war, we learned the bitter meaning of too little and too late. Taft seems to follow this principle. In times of trouble the American people are looking for leaders of vision, men who can aggressively assert strong policies toward combating the menace of Communism.

ARNOLD H. MANDWELLE, Omaha, Nebr.

. . . I am sticking to Bob Taft with all the grim determination of Captain Carlsen on the Flying Enterprise, in spite of your editorial. Even in extremity I'll board no tug, Pig-in-the-Poke, run by Eisenhower.

EVVA S. TOMB, Toledo, Ohio

The Photogenic Warrens

EDITOR: Jim Derieux's article (Will Warren Pivot to the Presidency?, Jan. 19th) on the Earl Warren family was informative. I agree with his expression, "wonderful Warren family." I met four members of this famous group during this year's Tournament of Roses parade. Nina Warren was

(Continued on page 35)

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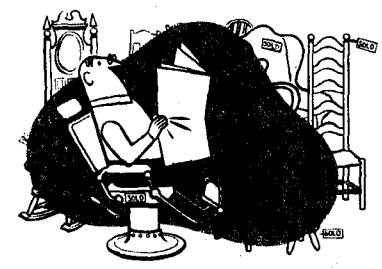
48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Ordinarily we'd ignore this one from Millersburg, Ohio, Mr. Eby Zimmerman writing. We try to keep aloof from crime. But you'll have to admit there are unusual aspects to Mr. Zimmerman's report. Couple of bandits stuck up a farmer on a country road in Holmes County. He was jogging along in his buggy, driving a large *placid horse. The bandits were similarly* transported. Giddap.

★ ★ ★

The reason is not too clear to us, but we're getting a lot of auction information. Latest comes from Mrs. Robert H. Bruher, of Los Angeles, who says Mr. Bruher has gone "auction-mad," attends auctions daily. No chair is safe. To date, she adds, he has brought home 47 chairs. The house and



garage are crammed with them. All sorts, all sizes. "He did start on sofas, divans, settees, davenports and heavy stuff like that," says she, "but they were unhandy to haul home in the car. In addition, he has bought a piano, five large radios and many boxes, yet unopened, which he went for sight unseen. Getting around the house is difficult, but when you stumble over something, as you almost certainly will, you're sure to land in a chair."

★ ★ ★

And a couple of customers got themselves tossed off a Chicago streetcar by a bored cop who refused even to try to explain the joke on the back of the transfer one of them held. (The transit company seeks to help commuters while away time by printing short gags on the tickets.) This joke that caused the ruckus was about a very tall man and a very short man, with one umbrella between them. They alternated at carrying it. The customer was supposed to answer the question: "Which got the wettest?" The answer: "Neither. It wasn't raining." The cop stood the howls of anguish from the passengers as long as he could before acting. No arrests, though.

★ ★ ★

He forgot to sign his letter. Probably too mad. Doesn't say why he's sore. Merely asks: "How come a guy can live as long as you and know so little?" Anyway, we've got to admit he wrote to the right party.

★ ★ ★

Advice from a Bismarck, North Dakota, father to his son who was thinking of running for political office: "Okay, my lad, go ahead and carve a niche for yourself; but don't chisel it."

★ ★ ★

If it weren't for an assist from Dr. F. W. Bradley, Dean of Faculty, University of South Carolina, we wouldn't have understood what Mr. Pitt McCreadie, of Spartanburg, meant when he informed us, "I swear a pine blank my daughter-in-law can't build the coffee." This, Dean Bradley finds, is pure South Carolina dialect. It means merely that Mr. McCreadie declares "point-blank" that his son's wife is no shucks at making coffee. Should have been perfectly clear, now that we know.

★ ★ ★

Most cautious radio news item heard in some time by Mrs. Binnie Gill, of Erie, Pennsylvania: "The President will hold a news conference tomorrow morning. He will be asked a number of important questions covering a wide range of subjects including, it is said, politics."

★ ★ ★

But the chances are excellent that the range of subjects covered at that press conference was not as wide as those which occupy the ladies in Bryant Pond, Maine, at their regular weekly meetings. It's by all means the most popular organization in Bryant Pond, and at the same time very educational. Its name, according to the reliable Mrs. Matt Frameotte, of Bangor: The Blab and Jabber Club.

★ ★ ★

And just in case you've been wondering, Mr. Bill Birnbaum, of San Francisco, is not too impressed by recent achievements by our scientists. Guns that shoot around corners? Bah. Atomic artillery? Mr. Birnbaum yawns. Messages sprung from the Atlantic to the Pacific in a second? So? What Mr. Birnbaum wants is a telephone that won't ring when he's at dinner.

★ ★ ★

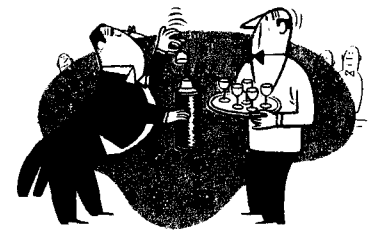
To fill in the time while we wait for something springlike to happen, maybe we'd better tell you that Mr. Barney Briskin, of Trenton, New Jersey, says that everybody in his set is talking about the forthcoming but still somewhat distant Presidential elections. "However," says Mr. Briskin, "the talk is very, very General."

★ ★ ★

"Honest, pal, I don't ask much," writes Mr. Joe Tippet, of Butte, Montana. "All I ask is a bunch of guys in Washington who'll work for the people instead of on them."

★ ★ ★

And Mr. Vic Dinsmore swears this is true, so help him. He went to a cocktail party in Lincoln, Nebraska. And there he saw a character with a two-quart insulated



LOWELL HESS

bottle in hand. Every time the drinks were passed. he took two and poured them into his bottle. When it was full, he went home.

★ ★ ★

Mrs. Sally McMurdoch writes us from Portland, Oregon, that our old friend Henry Thiele has passed away. But he'll always live in our memory as the chef and manager of his restaurant on West Burnside Street, Portland. Some years ago we got into an argument with Henry about spare ribs—

(Continued on page 35)

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I come from a long line of public and private snoozers

Pardon My Yawn

By NOLLE T. ROBERTS

MY HOST often awakens me at a party to inquire: "Are you sure you're quite comfortable there, old man? Do the noises of the gay and festive occasion disturb you?" I assure him that nothing can disturb me during my hours for sleeping, and frequently I manage another 15 or 20 winks before my wife signals the time for departure by rapping me sharply on the temple with the heel of her slipper.

The fresh air clears my throbbing head and has me fully awake by the time we reach home, where my wife vows she'll remain in humiliation for the remainder of her days.

I point out to this lady that I come from a long line of public snoozers and am doomed by inheritance and environment during my formative years to this fate, even as the South American sloth. She intimates that she doesn't care to be married to a sloth, either, even if I do refrain from hanging upside down and eating Cecropia leaves. Besides, she points out with feminine logic, the sloth may only have three toes on each foot, but he has *four* feet; that puts him a couple of notches up on me any way you figure it, and it's plain what her choice would be if she had it all to do over.

My father was a public sleeper before me. Although a devout man, he has slept through some of the loudest sermons ever delivered in the South. He points to St. Peter's slumber through a critical night as evidence that his own heart is right even though his eyes are heavy. Citing the precedent may have kept him from being read out of the church, but my worldly wife won't buy it.

Still, with a bloodline and background like that, it should be obvious why I am able to sleep on any occasion. I am in top form at the right hour, whether at the boss's annual dinner or spending a quiet evening at home.

It leads to neither professional advancement nor marital bliss.

When day is done and the young ones are bathed, watered, bathroomed, and tucked wailing into their little beds, my spouse expresses a plaintive desire to sit-down-a-little. This amounts to a warning to rouse myself from the divan, where I have usually managed a short nap by staring fixedly at a TV movie.

It requires two to sit-down-a-little, because it includes a discussion of the day's activities on the home front with emphasis on the cumulative evidence that our kids are the smartest and cutest on *this* block. A morsel or two about the current visitor-till-four-o'clock in the home of the pretty divorcee across the street is also a definite aid to sitting-down-a-little.

Heaven knows I *admit* that our offspring are wonders of charm and intelligence beyond compare to the kids on any block. And my wife would cancel her annual trip home if she suspected my furtive but feverish interest in the activities of our lovely neighbor at any hour. I could discuss both subjects with relish at any reasonable time of the day or night.

But 7:00 to 9:00 in the evening, 1:00 to 3:00 in the afternoon, and 5:00 to 9:00 in the morning are my hours for sleeping. During those periods I am as handicapped for conversation, commerce and society as an idiot child on the Quiz Kids program. And as little to blame. But the fact that I am a competent workman and charming companion at all other hours is no protection from the neurotic fears this minor deviation in time schedule arouses in the breasts of suburbanites and nine-to-five employers.

I am mocked and jeered with the fervor of early Boston witch-hunters by those who would mold me to their hourglass for living.

My time has come.

My considerable talents are offered herewith for less than a living wage to any employer who will permit a double split-shift—10:00 A.M. till noon, 3:00 to 5:00 P.M., and midnight till 3:00 A.M. Dangerous and dirty work, no chance of advancement and overbearing foremen are expected; and I will relocate anywhere, including Lhasa and New York City.

I volunteer to take a loyalty oath to fight fanatically against pension plans, escalator clauses, incentive pay, bonus guarantees, retirement benefits and safe or sanitary working conditions. A seven-day week, without vacations or holidays, is acceptable and either legal or federal government employment will be welcomed with enthusiasm unwitnessed since the depression.

Since my wife will undoubtedly leave me upon learning of my determination to *live as nature intended*, hostesses should note that an eligible man of regular habits will soon be available. Invitations to all ten-o'clock breakfasts, five-o'clock lunches, and eleven-o'clock dinners will be gratefully accepted. THE END

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There are optional settlements, too!

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BILL STAPLETON

RIDGWAY

Will He Succeed Ike?

A tough new job may lie ahead for Matt Ridgway, a brilliant soldier-diplomat who proved in Asia that he knows how to keep peace among his allies while striking terror in the hearts of his enemies

This article on General Matthew Ridgway, and his qualifications as a candidate for the command of the Supreme Headquarters Allied Powers in Europe, represents the combined contribution of a number of Collier's staff members. The material for it was gathered in the Far East by Tokyo correspondent Charlotte Knight, in Washington by James Derieux and Todd Wright and in Paris by Seymour Freidin and Bill Richardson of Collier's European team. This information was correlated and the article written by associate editor John Denson, who met Ridgway while in Korea and Tokyo, and who also gained firsthand knowledge of General Eisenhower's job in Europe during a recent visit to SHAPE

The impact of what is to come will be felt all along the free world's thin line against the aggressors.

A decision, far-reaching in effect, must be made before the uneasy spring and summer are over. Soldiers in the field, the chief ministers of many governments, anti-Communist peoples everywhere, and even Soviet Russia's cruel dictators are waiting and watching it. What the decision is will bear upon the confidence of ourselves and our allies in our ability to enforce peace, and it may bear upon whether the enemy dares move against the line.

The decision is not a matter of policy, but of men.

THE GENERAL was relaxed. But, in his big office on the sacrosanct sixth floor of the chill-looking Dai Ichi Building in Tokyo, where MacArthur once paced and talked and planned, you could feel a quiet intensity about him. Some associates say he can be very angry. But the steady eyes of the large and leathery man across the room seemed to reveal a lifetime of rigid control—control of mind, control of personal feelings, control of any situation, no matter how difficult, he might find himself in.

He is soldierly above all else and, as one of these associates said, he is an "extraordinary man who behaves in an ordinary fashion."

From Dai Ichi, General Matthew Bunker Ridgway carries on the many duties left by General of the Army Douglas MacArthur: SCAP—Supreme Commander, Allied Powers, which makes him boss of the military occupation of Japan; Commander in Chief, UN Command in Korea, which makes him responsible for conduct of the war against the Reds; U.S. Commander in Chief, Far East, which gives him control of all our forces in that theater—Air Force, Navy and Marines as well as Army; and finally, Commanding General, U.S. Army, Far East, which emphasizes that he runs the ground forces. *(Continued on page 66)*

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A Taste for LOBSTER

Simple altruism had made me offer to cure the professor's son of his mercenary ways. Now I had no choice: this teen-age tycoon was making a monkey of me in front of my girl

By ARNOLD B. HORWITT

IT WAS nearly six o'clock when I crayoned a large D-minus on Edgar Zimmer's exam book and wearily closed the folder. Grading two hundred and seven fatheaded essays on Byron, The Artist and The Man is hardly fitting labor for a scholar of my attainments, but when you're bucking for a graduate fellowship at this university, you bite the bullet. Besides, the afternoon's work had netted me three dollars and seventy-five cents, and I needed the money.

I took the folder into Professor Burton Tyler's office. The crowning glory of our English department sat, in a manner of speaking, at his desk. His spine rested on the seat of his swivel chair, and his long, skinny legs, clad in flannel trousers, sprawled across the desk. He stared out the window, absentmindedly gnawing at his pipe. Stray grains of tobacco clung to his trousers and tweed jacket, and some more were sprinkled through his hair, which was gray and rumpled like the tweed jacket. A hot coal from the pipe was burning a hole through the desk blotter.

"Lit. 305 all present and accounted for," I said.

The professor listlessly dropped the folder into a desk drawer. "Walter, do you have any children?"

I shook my head. "Out of my field. I'm an English major."

"Keep it that way, Walter," he said solemnly. "Keep it that way. When your bride-to-be starts babbling about the joys of parenthood, still your ears to her siren song."

"Speaking of my bride-to-be," I said, "Jane wants to know if I can count on that fellowship. She refuses to post the banns—"

"A child is brought into the world," Professor Tyler boomed, paying no attention to this shrewd gambit. "A laughing, blue-eyed lad, blessed with parents who are loving, intelligent and high-minded. From the moment of his birth, he is nurtured in happy, cultured surroundings. And what is the end result?" He thumped his fist on the desk. "A monster!" He slumped back in his chair. "I refer, of course, to my son, Christopher."

I made a sympathetic noise. "Your son Christopher is a monster?"

"A cunning, avaricious, greed-ridden monster!" he barked. "How else can I describe a fourteen-year-old boy wily enough to be making a hundred dollars a week?"

Now I was interested. "Christopher makes a hundred dollars a week?"

"After taxes. At an age when his soul should be awakening to the wonders of nature and the glories of art, my son dreams only of enlarging his already swollen bank account."

"But a hundred a week!" I said. "Aren't you kind of proud of him?"

The professor waggled his shaggy head emphatically. "Ours is a family," he declaimed, "that has always prized mind over Mammon. My grandfather, the acknowledged world authority on Icelandic dialects, wore the same suit of clothes for twenty years. My father, whose monograph on Ruskin is revered wherever English scholars gather, was obliged to hole up in the Faculty Club to avoid his many creditors. My uncle Horatio . . ." Finally he ran out of kinfolk.

"Professor Tyler," I said patiently, "how does Christopher make all that money?"

A sneer curled his lips. "Baby sitting."

"Baby sitting!" I squeaked. "Who does he baby-sit for—Aly Khan?"

The professor stood up. "It's too depressing to explain, Walter. Come home with me and see for yourself."

It was my first visit to the Tyler house. Like most of the senior professors, Professor Tyler lived on Faculty Row in a large, old-fashioned, white frame house with a small lawn around it. As we came up the street, we saw that the Tyler lawn looked like an Arab market place at high noon. There must have been nearly fifty kids crowded on it—boys and girls of all shapes and sizes, and all in their early teens. They clutched comic books and school texts, and some of the girls carried knitting bags. A continuous walla-walla of high-pitched voices assaulted the evening air.

Professor Tyler surveyed this busy scene like Moses viewing the high jinks around the golden calf. "Behold my son in his countinghouse," he said bitterly. "That's Christopher there on the porch."

We walked over. Christopher sat at a long table on the open porch, a telephone to his ear. Unlike his father, he was short and tubby, with a round, bland face and neatly parted brown hair. His small, sharp nose supported a pair of heavy-framed eyeglasses. Beside him were two little girls, about eleven or twelve, each with a card index before her. A large street map of the town was spread out on the table.

Christopher glanced up as we came up the steps. "Hi, Pop," he said. His voice was high and unattractive. "How'd it go today at the think-shop?"

The professor shuddered delicately. "I'll tell Olga you're staying to dinner," he said to me, and hurried inside. I sat down on the porch swing and studied Christopher, who was listening intently on the telephone and jotting down notes on a pad. He reminded me, I decided, of a small, obnoxious boy who had once invaded my room at the university and tried to sell me a set of magazine subscriptions. It had taken nearly an hour to get rid of this lad, and as he left the dormitory and passed under my windows, I'd poured a pitcher of water on his head. It was an impulse I have never regretted.

FINALLY Christopher hung up. "Bobby Wilkins!" he yelled. One of the kids on the lawn raced over. "Hathaway, 14 Clover Road," Christopher said crisply. "Twin boys, four years old, eight to midnight."

The kid nodded and reached into his pants pocket. He fished out a quarter and handed it to Christopher. "One thing, Wilkins," Christopher said, pocketing the coin. "I've had some complaints about you. Stay out of the refrigerator!"

The kid nodded humbly, and trotted off as the telephone rang. "Tyler Tending," Christopher said, picking it up. "Mr. Tyler speaking." During the next half hour I watched, fascinated, as Tyler Tending sent forth its minions. The mob on the lawn steadily diminished, and each youngster forked over a quarter before leaving the premises. Now and then, a kid complained about a tough assignment, and there ensued a lively bickering between Christopher and the reluctant sitter. Only once was he bested. A freckled little girl with red hair argued so vehemently about a family with no television set that Christopher finally agreed to waive his twenty-five cents' commission. As this trouble-maker departed, Christopher turned to one of the girls at the table. "Patsy's done that three times now," he said, and frowned. "Put her on the bad list."

IT WAS nearly dark when Professor Tyler came to fetch me inside. "Be along in a while, Pop," Christopher told him. "Soon as I clean up the late trade."

I followed the professor into the living room. It was a large, pleasant room, crowded with bookcases. Above the fireplace was a portrait of a pale, delicate-featured woman dressed in a white tunic. "That was Christopher's mother," Professor Tyler said. "A sweet, unworldly creature, fond of playing the bassoon." He shook his head somberly. "She was terrified of Christopher."

He poured two glasses of sherry. "Look around this room, Walter," he commanded. "Those bookshelves contain the wit and wisdom of twenty-five centuries." He indicated a large record cabinet in a corner. "In there are stored the noblest melodies set down by man since the dawn of history. And in the midst of all this," he said, pointing accusingly toward the front porch, "burgeons *that!*"

We could hear Christopher arguing shrilly on the phone with a Mrs. Gilhooley. "He's quite a boy," I said. "Imagine getting all those kids to pay him a quarter apiece."

"Sheer exploitation," the professor said. "And he collects an additional quarter at the other end, from the parents who employ his sitters."

"How does he manage it?"

"The boy is diabolical," the professor said. "He's cornered the market. He has informal press gangs roaming the playgrounds every afternoon to recruit additional sitters. When a child is born in this community, he may not be entered at birth at Groton, but he is assuredly set down in Christopher's file of prospective customers. Each newly-wed couple receives a congratulatory message and a reminder that Tyler Tending stands ready to serve them, if and when." He set down his glass with a thump. "How do you think I feel, having sired this pocket-sized Fagin?"

"But he's not teaching these kids to steal," I said soothingly. "There's nothing really wrong with baby sitting."

"Not as such, perhaps. But when a fourteen-year-old boy thinks of nothing but vulgar schemes of commerce—" He began to recite. " 'Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey, where wealth accumulates, and men decay.' Oliver Goldsmith."

"Still, he makes a hundred *(Continued on page 56)*

Even flapping her eyelashes, Hermione looked to me like any thirteen-year-old. But her effect on Christopher was something else again

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDRIC VARADY

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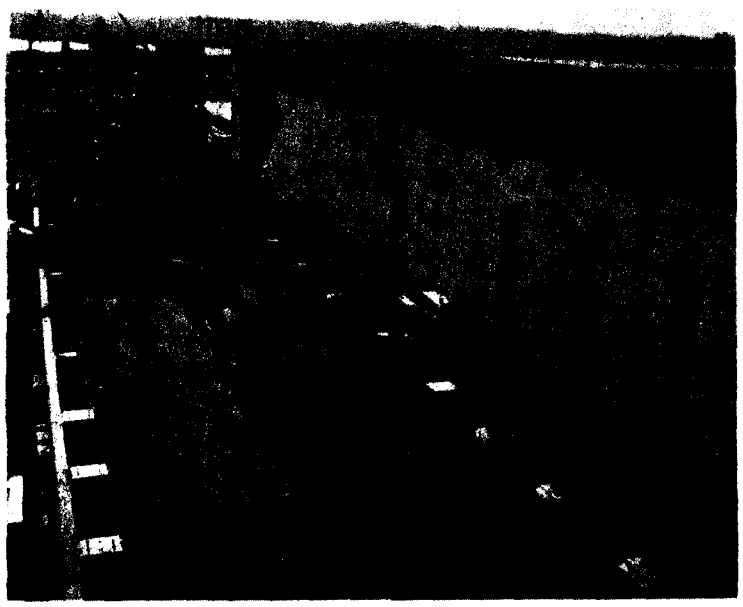
In a great outburst of expansion, U.S. industry is spending a billion and a half to give us more civilian goods and still help the West stay free

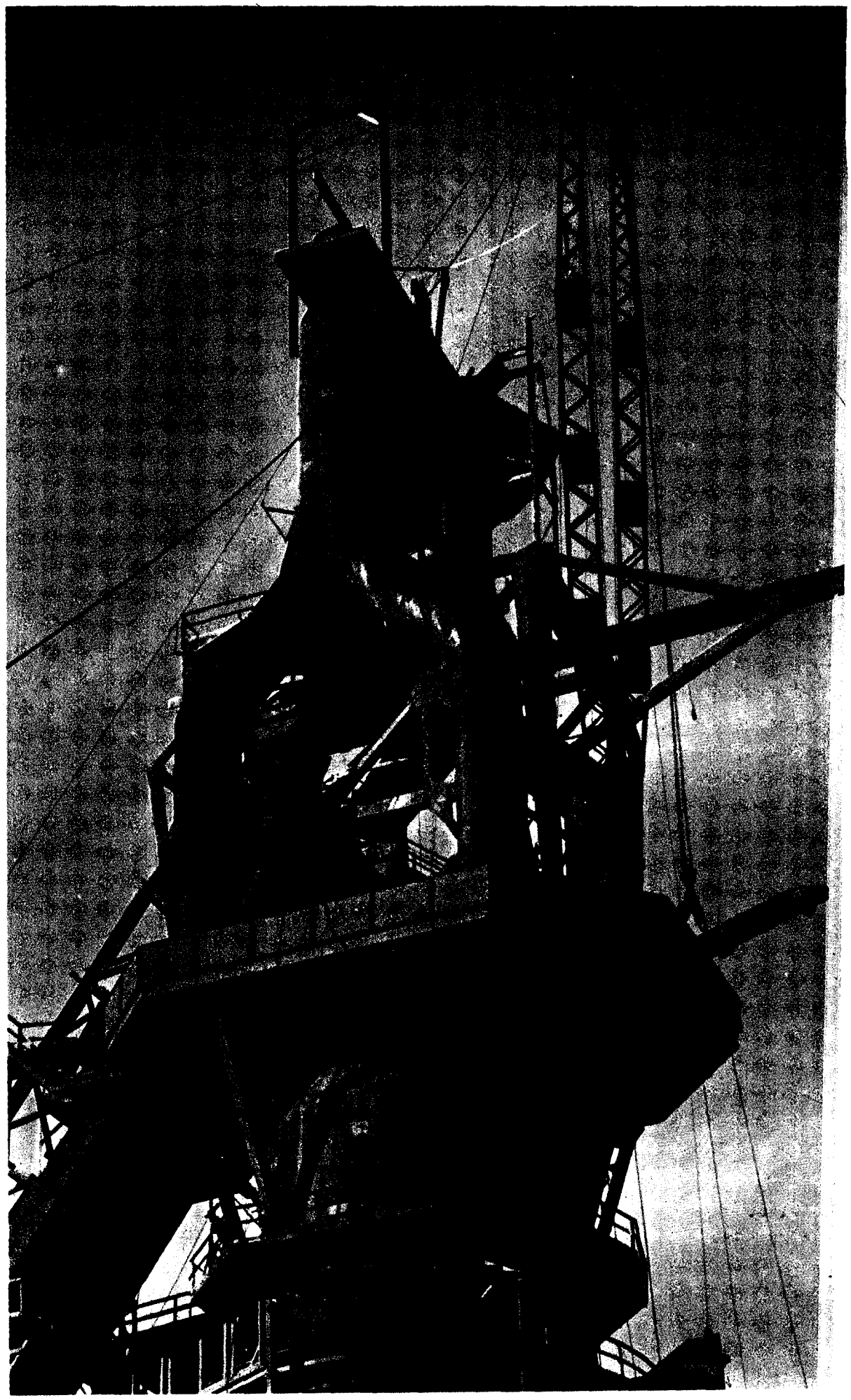
BIG BOOM

Stephan E. Westaby, industrial relations executive of Fairless Works, plant being built by U.S. Steel



Ore pits and slips for ships bringing raw materials are constructed on a hurry-up schedule at Fairless

First earth at Fairless was turned March 1, 1951, but workers press for full operation by early 1953



A blast furnace goes up at the 400-million-dollar Fairless Works. The biggest steel m ever built at one time, it will add 1,800,000 tons each year to U.S. output of 105,000,0(

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on the Delaware

By JOHN DENSON

IN THE winter dusk, if you travel by way of the Pennsylvania Railroad or the Baltimore & Ohio from Wilmington to Trenton, you see flurries of lights and torches that seem, at times, to be swarms of huge fireflies. Along this dazzling strip of the Delaware tidewater, by day and night, U.S. industry is engaged in an enormous expansion which means more good things for all of us and more muscle for the containment of Communism. What is happening here has been described as a "renaissance," for the Delaware, as everyone knows, had an early and heroic role in the settlement and development of the New World.

"Renaissance" is not quite the correct word. The Delaware has always been closely identified with the nation's industrial forward march. But now, well over two centuries after William Penn sat on the river's bank and won the friendship of hostile Indians, the Delaware has taken on vastly greater importance in the American scheme for plenty in peace, and strength in war if it comes.

Tremendous new mills and furnaces, refineries and laboratories, assembly plants and transport facilities, small factories and others that cover many acres are going up with astonishing speed. It is estimated that, by the time the current construction program is completed, a billion and a half dollars will have been spent in the Delaware stretch which covers parts of three states—New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Delaware. Few blue-ribbon names in industry are missing from the roll call of producers, new and old, in this area. On the south is Du Pont; now, on the north, is U.S. Steel.

Whole cities are rising on garish-red farm land where broccoli and string beans grew only a season ago. Over the countryside, some of it unruffled since Penn's time, are massed giant earth-moving machines, cranes, tractors and trucks that hurry through colonial towns like Fallsington in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, with its ancient Friends Meetinghouse, its magnificent stone homes and memories of other and quieter winters. In Bucks County alone, two new developments are expected to provide 20,000 new homes to accommodate a population of nearly 100,000. These are Levittown (named for the developers, Levitt & Sons, builders of the much-publicized Levittown in New York), and rolling Fairless Hills, where more than 1,000 houses have already been built.

Those who live along the Delaware know by all this, by ready jobs and the prospect of many more, by thickening traffic and the push of crowds at the stores, that there's a boom going on. "But," a Morrisville, Pennsylvania, merchant said with understandable satisfaction, "this is no crazy boom. This one has a solid core. It makes sense."

Certainly, there is nothing flimsy and fly-by-night in the Delaware development. There is about it the character of permanency; of long-range planning for profitable production in normal times as well as in times of extraordinary demand. In the rapid expansion along the river, private enterprise is making its calculations in terms of generations, not years.

By far the biggest single new industrial project is U.S. Steel's $400,000,000 Fairless Works, in a bend of the Delaware where Biles Creek turns off to point a muddy finger toward Morrisville, just across the river from Trenton. This great steel plant, being built on 3,800 acres of land where you still stumble over furrows cut by last year's plows, was originally planned on a smaller scale to meet peacetime needs, but its construction and enlargement were hurried by the rearmament of the world's free nations after war broke out in Korea.

Full Production Expected in a Year

Close to 7,000 men are at work on the plant now. Since the first earth was turned on March 1, 1951, they have been pushing toward a goal of full operation before this time next year. They are very likely to reach it. That means 1,800,000 more tons of steel on top of the present amazing annual national output of better than 105,000,000 tons. And Benjamin Fairless, the vigorous, up-from-the-ranks president of U.S. Steel, is so deeply impressed by the potential for growth on the Delaware that he often wonders out loud if they'll ever stop building at Fairless Works.

The size of the mill—largest ever built at one time—and its production are almost impossible to visualize. Initially, the plant will turn out enough steel every year to build 300,000 automobiles, 10,000 freight cars, 574,000 home refrigerators, 10 aircraft carriers, 500 airplanes, 500,000 three-inch shells, two heavy cruisers and 500 powerful tanks. Beyond this, there will be countless by-products, chemical and metal, and these, like steel, will create more and more industries on the Delaware. For every large basic producer, there are users and suppliers by the hundreds.

Mr. Fairless describes the new plant renamed for him as a "steel magnet."

It is that—and more. Sometimes a steel mill helps a dream along. The Morrisville merchant said: "A lot of us never think to size up big industry in the terms of little people. You go see Henry Below and let him tell you what happened to him when the plant came."

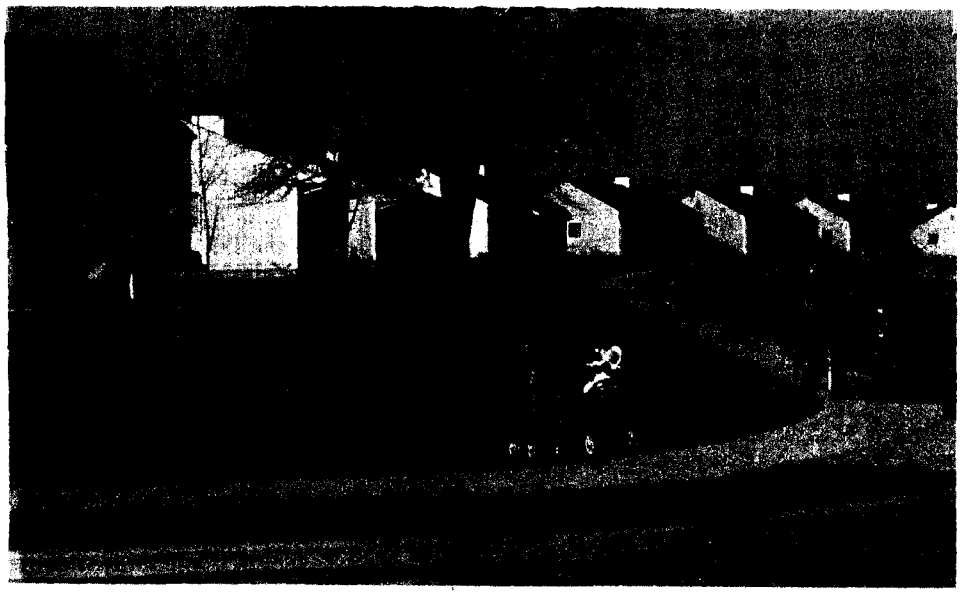
Henry Below, forty-seven, busy, and a man with a happy heart, runs the Pennsbury Pottery just north of Tullytown near the Fairless Works. It's a many-windowed, low-slung building about 150 feet long and it sits quite a way back from the highway, next to the Below home, a trim white house with red roof and red awnings. The Below world, newly created, is in this building and this house. It was a world Henry Below had long dreamed of but never quite expected to realize.

"I might have had it someday," he said, "but then I would have been too old." For 21 years, he was plant manager of the Fulper-Stangl Pottery in Trenton and, since 1939, had lived on what is now part of the steel plant site. He had an 1880 farmhouse, one of those big barns so familiar in rural Pennsylvania, and 31 acres on Old Bordentown Road.

Mr. Below and his talented wife, Lee, loved pottery and they installed a kiln in the barn where they could work together in his spare time. They loved birds, too, and that's what they molded, painted and baked. The tiny nuthatch, blue, black and white, was a favorite of theirs. But they made a few other things. They called one creation the Slick Chick and it was very popular. Both wanted to branch out to make all kinds of pottery, and Mrs. Below composed verses for plates and pitchers. You can't do too much in a barn, though, and the Belows (there are three children, too) had to be content to work in a small way.

Then Big Steel came to lower Bucks County. The Belows got a generous offer for their land and home. The price was more than enough to cover all the improvements (about $15,000 worth) that the Belows had made on the old house and barn. All at once, the Belows had what they had hoped for for so long. They were in business, their own. Last May, the ground for the pottery was broken. In September, the equipment was put in and, by October, Pennsbury Pottery, bright with row on row of birds and gay bric-a-brac of a hundred kinds, was a going business.

"I figure the pottery must be worth better than $70,000 now," Mr. Below said. "I have 20 employees (many of them are clever artists), and



Sixteen houses a day are completed at Fairless Hills, on a farm four miles from the plant. Plans call for 3,500, selling at about $10,000

Home buyers stormed Levittown when model house was opened, bought $5,000,000 worth in a week. In three years, 70,000 will live there

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JERRY COOKE

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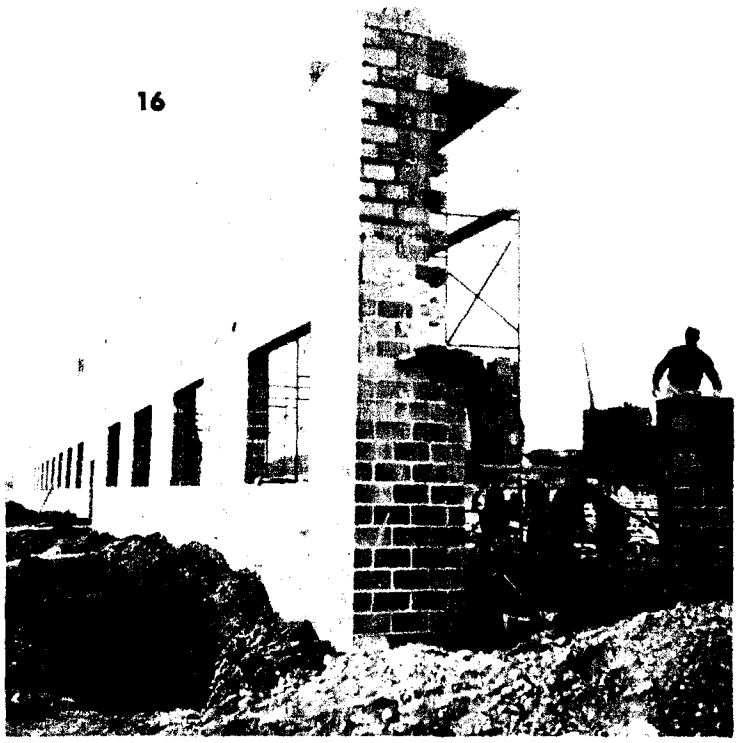
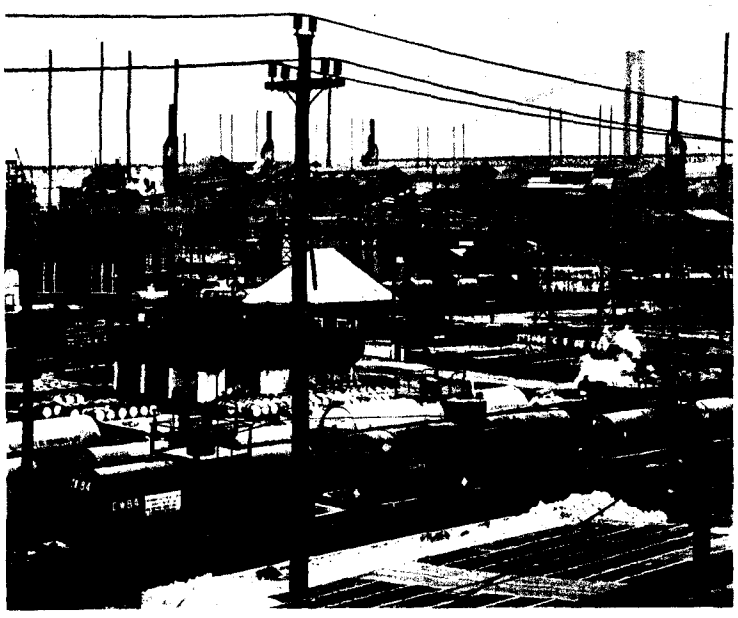
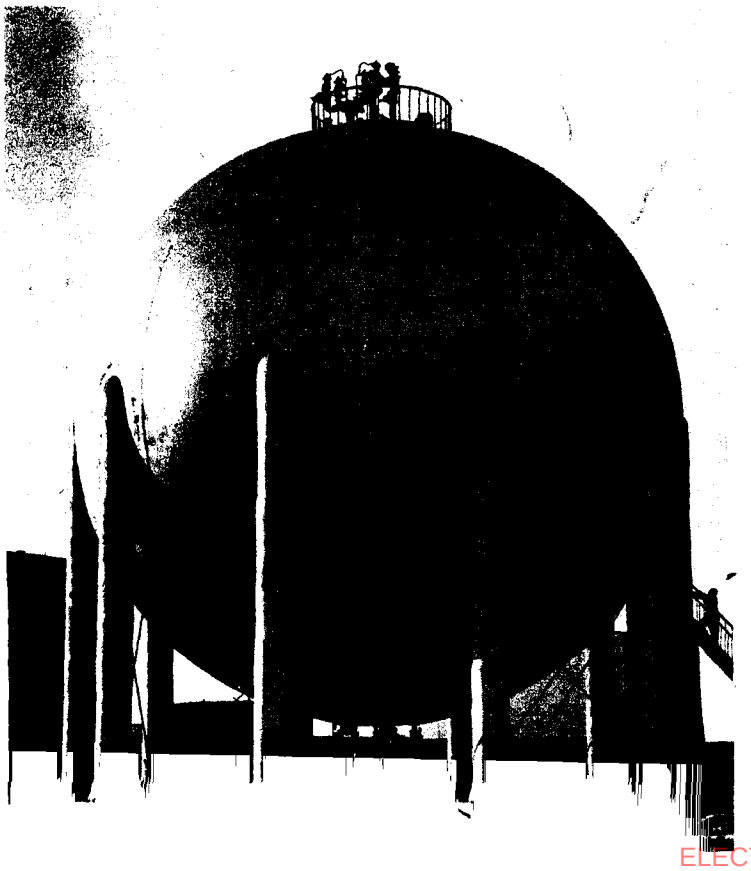


Expansion of Kaiser Metal Products at Bristol, Pa., is costing $5,000,000. In few months, payroll will jump from 1,500 to 7,000. Plant will make aircraft parts



Huge Du Pont plant at Deepwater Point, N. J., makes petroleum chemicals, rubber chemicals, dyes, dye intermediates, refrigerants, synthetic camphor, alcohol

The Texas Co. has constructed a modern oil refinery at Westville, N. J. Oil companies are spending $100,000,000 along the Delaware, many for defense work



I'll need more if the orders keep coming in."

Officials at Fairless Works are quite proud of Mr. Below and his business. They often ride by to see how the pottery plant is doing and to purchase one of his latest products. "I suppose it just makes us feel good," one of the officials told me. "I have never seen so happy a place and, though it was quite by accident, we can't help but feel that we had a small part in making the dream come true."

Sensational Rise in Land Values

The property for Fairless Works cost approximately $5,000,000, or an average of about $1,300 an acre. Some of the land had once sold for as little as $300 an acre. There was a report that at least one small parcel cost U.S. Steel $75,000 an acre. Some of the property owners, like Henry Below, went into business and others bought new farms; still others retired and will no longer wrestle with the weather when harvest comes.

There has been much uprooting elsewhere in Bucks County, too. Levitt & Sons, for example, purchased 93 farms covering 5,000 acres for their huge development along historic Bristol Canal.

Everywhere thereabouts—from Turkey Hill eastward to the river and westward beyond the Pennsylvania Railroad's main line, north and south—the landscape itself is changing. Industry's stacks have created a new silhouette. The flatlands are being built up; the hills where great trees shaded lovely mansions are being cut away. At Fairless Works, only a few minutes' drive from Penn's stately home, Pennsbury, which has been restored with meticulous care, the earth-moving machines pile against the red soil. Nearly 9,000,000 cubic yards of earth have been scooped out, pushed and dumped to raise the sea level of the steel-plant site. Dredges are slicing a deep-water port into the plant property.

The decision of U.S. Steel, like that of the other companies, to build on the Delaware was dictated first by the nearness to civilian markets of the Eastern seaboard. Thirty and a half million people live in the four states—New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Delaware—that border the river. Another 6,000,000 live little more than a couple of hours away. Transportation costs have become a decisive factor in the sale of steel. The river is navigable from the Atlantic to the rocky falls at Trenton.

The second consideration was the natural advantage of the site; the availability of water, for one thing, since the plant will use 250,000,000 gallons of water every day. Also important for the future is water transport with ore ships coming up the Delaware. U.S. Steel is developing a rich "mountain of iron" in Venezuela and, eventually, this ore will replace that which we are now getting from dwindling domestic sources.

The entire project, including a subsidiary, National Tube Company, is now about 40 per cent complete. Some units will be put into operation within another month or two, more by September 1st. When the entire mill is fired and producing, between 5,000 and 6,000 men and women will be employed at Fairless Works, and most of them will be drawn from nearby. (More than 10,000 applications for these jobs are already on file.) Several hundred will be brought from other U.S. Steel plants, mostly supervisors of one kind or another.

When U.S. Steel's plans for Fairless Works were first made known, long-time residents were fearful of an invasion of low-caliber, irresponsible labor. There will, of course, be no wholesale importation of workers because of the plentiful supply of men and women, eager to become U.S. Steel employees, who have been neighbors for many years. Even so, one official said, tall tales were told of strong, quick-fisted ramblers, something like the lumberjacks of other days, who ladled molten metal by day and brawled in the streets at night.

Such notions of the steelworker are far from true. Almost always, they are reliable family men who stick to their jobs. Of U.S. Steel's approximately 300,000 employees, at least half have been on the payroll for 10 years or more. They are well paid. They are skilled. They take immense pride in their work. (Few common laborers are used in steelmaking.) "And," the official said, "they have pride in their homes and families."

Of the several hundred employees being brought from other U.S. Steel plants—executives, supervisors and highly skilled workers who will train the new men—many have already arrived and are settled in their new homes and, in many ways, new lives. "Now that we have had a good chance to look them over," the Morrisville merchant said, "we find we are getting good, solid folks instead of the floaters some of us feared might come. These people, from where I sit, look like they are going to make this a nicer place."

Among the newcomers who have fitted snugly into booming Bucks County are the cheery Westabys from Gary, out in Indiana, where U.S. Steel has one of its largest plants. Stephan Edgar Westaby got a promotion when he came East. As assistant superintendent of industrial relations of Fairless Works, he will have a great deal to do with making other employees happy. He should do a good job of it because he and his family—his pretty, dark-haired wife, Lee, and their two adopted children, Bobby, seven, and Marcia, eight—are vigorously happy themselves.

They explore narrow, twisting roads and find the ancient countryside of Delaware and New Jersey enchantingly new and far different from their old home near Lake Michigan.

Already, the Westabys are in their new, gaily painted home—one of the 1,000 or more houses in Fairless Hills which have surrounded the crest from which Three Arches, among the most famous colonial homes in America, looks out over the busy valleys.

To the Westabys, living in a community obviously means that some contribution should be made to its well-being. Both have become spirited members of the parent-teacher association of the Pennsbury School District which they joined immediately after arriving from the Midwest. Mrs. Westaby is among those who have started a movement for a Women's Club, and Mr. Westaby, an old eagle scout and once an assistant scoutmaster, is helping organize a Boy Scout troop. He is active, too, in putting together a volunteer fire department. Then, because new families are constantly coming to Fairless Hills, the Westabys are full-time good neighbors.

All this is in addition to Mrs. Westaby's housekeeping and Mr. Westaby's extra work in the rush of getting Fairless Works into operation. But both the Westabys are a youngish thirty-five and there is time and energy for it.

Doors Are Swinging Night and Day

The doors of the Westaby house, at the corner of Andover Road and Oxford Valley Road, stop swinging only a few hours out of every 24. A new community seems never to sleep. Moving vans come at any hour, and workmen are at their tasks from dawn until late dark. There are plenty of deep chairs and sofas for new neighbors at the Westabys', and Mrs. Westaby can talk to them while she works in her shining white kitchen. She can see out back where the children are swinging, and where the neighborhood's new kids meet to look one another over.

"I think," Mrs. Westaby says, "that being here and all is wonderful.

The Westabys, both Midwesterners, are not only an example of the kind of people Big Steel has brought to Bucks County; they are pioneers, without powder horns, moving with opportunity to make more of themselves.

Stephan Westaby believes deeply that his and his family's future lies in steel on the Delaware. Fairless Works is a young man's mill. The general superintendent, one of the men who helped design it, is Albert J. Berdis, a Hoosier in his early forties. Mr. Westaby is of average height, with just a trace of gray in his hair and clear, gray-blue eyes. He has moved up steadily in U.S. Steel. But, in 1938, just before he joined the company, he had been wondering whether there was any opportunity left in this country. He says he soon found that there was.

A native of Madison, South Dakota, and the son of a doctor, J. R. Westaby, the young steel executive found the going tough after he won his chemical engineering degree at the University of Iowa. He worked as a laborer for *(Continued on page 62)*

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NEW JERSEY

NATIONAL TUBE (U. S. STEEL)
U.S. STEEL (FAIRLESS WORKS)
GENERAL REFRACTORIES
FAIRLESS HILLS
LEVITTOWN
KAISER METAL PRODUCTS
MINNESOTA MINING & MANUFACTURING
SEABOARD CONTAINER
ROHM & HAAS
AMER. ANODE (GOODRICH)
HOEGANAES SPONGE IRON
U.S. STEEL
HEINTZ
WARNER CO.
PHILCO
C. SCHMIDT CO.
RCA VICTOR
ATLANTIC REFINING
TEXACO
NATIONAL STEEL
GULF OIL
SOCONY - VACUUM
WESTINGHOUSE
ESSO
DuPONT
YALE & TOWNE
BUDD CO.
HENRY DISSTON
SKF
CONTAINER CORP.
ROHM & HAAS
E. J. LAVINO
ALLIED CHEMICAL
STANDARD PRESSED STEEL
NATIONAL UNION RADIO
ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY
GENERAL ELECTRIC
ALAN WOOD STEEL
PIASECKI HELICOPTER
SINCLAIR OIL
CHRYSLER
SHARP & DOHME
SUNOCO
COLORADO FUEL & IRON
CLAYMONT STEEL
GENERAL MOTORS
DuPONT
CHRYSLER

Bristol
Valley Forge Expressway
Pennsylvania Turnpike
New Jersey Turnpike
PENN.
DEL.

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Michele would have sworn the tall, long-haired girl was actually sleepwalking as she made her way, the candle flame scarcely wavering, to the center of the stage

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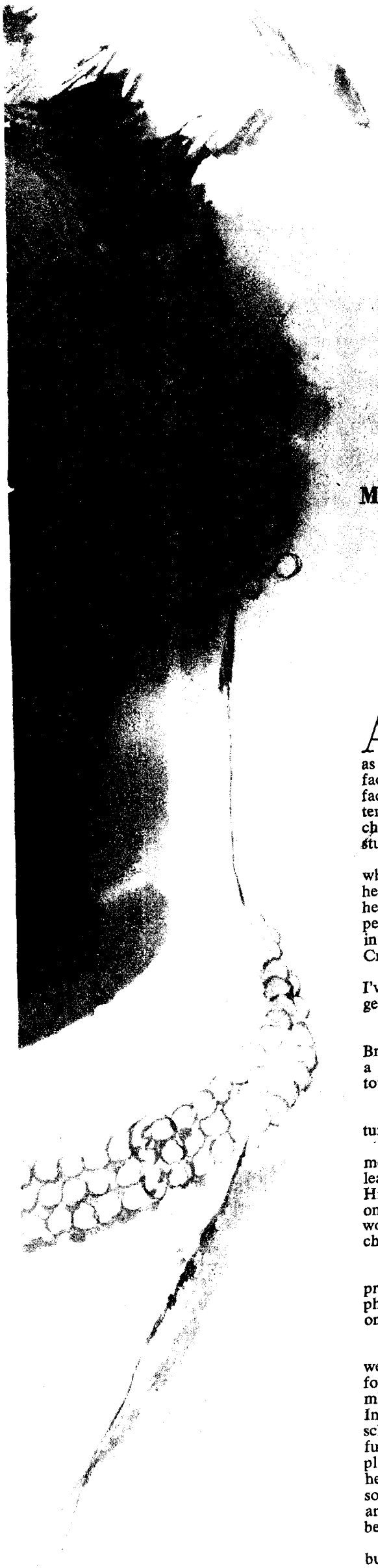

SPECIAL ASSEMBLY

Michele felt the cruelty in their eyes and in their mocking voices. She could not let this frightened girl be tortured by their contempt

By GEORGE SUMNER ALBEE

AT THIRTY, Michele was just beginning to watch her weight. She was beginning, as well, to find it necessary to censor her facial expressions. Much as the moving-picture camera loved her candy-box-heart face, hard little lines of selfishness were rising to its surface. But she let her face behave as it pleased as she entered the studio publicity offices. She did not have to charm the publicity men. They were paid to advise the studio's contract players.

Crowe, the first publicity assistant, crisp and keen in white shirt sleeves and a polka-dot bow tie, complimented her politely on her hair, which had been black as a new hearse for One for the Boys and was now the color of a peach ice-cream soda for Sing, Sailor, Sing, a musical in color. "What's your problem?" he asked briefly. Crowe did not like her.

"Nothing much," said Michele. "Nothing serious. I've been invited back to my old high school in Los Angeles for a special assembly this noon."

"What's a special assembly?"

"The more talented little thugs get up and recite Browning and play harmonica solos," Michele said with a shrug. "Stuff like that. I went to Vocational. It's a tough school."

"It sounds all right. Harmless."

"Can I milk anything out of it, do you think? Pictures in the papers? How about the fan magazines?"

Crowe studied the hibiscus flowers, like giant pink mouths, outside his window. "When little Miriam Hawks learned to operate a power sewing machine at Vocational High," he murmured, "little did she dream she would one day return to her old school as Michele Denyse, world-famed motion-picture actress, riding behind a chauffeur in a long, sleek limousine—"

"The hell I didn't!" said Michele, smiling.

Crowe, laying both palms flat on his desk top, appraised it. "We might get a few pictures. I'll send over a photographer. Noon, you say." He scrawled a reminder on a pad. "You never miss a bet, do you?"

"I'm in this business for dough—not for kicks."

It was not quite true—not quite. When the statuettes were handed out at the annual banquet for the best performances, no one applauded with more passionate admiration than did Michele Denyse, born Miriam Hawks. In the little theaters at Pasadena and Laguna, training schools for serious acting, no one else accepted so gratefully a walk-on part of three lines. The stars were supplied with dramatic coaches by the studio; Michele paid her own coaches, and did it gladly. But, as the coaches sooner or later told her, many were called upon to act and few were chosen. Meanwhile, there was money to be made—good money.

It was ten in the morning. Leaving the white publicity building, Michele strode across the lot in the sunshine. Along the clean-swept concrete alleys with their coiled fire hoses, their tidy trash cans, scarcely anybody was to be seen. The studio might have been a city on an outer, airless planet. Its weird inhabitants, some of whom had two heads and some of whom had no heads at all, were indoors in their huge windowless hives. There, in darkness pierced by dazzling spears of light, they pursued their odd national industry, laboriously printing tiny framed photographs on long ribbons of purified jelly.

"Good. Keep at it, boys and girls," Michele said to herself, and she got into her yellow English racer. "Just keep at it for a few more years; that's all Mama asks."

She might not have whatever it was the stars possessed that kept them sparkling, adored from Sausalito to Singapore, for ten and fifteen and twenty years. She embodied no universal dream. But she was durable hardware. As long as there were moving pictures, there would be comedians; and as long as there were comedians, they would need a straight woman, a girl with a full figure who could dance a bit, sing a bit and act a bit, to play opposite them. She had five profitable years still ahead of her. After that would come her economic old age, true, but it held no fear for her. She had been preparing for her old age ever since she had made the shocking discovery, in the home of the dour aunt who had raised her, that only little Miriam was going to look out for little Miriam.

IN HER ruffled bedroom, in her own small but exquisite house, changing from slacks into the suit she had bought in Paris, the shoes she had bought in Florence, she made check on her provision for her old age. "Get Mr. McLeod on the phone for me, will you, darling?" she said to Gladys, her Negro maid. Generous use of the word "darling," she had found long ago, saved her money. It also served as a substitute for affection.

John McLeod, who made a business of handling picture people's business, came on the wire. A most energetic man, he spoke drowsily, as if he had nothing whatever to do. Michele asked him about the health of her drive-in hamburger stand, her two dry-cleaning shops, her service station. They were all, she was happy to hear, doing well.

"I'm all set for Sing, Sailor, Sing, you know," she reminded McLeod. "I'll have enough left after taxes to do something. Got any ideas for a cautious investor?"

"Not for an investor as cautious as you are. I've got some ideas."

"Name one."

"I've run across a couple of kids out in the valley with a dinky machine shop," said McLeod. "If they can tool up, they can try for a subcontract for the Air Force. They need ten thousand."

"They haven't got their subcontract. It's pure speculation."

(Continued on page 38)

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY FREDMAN

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POGO'S PAPA

By MURRAY ROBINSON

A CERTAIN experience in his youth might easily have made Walt Kelly a cynic, and that would have been too bad. A cynical Walt Kelly could never have created such a sweetheart of a talking-animal comic strip as the one called Pogo—a warm and delightful mixture of slapstick, hilarious dialogue and brilliant satire which, at last reckoning, was appearing in 226 newspapers with 37,000,000 readers all over the United States and Canada, and in Mexico City, Tokyo and Bangkok.

The figures quoted above will be obsolete by the time this gets into print, since Pogo, an ever-lovin' possum, and his addled compatriots of the Okefenokee Swamp, are currently picking up new papers at the rate of one every 48 hours. In little more than two years, Pogo has vaulted incredibly into the Top Ten among syndicated comics.

In addition to its daily outlets, the inspired Pogo madness appears in color in a full Sunday page, in a quarterly comic book with 500,000 circulation, and in a book published last October which jumped into the nonfiction best-seller lists with a sale of 163,000 in its first 10 weeks. Editors of newspapers which run Pogo, the help at the Post-Hall Syndicate, Inc., which distributes it, and Kelly himself will tell you there never has been so loud and loyal a claque as that which claps hands and beats gums for Pogo. It's really a cult more than a mere claque.

The youthful adventure which might have unmellowed Pogo's papa for life came about when, as a shiny-eyed artist of twenty-one, he left Bridgeport, Connecticut, and invaded New York. He was not seeking fame and fortune in large chunks. His credo was then, as it is today: "I just want to be friendly, and maybe make a buck at it." He hired out to a gloomy man in the window-display game on lower Broadway.

"It was coming on Christmas," Kelly recalls, "and, with my unshakable faith in Santa Claus, I figured I couldn't go wrong decorating store windows, short of falling through the plate glass."

His first assignment was to do one Christmas window in a two-window store. He swiftly sketched the characters in chalk, colored them, glued cotton batting to the window, and returned to his home base for compensation. His boss wasn't in, but he showed up shortly, holding his head with both hands.

"You rooned me," the boss said. "I just seen the job you done."

"It was that bad?" young Kelly asked, timidly.

"Personally," the boss conceded, "it was a masterpiece. A pleasure to know you. But to the store owner, it was a murder. I had to stop him. He was gonna break the window."

The irked artist in Kelly spoke up. "For a little extra," he said, "I'll be glad to break it for him."

"You're not getting extra," the boss said. "In fact, you are getting nothing. You put it on the wrong window."

"Nobody told me which one," Kelly protested. "The guy wasn't there, and his helper just told me to go ahead . . ."

The upshot was that the aggrieved store owner offered to take Santa Claus and his reindeer off the wrong window when he got the time, if Kelly would fix up the correct window. So Kelly went back to right the wrong he had done. He had everything finished but Santa Claus's head when he spied his boss and the store owner having a

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Meet Walt Kelly and his swamp creatures, like lovable Pogo Possum and ol' Albert the Alligator ("handsome, brilliant an' modest to a fare-thee-well"), latest smash hit among the comic strips

cozy cup of coffee in a lunchroom across the street. A faint suspicion stirred in his breast. He laid down his brush and went over to the lunchroom.

"I want my money," he said, like Oliver Twist asking for more Pablum.

The store owner sneered. "He wants his money," he said. "First he paints me the wrong window and then he leaves Sandy Claus without a head, like the Headless Horse-player. Some nerve."

"If they is anything I hate," the window-display man said reproachfully to Kelly, "it's a clock-watcher. You're fired."

"I retreated to my attic," Kelly remembers. "It wasn't until the next day that I figured out I'd been taken. I passed by the store out of artistic curiosity. Santa's head had been filled in clumsily on the 'right' window—and the 'wrong' window hadn't been washed off at all. Those slickers had got me to do *two* windows for nothing. I got back to Bridgeport just in time for Christmas dinner."

Thus ended young Kelly's first joust with the forces of evil beyond Bridgeport, where he had lived since he was two years old. Fortunately for the world—and, more particularly, for the currently stampeding herd of Pogo partisans—the adventure left no scars on the Kelly libido. Now thirty-eight, Walter Crawford Kelly, Jr., is as mild and mellow as the cigars he smokes incessantly—and nowadays, he can afford the best. He's a tall, plumpish (he describes himself as "impressively flabby"), pleasant man with dark brown hair, a trim mustache and heavy-framed glasses through which he peers out at the world with soft, yet watchful, brown eyes. He is, in short, succeeding admirably at both "being friendly" and "making a buck at it."

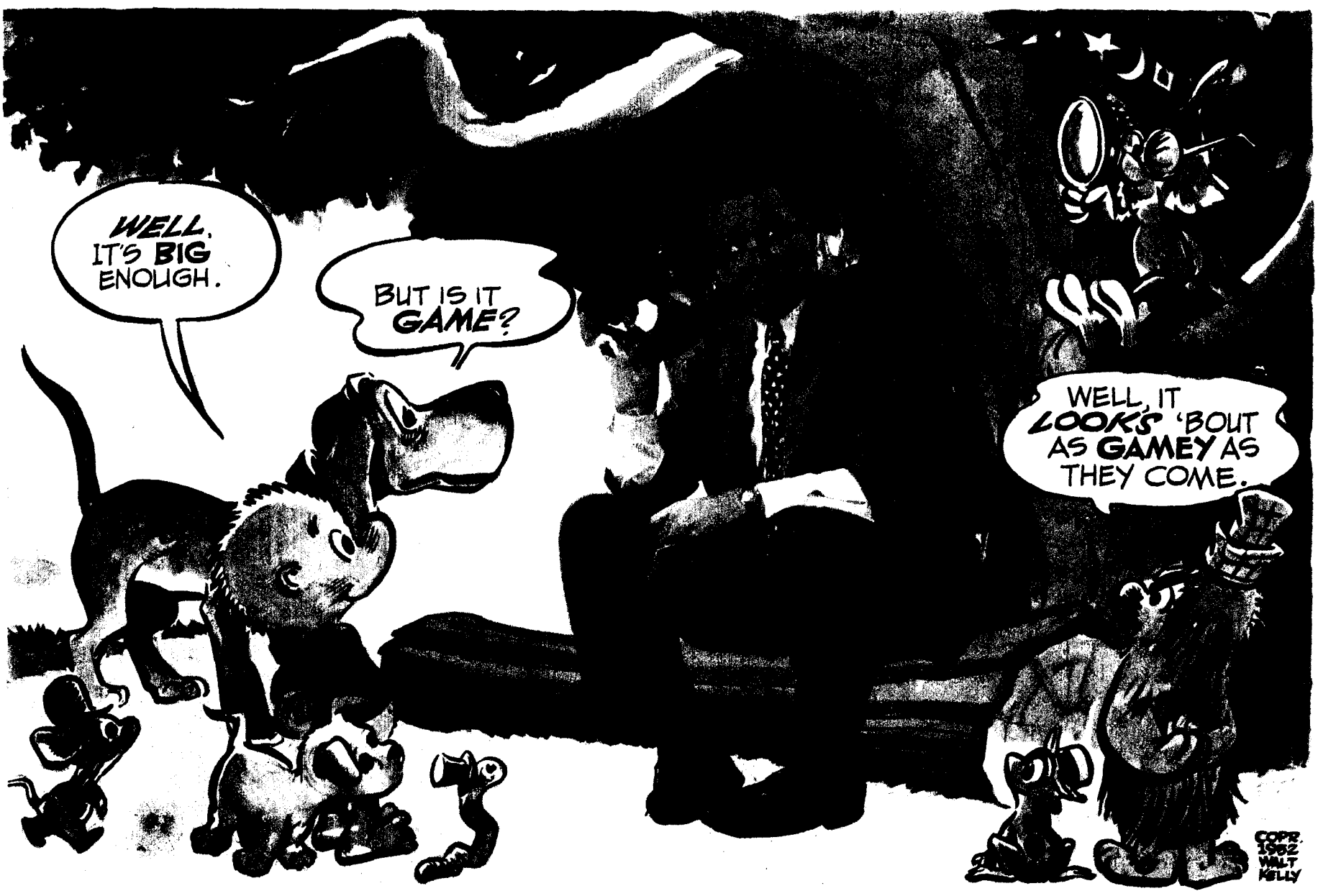
Kelly's Pogo funnies reflect his own easygoing personality. Aside, perhaps, from the sly doings of Seminole Sam, a fox who is always trying to cheat his trusting little colleagues in the Okefenokee Swamp (a place Kelly has never seen), there is no discernible trace of the artist's sour early experience as a window dresser. The rest of the enchanting swampfolk in the strip, who call themselves "nature's screechers," are a warm, lovable crew—but without being sickly sweet. Each has a bit of the folly, weakness and stupidity that characterizes what they describe as "human beans."

The cast of characters in the strip is seemingly endless, and it is a tribute to their creator's high standard that even the tiniest bit player emerges a clear-cut individual, with a set of personality traits all his own. No one, not even the lowliest worm, ever steps out of character. All Kelly's swampfolk speak the same language, an utterly charming conglomeration of Georgia cracker talk, Kelly-made puns, hard-boiled cant and kiddy prattle.

Pogo, who describes himself as a "possum by trade," is the central figure in the Kelly comic. He's a warmhearted, naïve little guy, wide-eyed and trusting, worrying about the welfare of lesser beings, such as little bugs and tadpoles. To Kelly, Pogo is Everyman. "To survive," Pogo's papa explains, "he has to have a placid wisdom—spotted, of course, with small weaknesses."

Then there's Albert the Alligator, a raffish type given to smoking cigars (like Kelly) and saying of himself: "I is ol' Albert the Alligator—handsome, brilliant, an' modest to a fare-thee-well."

Another regular is Dr. Howland Owl, who wears a sorcerer's dunce cap and declares: "I'm Howland Owl, an owl of parts *(Continued on page 64)*



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Laraine Taught Leo:

Always the manager, Leo pilots son Chris, six, through a delicate croquet situation in a preseason game at Phoenix, Arizona, where the Giants take spring training. Coaching from the side lines are Laraine and daughter Michele, eight. Both Durocher youngsters are adopted

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NICE GUYS FINISH FIRST

By COLLIE SMALL

His critics may find it hard to believe, but Leo loves kids—especially his own

Durocher and son take the field. Leo once "suspended" Chris for breaking rule

Mrs. Durocher and son with third sacker Bob Thomson, whose homer won '51 race

Though the Giant manager's missus keeps insisting he's the same Durocher as before (sweet and gentle, that is), there are fans who think this represents a change from the old Leo

TOWARD the end of the historic 1951 baseball season, with the New York Giants in the midst of an electrifying winning streak, Miss Laraine Day, the wife of Mr. Leo Durocher, the Giant manager, walked into a ten-cent store in New York to purchase some inexpensive oddments for their daughter Michele. As she bent over the counter, she felt that someone was staring at her. Looking up cautiously, she saw three people in the next aisle bobbing their heads and pointing. She watched them out of the corner of her eye, waiting for their next move.

It was not long in coming. Gathering their packages, the three strangers detoured around several counters to get into position for their thrust. Then, as they walked past Miss Day, one of them said, loudly, "Why, Brooklyn couldn't possibly lose the pennant to those awful Giants!"

Miss Day was ruminating recently over this curious tendency of people to go out of their way to badger baseball managers and their wives. "I wonder," she said, wearily, "what they think we are."

Miss Day's weariness is understandable. When, approximately five years ago, love came to the National League and the beautiful motion-picture actress married the baseball manager (it was her second marriage, his third), some people tended to regard the union with the same sort of suspicion they would have felt in the event of a marriage between Florence Nightingale and Attila the Hun.

To this portion of the population, Leo was notable only for his combative instincts, and it was assumed that in the winning of Miss Day he had wooed her with a baseball bat. Exactly what had prompted Miss Day to undertake her role as Leo's Juliet was harder for them to define, but the conclusion was that a wisp of innocent loveliness was about to be abruptly disenchanted. Their feeling that Miss Day would last no more than one or two innings was heightened by the fact that she was on record as thoroughly disliking all sports, including baseball.

For the Durocher critics, it has been a confounding five years. So far as is known, Leo, Laraine, Michele, who is eight, Chris, who is six (both adopted) and Mischief, the dog, are sublimely happy. During the past season, baseball writers thought they detected strange outcroppings of humility in Leo and attributed the reformation to Miss Day, but she promptly denied there had been a reformation and said that Leo was no different than he had always been.

On the other hand, Miss Day is now as rabid a baseball fan as one would care to cross statistics with, and in the matter of second-guessing Leo she is also an uncommonly courageous one. "There really isn't anything to it," she said cheerfully not long ago. "I just play results. Of course, if Leo does something that turns out right, I'm left with nothing to criticize, but he does enough things that turn out wrong to keep me happy."

A striking instance of Laraine's nimbleness came during a series with the St. Louis Cardinals. With the Giants trailing in a late inning of one of the games, Leo called upon Jack Lohrke, a reserve infielder, to hit for Henry Thompson. Not only did Lohrke strike out, but he had the misfortune to make an error in the next inning and to strike out again in the last inning. In the car on their way home from the Polo Grounds, Laraine turned to Leo and asked, "How could you possibly have had the bad judgment to use Lohrke in that spot?"

Leo stared grimly at the street ahead. "You do the cooking," he growled, falling back on an old baseball expression, "and I'll do the hitting."

When the Pinch Hitter Made Good

The next afternoon, the game with the Cardinals went into extra innings. Having finally coaxed the potential winning run to second base, Leo again summoned Lohrke from the bench as a pinch hitter. From her box, Laraine glared at Leo. Leo glared at Laraine. This time, Lohrke slammed a line drive to center field and won the ball game for the Giants. On the way home, Leo turned to Laraine.

"Well, second-guesser, what do you think of Lohrke now?"

"Why, Leo," she said, sweetly, "you know I've always thought he was the finest player on the team!"

Such a sally from anyone else would constitute a serious strain on Leo's indulgence, since he has never been amused by digs at his strategy, but in the case of Laraine he is so pleased at the way she has grasped the science of baseball that it seldom occurs to him to be anything but grateful.

Leo's own knowledge of baseball has been acquired over a considerable span, both as a player and a manager, and he often expresses amazement that Laraine has learned so much about the game in such a short time. Her independence continually delights him; only once or twice, for example, has she bothered to consult him for guidance on her pregame television show on New York's Station WPIX, although it is a program of interviews in which she is often required to discuss the more technical aspects of the game with ballplayers and other knowledgeable people connected with the sport.

Laraine is inclined to minimize the accomplishment. "All I did was read a lot of books in self-defense," she said, recently. "After I married Leo, I *had* to learn about baseball. I read everything I could, with the exception of the rulebook. That was impossible. It was like trying to read a movie contract."

To those who know her, Laraine's determination to learn baseball after her marriage did not seem unusual. Miss Day is not only beautiful, but she is talented and energetic as well. She displays these characteristics in various ways. After each game in New York last summer, while she waited for Leo in their car in a parking lot near the Polo Grounds, she occupied her time by writing baseball lyrics to popular songs (unfortunately, when the Giants achieved the impossible and won the pennant, she was caught as far off-base as everyone else and had to rewrite most of the endings, since they had been predicated on a Brooklyn victory).

It is also typical of her that in California last winter, in addition to taking care of their two children, she managed to learn to play the piano, master the art of weaving, and, without telling Leo, write a book, Day with the Giants, which is scheduled for publication in April.

This sort of zeal has led to one or two contretemps. Not long ago, for example, Miss Day found a dictionary of baseball slang and proceeded to bone up on it. Since then, she has startled Leo on numerous occasions by unexpectedly talking gibberish. Although he has been in baseball nearly all his life, some of the terms she uses are hopelessly obscure to him, but Laraine has no difficulty whatever in defining a *(Continued on page 60)*

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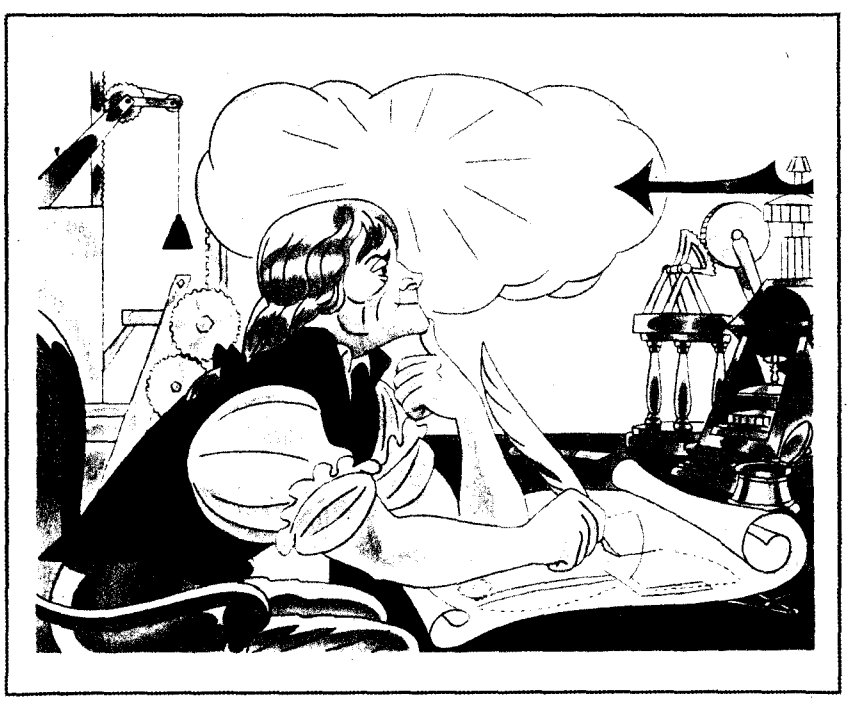
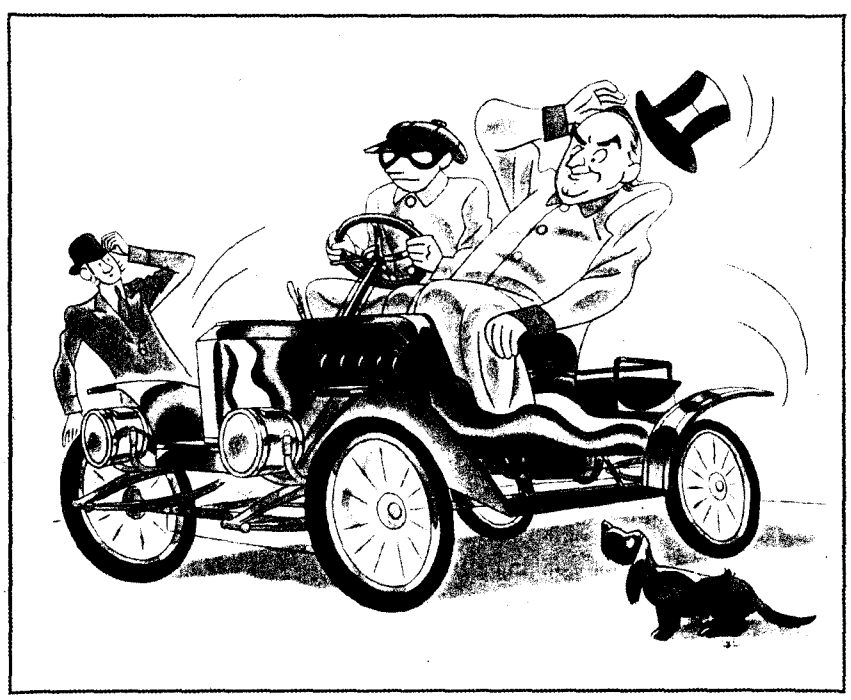
What You Don't Know

PIERCE WASHINGTON BENJAMIN HARRISON JACKSON GRANT JOHNSON GARFIELD HAYES ARTHUR W. H. HARRISON TAYLOR



Jefferson led all Presidents in inventions, but he never patented one



McKinley's "first" was an auto ride in 1899—in a Stanley Steamer

Collier's for March 8, 1952

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about Our PRESIDENTS

By GEORGE STIMPSON

George Stimpson, a veteran magazine editor and newspaperman, has written five books of odd and interesting facts. This article is taken from his latest, a book about American Politics, to be published by Harper & Brothers next month

1. How many Presidents have been generals?

Eleven Presidents of the United States—more than a third of the 32 men who have served in that office—have been generals. They were George Washington, Andrew Jackson, William Henry Harrison, Zachary Taylor, Franklin Pierce, Andrew Johnson, Ulysses S. Grant, Rutherford B. Hayes, James A. Garfield, Chester A. Arthur and Benjamin Harrison.

Washington held a commission under the British in the French and Indian War, and was commander in chief of the American forces in the Revolution. Jackson, when thirteen years of age, became a courier in a partisan band in the Revolution, and was captured by the British when he was fourteen. In the War of 1812, he was a major general. William Henry Harrison, an Indian fighter of much experience, was also a major general in the War of 1812. Zachary Taylor, a major in the War of 1812 and a famous Indian fighter later, became a brigadier general in the Mexican War of 1846-1848. Franklin Pierce also was a brigadier in the Mexican War.

The Civil War produced six generals who became Presidents. Andrew Johnson held the rank of brigadier while military governor of Tennessee, but never served with troops in the field. Grant, a lieutenant general, saw more fighting than any other President, and is the only West Pointer who has become President. Hayes, seriously wounded at the battle of South Mountain and on four other occasions, was a brigadier and later a major general by brevet.

Garfield was promoted from brigadier to major general for gallantry at the battle of Chickamauga. Arthur, who succeeded to the Presidency on the assassination of Garfield in 1881, had been, for a time in the Civil War, quartermaster general of the New York State militia, but, like Andrew Johnson, he never served with troops in the field. Benjamin Harrison, one of Sherman's officers on the famous march to the sea, became a brigadier by brevet after commanding an infantry regiment with the rank of colonel.

From April 15, 1865, to March 4, 1885, the White House was occupied by men who had been generals in the Union Army—Johnson, Grant, Hayes, Garfield and Arthur.

Other Presidents with military experience were Thomas Jefferson, who was commanding officer of the Albemarle, Virginia, militia, but had no battle experience; James Madison, who served briefly in an Orange, Virginia, company in the Revolution; James Monroe, a lieutenant colonel in the Revolution, seriously wounded by a British musket ball; John Tyler, captain for a short time of a company of Virginia volunteers raised to defend Richmond in the War of 1812; James Buchanan, a private in a company of dragoons in the War of 1812; Abraham Lincoln, a captain in the Blackhawk Indian War; William McKinley, a captain in the Union Army in the Civil War who was mustered out as a brevet major; Theodore Roosevelt, a colonel in the Spanish-American War; and Harry Truman, a captain of artillery in World War I and discharged with the rank of major.

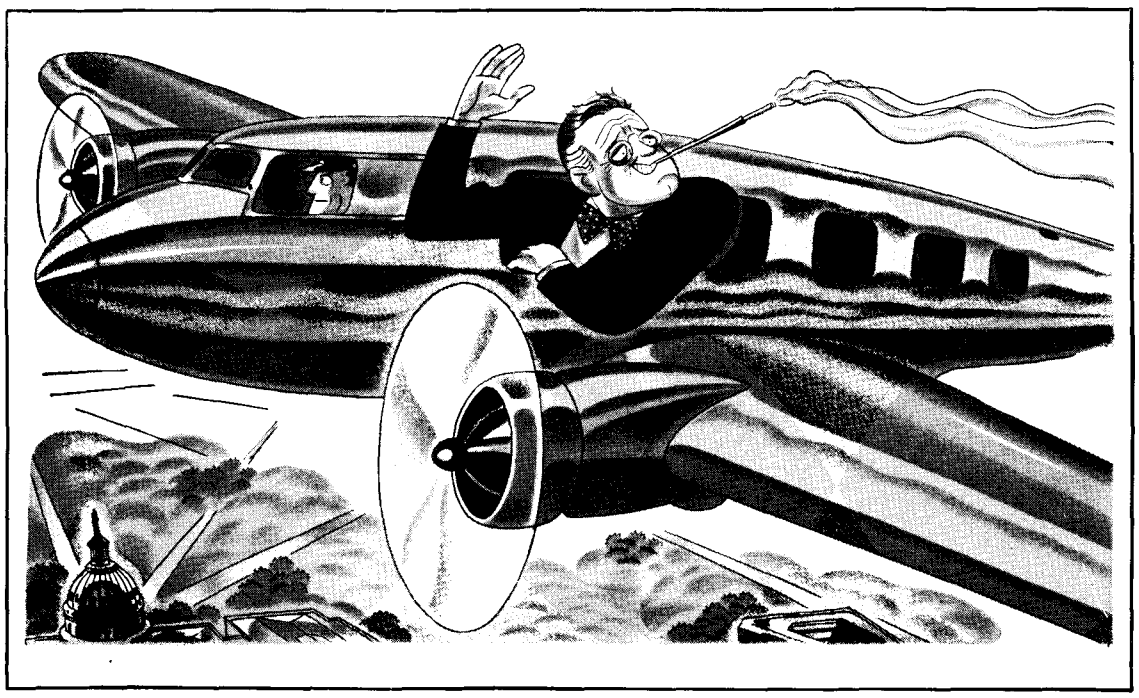
2. Who was the first President to ride in an automobile?

William McKinley was the first President to ride in an automobile. He took his first auto ride in a Stanley Steamer in 1899. After he was shot on September 6, 1901, by Leon Czolgosz, President McKinley was taken to a Buffalo hospital in an "electric automobile ambulance."

Theodore Roosevelt occasionally rode in automobiles while he was President but did not own one. William Howard Taft was the first man to use an automobile regularly while President. A motor brougham was bought for him when he became President in 1909. About the same time Taft bought a motor landaulet for his wife. Warren G. Harding was the first man elected President who had driven a car himself, and he was the first President to ride to his inauguration in an automobile.

3. Who was the first President to fly?

Franklin D. Roosevelt was the first man to fly while President, although Theodore Roosevelt made a brief flight a year after he left the White House—in 1910, at St. Louis. In 1932, Franklin Roosevelt made a spectacular airplane flight from Albany to Chicago to accept his first nomination, but after he became President, the Secret Service put thumbs down on flying for the President, on the ground that it was dangerous. In 1943, however, President Roosevelt overruled the Secret Service and flew in a plane to the conference at Casablanca in North Africa. Roosevelt made two other flights—to Tehran in 1943 and to Yalta in 1945.



FDR was the first President to fly during a tenure in the White House

ILLUSTRATED BY ABNER DEAN

4. Who was the most versatile President?

Thomas Jefferson was the most versatile and inventive President. Besides being a planter, lawyer, statesman, politician, diplomat, parliamentarian, architect and philosopher, he was an amateur musician, landscape gardener, horticulturist, archaeologist, geologist, botanist, ethnologist, economist, astronomer, meteorologist, linguist, artist, surveyor and mechanical inventor. He was surgeon enough to tie an artery or set a broken bone and mathematician enough to calculate an eclipse accurately.

His extant writings, including some 18,000 letters, are a treasury of useful and interesting information on nearly every conceivable subject. He is quoted more often and on more different subjects than any other President.

Among the mechanical devices that Jefferson designed, invented or improved were a letter-copying press, sundial, wheelbarrow, swivel chair, two-way elevator or dumb-waiter, sheltered weather vane, adjustable bookcase, portable writing and reading desk, lock door for laying up vessels, leather buggy top, folding ladder, hexagonal lantern, folding chair, pedometer for measuring walks, hemp machine or brake, walking stick, and light sulky or phaeton for use on heavy Virginia roads. He never patented or profited by his inventions. For the most part he designed and invented devices, machines and gadgets for his own use and was willing for anybody else to have the benefit of them.

In the eighteenth century the plow most commonly used consisted of a wooden moldboard, which was sometimes sheathed with iron plates. After observing the plows used by French peasants, Jefferson, who was the American Minister to France in 1788, worked out a mathematical formula for the most efficient curve for moldboards. At the time he made rough models, some of which are still preserved in Paris. Jefferson continued his experiments with moldboards, and in 1798, when Vice-President, he read a paper on the subject to the American Philosophical Society in Philadelphia. In 1805, when he was President, Jefferson was elected an associate member of the French Society of Agriculture and awarded its grand gold medal.

5. What President deliberately shot a man to death?

Andrew Jackson has been the only President to fight a duel and the only one known to kill anybody in personal encounter. On May 30, 1806, Jackson and a twenty-seven-year-old Nashville attorney named Charles Dickinson fought a duel in Kentucky just across the Tennessee line. The original quarrel grew out of a misunderstanding over a horse race. During the controversy Dickinson made a slighting remark about Mrs. Jackson's matrimonial history.

Jackson challenged Dickinson, who chose pistols at 24 feet. Dickinson, a quick and good shot, fired instantly after the word was given. Jackson was a thin man and Dickinson was deceived as to the location of his heart by his loose frock coat. Even so, the bullet lodged so near Jackson's heart that it could never be removed. Jackson, a slow and not particularly good shot, deliberately withheld his fire. Despite his serious *(Continued on page)*

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Moses and Mr. Aiken

By EDWARD THOMPSON

There wasn't a soul in town who would have picked Mr. Aiken as the man to mother a newborn kitten—and not a soul who could have predicted how Elwood Aiken would react to the job

IT WAS a fine spring morning. Mr. Elwood Aiken was preparing his breakfast. He always prepared his own breakfast because he was very particular about it, especially the soft-boiled eggs. This morning, besides being intent on his cooking, he was concerned about the advancement of his career at the bank. Being preoccupied with these matters, he paid no particular attention when he heard the sound.

It was an odd sound, rather like the combination of a cry from an angry mockingbird, the squeak of a rusty toy whistle, and the wail of a violin E-string. Mr. Aiken was disturbed only slightly by it at first. He could be excused for not recognizing it as the ram's-horn of destiny.

The sound persisted, demanding his attention. It came from in front of the house. It was so unlike anything he could recall having heard before that his first thought was of one of the neighborhood brats who constantly annoyed him. Anyway, something had to be done about it. He stuck his head out the breakfast-room window and called his wife. She was in the garden, cutting some forsythia.

"Wilhelmina! What is that racket?"

"I don't hear it," she answered. She was a prim woman, almost as thin as he, with graying hair and finely drawn features.

"Will you please investigate," he said. "It's an unearthly screeching. Out front." He ducked back into the kitchen.

Automatically, his thoughts returned to the problem of his situation at the bank. After twenty-five years' service, he was now assistant cashier. When the cashier had died six months ago, Mr. Aiken had assumed, as had almost everyone else, that he would be given the position. Instead, old Mr. Ransome, the bank's president, had delayed filling the vacancy. An undeclared contest for the job had developed between Mr. Aiken and the other assistant cashier, Warden Hastey, a younger man. Now the board of directors was to meet this week to name a new cashier. His uncertainty about whom the board would choose was galling to Mr. Aiken. Five years ago, the vice-presidency of the bank had been left vacant by retirement. Then it had been assumed that the cashier would be upped to vice-president and Mr. Aiken would be given the cashier post. Instead, nothing had been done, and it had long since been forgotten that the bank had ever had a vice-president. The same thing might happen now. Or, worse yet, Hastey might get the job.

Mr. Aiken disliked Hastey because Hastey was big and affable and had lots of friends. He slapped people on the back and they flocked around him. Mr. Aiken could never bring himself to slap people on the back. And he was neither big nor affable. Mr. Aiken was, in fact, small, lean and reserved. He had thin gray hair, deep-set pale-gray eyes, a long nose, and a firm, thin-lipped mouth that rarely smiled. Furthermore, he thought affability was out of place in a bank. He lived a routine and dedicated life, without friends, and it annoyed him to see people drop in just to chat with Hastey.

Wilhelmina's voice cut through his thoughts like a sacrilege.

"Elwood! Come here, quick!" The urgency in her voice made him hurry outside, forgetting his breakfast.

Mrs. Aiken was bending over the ferns under the dining-room window. "What is it?" she asked, pointing at something in the leafy shadows. "A baby mole?"

"It's a kitten," he said, stooping to examine more closely a four-inch-long piece of animated blue-gray fur. "Can't be very old, either. Must have just been born."

The kitten's eyes were closed, and it couldn't walk but it was desperately dragging itself along by a push-pull working of its pink feet, yelling with all its might. It was covered with ants and dirt.

"What happened to its mother?" Mrs. Aiken asked.

"How should I know?" Mr. Aiken retorted.

"Well, we can't just leave it there to be eaten alive by ants," his wife said. "I'll get something to put it in, if you pick it up." She hurriedly fetched a strawberry box from the trash bin.

"I'll pick it up like the mother cat does, by the skin of its neck," Mr. Aiken said.

"You'll strangle it!" his wife protested.

"Let's not get hysterical," Mr. Aiken said, and he reached out gingerly to pick up the screaming bit of fluff and plop it in the berry box.

A group of small boys on their way to school stopped to look, their curiosity overcoming their usual fear of Mr. Aiken.

"What you got there?" one of them asked.

It was Bobbie Condee who lived three houses away and who was always romping and howling across Mr. Aiken's front yard. Mr. Aiken especially disliked Bobbie since he'd learned from the cleaning woman that it was Bobbie who'd nicknamed him "Ole Ache-'n'-Pains." Coldly, he said, "It's nothing. Merely a baby kitten."

"Is that so?" Bobbie said eagerly, and started forward.

Mr. Aiken fled into the house. He put the berry box on the kitchen floor and stood frowning down at it while his coffee perked away, the toast burned, and the eggs cooked hard. The kitten never stopped yelling for a moment. Suddenly it lurched, caught at the rim of the box, and tumbled onto the floor.

"Mercy!" Mrs. Aiken gasped. "It will kill itself."

"Keep your head," Mr. Aiken said. "And fetch a big cardboard box from the garage while I think of what to do."

WHEN Mrs. Aiken came back with the big box, her husband was talking on the telephone in the hall.

"Hello," he was saying, uncommonly loud. "This is Elwood Aiken. I just found a kitten—a newborn one. Can you take it and care for it? . . . This is the humane society—the animal shelter—isn't it?"

On the other end of the telephone, a patient voice said, "Yes, Mr. Aiken, but you see we aren't equipped to care for newborn kittens. Do you know anyone in your neighborhood who has a mother cat with a litter? That would solve your problem."

"I am not canvassing the neighborhood for help," Mr. Aiken said firmly. "Why do we have an animal shelter? This is your problem as much as mine, isn't it?"

"I could send a truck to pick it up and have it destroyed."

"Destroyed!" Mr. Aiken was outraged. "Is that the way you spend my tax money?"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Aiken. But since our appropriation was cut, we can't take on the hand-feeding of a motherless kitten. There are hundreds of kittens. You can see where we'd be."

"Hundreds of kittens! Where are they? I haven't seen them. Anyway, it's outrageous!" Mr. Aiken said. "We pay enough taxes. You ought to get your share. It's your job to help out in these emergencies."

"Do you want me to send for the kitten and destroy it?"

"Most certainly not!" Mr. Aiken shouted. "I'll handle this situation myself." He hung up.

For a moment, he glared at the telephone. Then he called the president of the bank and announced he would be late—much to Mr. Ransome's consternation. Mr. Aiken had never been late in twenty-five years.

He went back to the kitchen to find his wife sitting in prim helplessness, gazing, fascinated, at the big box in which the tiny kitten was clawing about and screeching.

"Don't worry," he said, to reassure her. "I'll see this thing through. I don't intend to be made a fool of." He shelled one of his hard-boiled eggs and ate it with a piece of burned toast. "Got to keep my strength up," he said; then he hurried into the bedroom for his coat and hat.

WHEN he came out, he was wearing, though neither he nor his wife noticed it, a tan coat instead of the blue one to his suit. Also, the brim of his hat was snapped down over his right eye. These two things gave him an air of ludicrous jauntiness, especially in conjunction with his enormously high stiff collar.

He went out, got into their 1936 sedan and drove to the public library. There he went directly to the office of the librarian, Miss Helen Sue Shattuck.

"Why, Mr. Aiken," she said, "how nice! Here I've been visiting your bank for years, and this is the first time you've ever been to my library." She was fond of the possessive pronoun. Also she was coy and wrinkled, and wore rouge in round blotches.

Mr. Aiken had been about to introduce himself. He could never realize that anyone recognized him outside the bank. When they did, it confused him. "Mmmmm," he murmured. "Quite so. I've come for a book."

"Something, perhaps, on the devaluation of the dollar," Miss Shattuck suggested. "Or cheap money."

"Money is never cheap," said Mr. Aiken. "I want a book on the care and feeding of newborn kittens."

Miss Shattuck's smile faded. "Oh, dear," she sighed. "There you have it."

"What have I got?" asked Mr. Aiken.

"The whole situation," she said, "and it's getting worse. I beg and I plead. But they barely give me enough money to keep up on the popular books—much less anything like the one you want."

"Who is 'they,' and why don't they give you money for books?"

"The board of trustees," she said. "They serve without pay and only meet once a month. How could they begin to understand our needs?"

"This is intolerable!" Mr. Aiken said. It seemed to him he was thwarted at every turn. "There ought to be some changes made!"

"That's just it," Miss (*Continued on page 48*)

When Mrs. Aiken came back with the box, her husband was talking on the telephone. "I've just found a newborn kitten," he was saying

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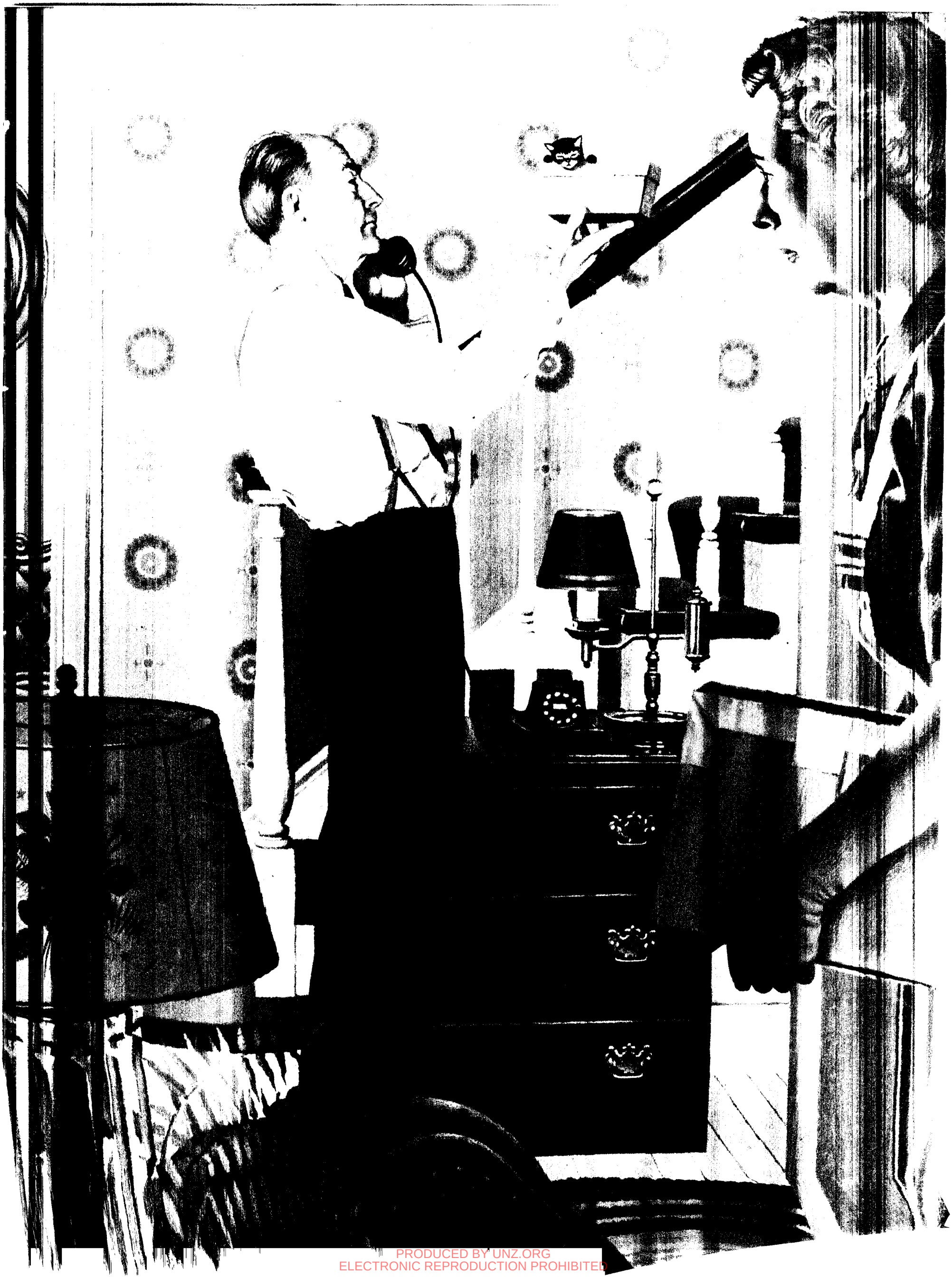

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ROBERT BUGG

He decided he had best get married, and, in his mild way, became a suitor

The Impatient BRIDEGROOM

By MITCHELL WILSON

HARIPH HARGROVE must be close to eighty now. If you asked him today—or had asked him at any time within the past forty years—what had gone wrong on his wedding day, he would only look troubled and say, "Never did understand it myself!"

Forty years ago there were no summer people here, no speeding station wagons. The country was mostly farming country. A man lived on what he grew, and perhaps put a little money by. Hariph's father had left him too much land for one man to work, but Hariph had done it. After the wedding that didn't take place, Hariph had kept on doing it. When summer people began to come in, the value of the land increased. He gradually sold off until, at seventy, he had only an acre left around a shack that had once been a chicken house.

He kept to himself as he always had, because he never did seem to need other people. Five years ago, weather-beaten, scrawny, he went to the bank and drew out twenty thousand dollars, got into his old Essex and left for good to live in Florida. He had never in his life been more than fifteen miles from home, but he saw nothing touching or odd about his farewell remark: "Always was a hand for traveling."

Actually, you would never ask about that unfortunate wedding day forty years ago unless you had found out who it was that he had been within an hour of marrying. Then the bracketing of the two names came as a jolt unless you were able to think back to an innocent day when everybody knew everybody else and nobody much ever came or went, when people were lonely without even knowing it.

You had to go back to another world to find the thread that could tie together Hariph's chicken shack and the big white Gardner mansion, the largest in the entire summer colony.

Today, Mavis Gardner is a smartly turned-out, white-haired woman of sixty. She comes down here with her servants to open the big house early in June and leaves at the end of September. She belongs to the yacht club and the tennis club, and sounds as educated as if she had gone to a dozen colleges and finishing schools, although she never did finish the high school here in the days when it was called the Academy.

Not that she wasn't bright enough—she certainly was; but there were just too many winter chores at home on the farm. Nowadays, she spends most of her winters in Bermuda, but she really hasn't changed. When she drives her big car up to the store for mail, Sam says, "Morning, Mavis," and she says, "Morning, Sam."

You see, she's been Mavis Gardner for only the last fifteen years. Until she was forty-five, she had never looked at any other man except Hariph; she had looked at Hariph for that one winter twenty-five years earlier. After that winter, she worked in the store, then went nursing, and finally, when she was in her thirties, opened a shop of her own for the summer people, which is probably where she learned to talk, look and dress like them. She went back to nursing in a part-time way only when Mr. Morris Gardner, who had been coming here from Boston year after year, finally showed up one summer a widower and very sick from the aftereffects of his wife's heart attack. At the end of that summer of part-time nursing, Mavis married him and became the rich Boston lady in imported tweeds. She made the transition at forty-five without a jog, and now she holds her own with the best of them.

Of course, as Mrs. Gardner, she must have run into old Hariph from time to time; and what she said to him nobody ever knew. It couldn't have made much difference, because he never understood what she had said to him in that long interval of twenty-five years when he was still trying to find out from her and himself what had happened on that fateful day. He always insisted that he had said nothing wrong. But Mavis stood by the angry verdict that she had cried out, with high sarcasm, when she had slammed herself into her bedroom: "A man that impatient for a bride is just too much for me!"

SHE had been a lonely girl of twenty in a small farming community, and not too pretty. Her father hadn't been much of a farmer, and there weren't many young men around. Hariph owned the neighboring land, tended it carefully, and looked after his widowed mother. It was only when the old lady became an invalid that he felt shorthanded and decided that he had best get married. In his artless, mild way, he became a suitor; he looked over the stone fence and saw in Mavis a fine strong girl who just filled the bill.

If she read a lot between chores and talked dreamily about faraway places, that didn't bother Hariph the way it might have bothered other men. Why, it made right interesting talk to hear. Nor did he object to the difference in ages. Good thing she *was* twenty years younger. He told her so, too.

As for Mavis, she must have been getting restless that winter and a little panicky at the idea of becoming an old maid. Her father and mother urged her to accept him. Hariph was a kind man, his mother didn't have long to live, and pretty soon Mavis could be running her own home and could fix it up in all the new ways. Hariph said, why sure, he didn't mind if she fixed up the place. All he asked was that she wait until his mother passed away. Meantime, though, he had chores to do. He went off and did them. Nobody ever said that Hariph wasn't a worker.

On Thanksgiving, she locked away her dreams and consented, rather shyly. Hariph said that was just fine. The wedding was set for Christmas.

Christmas dawned dark and cold. Snow squalls came in on heavy winds and began to swirl into drifts. Mavis paid no attention to the weather because, now that she had really made up her mind to get married, she was just too excited. The minister came at ten, half an hour early; and then, one by one, the guests blew in, red-faced and laughing. At ten thirty, everyone was there but Hariph.

Half an hour later, people were still joking but there was a slight undercurrent of uneasiness. The minister didn't want to upset Mavis, and so he turned around to glance at his watch. He did it every three minutes.

An hour and a half after the time for the wedding, Mavis' brother and a friend decided to put an end to Mavis' fear that Hariph had been seriously hurt, and set out to look for him.

They tramped up the road, leaning against the wind. Hariph's house showed no sign of life except for the invalid mother asleep in a darkened room. She didn't even stir when they glanced in. They looked into Hariph's room, and it was empty. His wedding suit was still packed in the store box.

The two men went all through the silent house without finding a hint of what had become of him. They called his name, and there was no answer.

In perplexity, they left the house and went out again. Before returning empty-handed, they decided to take one last look around.

Finally, in the drifting snow, they saw footsteps leading into the barn. No footsteps led out again. They ran into the barn. He was in his work clothes and he had been bent over a horse collar, mending some snaps.

"My God, Hariph!" said Mavis' brother. "We thought sure you'd broken a leg or somethin'. Aren't you coming to the wedding?"

"Why, sure enough. Be right over."

rising. And then, in the most ca-
out a trace of rancor or re-
that could ever be
perfectly sensi-
and Mavis
wear

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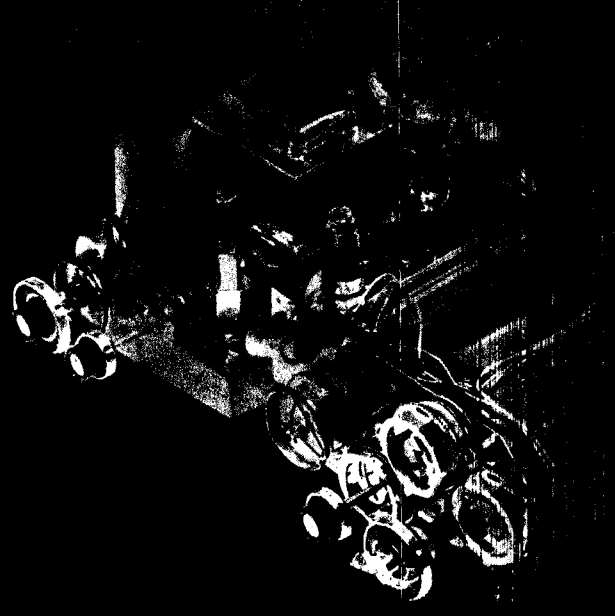

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Pursuit

By VERNE ATHANAS

Danny lived on danger; that was why he was in this business. But he had no heart for playing chaperon to a killer

THE coach passed Barron's without stopping, as the driver in the high seat up front racketed out a volley with the silk popper of his long whip. Danny McClellan rode backward, facing Merle Workman, and Danny was getting tired of looking at Merle.

Merle Workman didn't look like what he was, unless you scanned his face very closely. His eyes were a chilly light color that left you uncertain as to whether they were gray or blue, and few men cared to look directly into them long enough to satisfy themselves about it. Danny knew him very well, and he didn't like him, but there wasn't much he could do about that when he had to work with the man. *Under him, you mean,* Danny reminded himself wryly, and that made this job a particularly narrow wire to walk.

Workman wouldn't know about that, of course, because the company handled Workman with kid gloves, but Danny had his orders; very circumspect, very delicate: "Not real authority, you understand, McClellan, but well, you understand, Workman is as fine an agent as the company ever had, but he tends to be a bit impetuous. An agent is in a risky position; we understand that. A man must protect himself, but two of you should be able to bring in this man Hanseldt without any trouble. You understand?"

The coach reached the top of a knoll, and Danny looked back at the valley they'd passed, looked back at Barron's white house and a willow-fringed creek, with the Siskiyous looming beyond and Pilot Rock like a blunt thumb indicating the way to heaven.

It was a beautiful view, and much easier to look at than Merle Workman. Danny understood, all right. Cut out the pussyfooting, and it boiled down to a mean situation. Workman was the boss—senior to Danny in years and experience. Call a spade a spade; Workman was a killer; but he was a man the express company couldn't afford to lose—and Danny was supposed to keep him from killing without offending him. I wonder, thought Danny, half grimly, half humorously, if I ought to give him a little talk about flushing his birds before he fires.

They stopped in Ashland Mills just long enough to change horses, and then bowled smoothly along the improved road that flanked Bear Creek; and still Merle Workman sat without moving, as he had all the way now, not talking, just flicking Danny occasionally with those cold eyes, not even bothering to answer the few questions of the granger who sat beside him. Then, a few miles past Phoenix, Workman looked quickly at Danny and then back outside as the brakes squalled and the coach slewed to the sudden braking. The granger whipped off his hat and thrust his head out the window. "Rig broke down ahead," he said. Only Danny caught the subtle

She had pushed her sleeves up, and her expression, Danny noticed, was more considering than helpless

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Recognized throughout the world as the leading custom car designer of our time, Pinin Farina and his cars have been honored with more than a hundred Grand Prix *in international competitions.*

Pinin Farina talks about the Golden Airflyte

MY WARMEST greetings to you, and to all my friends in America. I have seen much of your great country the past two years, as I have been working with Nash on a car of completely new design, called The Golden Airflyte.

Permit me, if I may, to inform you about it.

This is the first car I have styled for American manufacture. For all my lifetime the Farina crest has appeared only on custom cars created by me to the order of royalty and those of equal demands. But I have long been attracted by the design possibilities in Nash Airflyte Construction . . . promises that I have seen brilliantly fulfilled, as my prototype car grew into glowing reality.

You, too, will see it soon—your first *Golden Airflyte*.

It is a car of sweeping continental design—fast, low, luxurious—with a lower hood, a deeper windshield, with greater visibility and more seat-room than any car now built.

Be prepared to see many unusual new features in interior arrangement—and custom detail of taste and quality, for this car truly is ahead of its time.

I have driven the Nash Golden Airflyte, and I tell you it is *magnificent*. New in power, completely new in handling ease. So responsive. So fast. So eager to go.

Incidentally—we in Europe have profound respect for your Nash engines, as we have seen them give magnificent performances in our racing competitions.

I sincerely hope you will see the new Nash Golden Airflyte when it arrives—the first car that weds American love for comfort and dependability with the verve and racing flair we hold so high in European design.

You will have a memorable experience, and I believe you will take home with you a new standard of comparison among the world's fine cars.

PININ FARINA
TURIN, ITALY

P.S. *The 1952 Nash Golden Airflytes, commemorating our 50th year of great cars, will have their world-wide premiere March 14th at all Nash dealers'. Nash Motors, Division Nash-Kelvinator Corp., Detroit, Michigan.*

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loosening of Merle Workman's shoulders.

The coach stopped, and Danny looked out. The rig was a light buggy, and a woman stood beside it. The hem of her full skirt was dusty, and so were her hands. The buggy sagged despondently, and a rear wheel lay in the road beside it.

The woman looked up at the driver's seat of the coach with a vexed smile and said, "The spindle nut is lost completely, Ben. I've looked all around and down the road."

"Why, now," said the coach driver, "that's too bad." The coach rocked as he started to climb down. "I've got a spare nut, but I doubt it'll fit that axle spindle."

The granger unlatched the door and got out, and as Danny started to move, glad of the chance to escape the confinement of the coach, Workman's pale eyes silently commanded him to bide and let be, and the resentful perversity inside Danny said silently, "Go to hell!" and he stepped out.

The driver got a heavy iron nut from the toolbox and tried it. It slipped over the threaded spindle-end without catching on the screw threads.

"Afraid I'll have to send somebody after the rig, Miss Emily," the driver said regretfully.

"Oh, fiddlesticks!" the girl said. Even in her displeasure, she had a pleasant voice, and Danny looked at her, frankly appraising.

SHE was fairly tall for a girl, not much more than half a head shorter than Danny himself, with blonde hair under her plain bonnet, a trim figure, and a handsome face that escaped mere prettiness. She had pushed her sleeves up to rake in the dust for the missing nut, and her expression was more considering than helpless as she looked from the coach driver to the crippled buggy.

Danny said suddenly to the driver, "You got some soft wire in that box?"

"Yes, but—" the driver said, impatiently aware of his lateness.

"Get it," said Danny. He walked to the buggy and lifted up on the box bed. The granger got the wheel and slid it onto the axle and held it straight as Danny let the weight back on it. Danny slid the oversize nut over the spindle against the hub bushing, took the coil of wire from the driver, and rove two layers of it about the threads, pulled an end through the cotter-pin slot, and twisted the ends. He shook the wheel, grasping it by tire and felly, and said cheerfully, "A rawhider's make-do, but it ought to hold."

The girl smiled her thanks at Danny, and the driver turned back toward the coach. But the granger said, "Looks a little shaky. Be a shame to have it leave you stranded again, Miss Emily."

Danny saw the chance and said, "I can drive her on in to town. Leave the rest of that wire, just in case."

The driver turned back, instinctively scanning him with the suspicion of the local man for the stranger. He said uncomfortably, as if he would bear responsibility in case of any wrong, "I don't know—"

The granger, a more open and friendly man, said, "Why not? I'd be glad to stand by myself, Miss Emily, only I'm being met at Jasonville."

The girl looked at Danny closely then, not suspicious but careful, and then she smiled her thanks. "If you're sure it will be no trouble," she said.

"None at all," said Danny, and the driver, with an air of washing his hands of it all, turned away, saying, "Load up! Late now."

Danny reached into the coach for his luggage—a worn canvas bag with a puckering cord in the neck. Workman said nothing. He wouldn't show anger or displeasure openly, Danny knew, but he also knew that the man was furious. The small spurning gesture of Workman's foot as he nudged the duffel bag at Danny said enough. Danny gave it right back with a faint unoffended grin and a murmured, "thanks." And he thought, with a little relief: Anyone will be better company than that.

He noticed that the girl climbed to the seat unassisted while he hitched the horse back into the shafts. No nonsense, he said to himself. Wonder what you'd think if you knew I'd choose your company to Workman's even if you were fat and fifty and had a wart on your nose as big as my thumb? Then he had the grace to grin inwardly and acknowledge: But she isn't and she hasn't, so see can you bear up under it.

He watched the wheel for a while, then, satisfied it would hold, said, "Didn't have a chance for introductions. My name is Danny McClellan."

She said, "I'm Emily Hanseldt," and they bobbed their heads formally at each other, she not offering to shake hands, and then a sudden cold panicky shiver touched Danny's spine. He looked away and tried to ask casually, "Live in Jasonville, your family?"

"I do," she said. "I've just got a brother."

Workman was at the bar of a saloon a few doors up, talking affably enough with a man in a store suit and beaver hat, the two men looking alike as brothers, both plump and neat and obviously prosperous with the kind of prosperity that comes from other men's work.

He'd be the picture of a promoter or a saloonkeeper, thought Danny, if you didn't know about those two sawed-off .44s under his vest.

Workman's chilly killer's eyes turned on Danny the moment he pushed into the room, and then they went away and back to the man he was talking to. Danny bought a drink and nursed it, not going any closer, and waited until Workman finally broke off and moved toward the door. Workman stopped in the doorway just an instant, and in a moment Danny followed.

SISTER

"I don't think it would be wise to pull it on Daddy. We'll let him in on it, and then we'll all pull it on Mom"

COLLIER'S — STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

The cold, crawling snake looped around his ribs and made it difficult to breathe. He struggled to keep his voice on the verge of disinterest. "Knew some Hanseldts in California," he lied. "Any relation?"

"No," she said consideringly, "I think not. I think we're the only ones in this part of the country."

That did it. A sour, cursing anger came up inside him, and a bitter, sardonic laughter at himself for his eagerness to escape Workman and ride with this girl. He had a sudden overwhelming wish that he had never seen her and never would; but that was foolish. His thoughts gibed at him maliciously: How do you make small talk in a case like this—tip your hat and tell her you're after her brother?

THE four miles or so to Jasonville were sheer misery. He was grateful that the girl didn't talk much. But he knew he was being almost rudely abrupt when he let her off at the Square Deal wagon shop, touched his hat, and tramped away. He thought bitterly of Workman: Maybe the ice-water devil is right. Oh, Danny boy, that was close!

Jasonville wasn't particularly prepossessing; he'd seen a dozen such slammed-together boom towns, and one sweeping glance took in most of it. He got a room at the Robinson Hotel, and saw Workman's scrawl a few lines above his own in the registration book; Workman had registered as Merle W. Carter, of Sacramento. Danny signed his own name and San Francisco, dumped his bag in the room, and went back to the street.

Workman was waiting for him in the darkness of Oregon Street, and he said, with icy venom, "Don't you ever get tired of playing the fool?"

Danny held his temper and said, with forced lightness, "How old do you have to be before it turns into foolishness?"

"You're a fool at any age when you let a woman interfere with a job."

It was too good to pass up. Danny let his own inner sourness come out in a soft, "But that wasn't just any woman, Merle. That was Hanseldt's sister."

Merle Workman's neat little hand shot out and fastened on Danny's shirt front. Workman's face was up close to Danny's. "Oh, you driveling idiot!" he said.

Danny hacked with the edge of his hand and snapped Workman's hand roughly from its grip. "Don't put your hands on me, Merle," he said. "And don't call me names unless you want to follow it up."

"All right, Danny," Workman said. He did not apologize. He went on in his normal dry, careful voice, "He isn't in town. I'll have to go after him."

Danny was alarmed by something in Workman's voice. He said carefully, "We've got no authority in this county till the sheriff honors our letter."

"Your job," Workman said promptly. Again there was the faintest thread of—what? Triumph, perhaps—in his almost inflectionless voice. "The sheriff isn't in town either, Danny," he added. "You see him and give him the letter and I'll locate our man."

"All right," Danny said reluctantly. He couldn't insist without tipping Workman off about why he'd been sent along but he had to do what he could, and he made it as casual as possible. "Be sure, Merle. Be sure he's the one we want."

Workman said quietly, as he turned away, "I don't make mistakes, Danny."

Danny said, with a little edge in his voice, "Just be damned sure, that's all, Merle."

Workman did not answer. But in a moment, a soft sound came; what might have been an amused chuckle in another man.

"You hear me?" Danny said almost harshly.

"I heard you."

THE hotel dining room was full, and a dozen men waited a chance at the tables. Danny was hungry, and he went up the street, looking for an eating house, and turned in at the first one where he saw a vacant stool. He didn't see the girl until she stopped before him on the other side of the counter and said matter-of-factly, "Hello again. What will it be?"

There was a sort of nasty fascination to this whole thing, Danny thought. He knew enough to keep his nose clean. You didn't go digging around the edges of a job like this. It was better if you didn't know the kin and friends and hangers-on. Find your man, do your job, get it over. Go on to the next one and forget it. That's what you got paid for. But somehow this job wasn't shaping up like the others. "What have you got?" he asked.

"Steak, stew or roast beef. Potatoes, beans, coffee, apple pie."

"Good. Steak, potatoes and coffee. And a big piece of the pie."

She brought him the coffee first, without asking, then disappeared through a door at the end of the counter. It was a good steak, and he got the beans on the side, too, not dried boiled beans but fresh tender snap beans, green and savory, with finely diced bacon. Danny ate hungrily.

Some of the diners finished, and others came in. One of them was a little drunk, and he called the girl "Honey" when she took his order. He looked up at her with a simper when she served him, and he reached out to squeeze her hand as she set down the little side dish of green beans. Danny carefully laid down his knife and fork.

He picked them up again just as carefully. The drunk screamed like a woman and slapped futilely at his drenched and scalded arm, and the girl calmly set the heavy coffeepot back on its kerosene flame on the back counter. She did not even look at the man as he stared with suddenly sobered eyes at her back.

To Danny she said calmly, "More coffee?"

He looked up sharply, then grinned and said, "Thanks," and added hastily, "in my cup, please."

She smiled briefly and said, as she poured carefully, "Some of them have to learn the hard way."

He thought: So we both know that, too. Aloud, he said, "What do I owe you?"

"You did me a favor," she said. "Let's just say we're even."

He said, more brusquely than he intended, "Forget that. What do I owe you?"

"All right. Twenty cents," she said.

He laid a quarter dollar on the counter. "You forgot the pie."

She made change and pushed a nickel back to him. "It's part of the dinner."

"Then I'll buy another cup of coffee," he said. He knew he was being foolish, and suddenly didn't care. He drank coffee he didn't want, and found himself the last customer in the place. He should have gone, then, but he found himself asking idly, "You work here all the time?"

"It's my place. I own it."

That piqued his curiosity, and the casual question came automatically, for idle questions sometimes brought surprising answers.

"You've got a brother, you said?"

"Yes."

No defensiveness, no apology—and no further explanation. Danny waited, but apparently she wasn't going to say anything more. He finished his coffee, and, as he

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stood to go, she came around the counter, undoing her apron strings, and followed him to the door.

He said, "I didn't mean to keep you late."

"It's just closing time," she said, as if she meant it. He went out, and she said, behind him, "Good night," and then he turned back and said, "Can I see you home?"

She looked at him closely. Suddenly, a yell sounded down the street. Past the hotel, someone fired a shot and whooped gleefully. She had already started to shake her head, and he tilted his head at the sound and said simply, "Just in case, is all."

She smiled then, and nodded. "Just a moment, until I get the cash drawer and my coat," she said.

He waited outside until she came. She carried a little canvas sack in one hand, and he asked, "You take your cash home with you every night?"

She gestured at the huddled street of flimsy frame buildings. "One tossed match," she said, "and half the town would go like powder."

"Hadn't thought," he said.

They walked companionably enough, not speaking. They turned at California and walked a block and a half in the darkness until she said quietly, "This is it. Thank you."

"You're welcome," he said as quietly, and stood in the dirt street until he heard her door open and close. Then he went back to the hotel.

HE DID not see Workman that night or the next day. He had the certain, dismal knowledge then that he wouldn't see him until Workman came to him. The killer wolf was on the trail, and there was nothing he could do about it now.

In Danny's trade, anything done three times hand running was almost ingrained habit. Danny ate at Emily Hanseldt's place every day. In three days, there was no question about his walking her home after she closed up. In three days they were Emily and Danny, and they still walked companionably, neither confiding nor confided in, neither objecting nor requesting more than this casual relationship.

The fourth night, Danny waited until he heard her door close behind her, and then walked his usual slow stroll back to the hotel, debating whether to hunt up a game or go to bed, and decided on bed. He knew the moment he touched the knob to his door that Workman was in the room.

Danny wasn't sure how he knew. That was something that had come with his trade, in time. He knew the moment he touched the knob, and he said softly, "Coming in, Merle," so that Workman could hear his voice, and then he went on into the dark room and closed the door.

Workman said, "Danny," without question or surprise, and lighted a match and touched it to the lampwick. He put the chimney back in its brackets, standing with his back to Danny, and Danny thought desperately: He's done it; he's caught him and killed him. And then Workman turned without looking directly at him and said, "He's a roamer. Rock Point, Grave Creek, Steamboat Creek, Applegate. He moves around."

Workman turned back to fiddle with the lamp; and Danny thought savagely: Damn you, quit playing with me!

Then Workman said in his dry, matter-of-fact voice, "You've seen the sheriff?"

Danny said slowly, carefully watching Workman's face, "Yes. He honored the letter." He took the folded paper from his pocket and shook out the two deputy's badges.

"Good," Workman said heartily. "Good. Now we get down to business." He put out a hand, and Danny gave him one of the badges, and Workman grinned his thin, malicious grin and flipped the emblem in the air like a coin. "Let's go," he said.

Danny looked down at the badge in his own hand, and, for perhaps the fiftieth time in four days, he asked himself how he'd got started at this business. And for the fiftieth time, he had no sure answer. Maybe it was the streak of wildness he'd had from the day he walked; a way he had of waking to each day with a little tingle of excitement as if this were the day something really big was going to happen. It hadn't happened at home, and he had simply walked off one day when he was fifteen years old. It hadn't happened when he rode after another man's cattle for money, either, and he'd drifted in and out of a lot of strange places since. He was quick and tough and almost nerveless by the time he'd served his apprenticeships in other trades, and this was the first time he'd really felt reluctance.

Without his really thinking about them, the words came out, "Merle, don't take this one all the way."

Workman said, without emphasis or malice, "Just because you've been squiring his sister every night since I left. I told you not to be a fool, Danny."

COLLIER'S — **"How about having lunch with me, Betty? I'll pay you back Saturday"** — KIRK

Danny said bitterly, "Forget that. All I ask is—"

"He'll have his chance," Workman said tonelessly.

"That I know," said Danny. "You'll make his chance. You'll blind him with that smooth face of yours, and you'll turn your back on him and he'll make a break and then you'll kill him."

"I never drew first on a man in my life," Workman said. His eyes, as colorless as two chips of ice, were blank and unrevealing. "Don't say something you'll regret, Danny."

There was no mercy in the man, Danny knew, and he knew now that Workman had his mind made up.

Danny sighed, a slow, regretful, resigned sound. He dropped the badge in his pocket. He drew his gun and clicked the cylinder around, inspecting the bright brass caps on the nipples. Then he cocked the gun and leveled it and said in a perfectly flat, emotionless voice, "Put your hands behind your head, Merle." He made his voice quiet, but inside him a vaulting excitement began to rise.

Merle Workman did not curse or cry out. A faint match-flame of light began to show behind the polished chips of ice in his eye sockets. He raised his hands slowly and locked his fingers behind his head.

Danny said softly, "I'm taking your pistols, Merle." He almost pulled the trigger then, for that was the moment. The light blazed in Workman's pale eyes, and the faint movement of automatic protest started. Then the light dulled, and Danny reached out with his left hand and flipped up the points of Workman's vest and got the two .44s with rammer and linkage removed complete and the barrels cut down to three inches. He did not touch him otherwise, or let his own pistol come within arm's length of Workman's body.

"All right, Merle," he said. "Now we'll go."

Workman said, almost pleadingly, "Danny—"

"Let's go," Danny said, and they went down to get the horses Workman had ready.

As they rode into the darkness, Merle said quietly, "I don't have to show you where he is, Danny."

"You'll show me," said Danny. They rode through the ghostly mystery of the timbered canyons, south and a little east. The two .44s gouged at Danny's belly where he'd thrust them out of the way under his belt, and he began to wish he'd left them behind. The moon came up, high and cold and not quite fully round, and Merle Workman said, "He's killed a man, Danny. He shot Jimmy Doyle out of the seat when he got the express box. Jimmy was a friend of mine."

"You never had a friend in your life," Danny said flatly.

They came to a stream, and the horses drank. "How much farther?" Danny asked.

"Over the next ridge," Workman said tonelessly. "Now give me my pistols, Danny. You've carried this foolishness far enough."

"We'll do this one my way," Danny said. "I got no orders to kill him."

Workman said disgustedly, "Damn it, don't preach me a sermon, Danny!"

"I'm not preaching," Danny said. "I'm telling you. I know how you've made your reputation, Merle. Why do you suppose the express company sent me along with you on this one? You've brought in too many dead ones."

Workman said, almost mildly, "I don't believe that. Besides, I couldn't very well argue with a man who drew a gun on me, could I?"

Danny cried, "Damn it, Merle, I know you, and I'm sick of you! I'm not saying you're always wrong in this. Some of them you've killed deserved it. But I can't stomach any more of that pose, Merle. You walk the earth like a fallen god, and men step back from those guns under your vest. Take them away from you, Merle, and you're nothing—you're less than nothing."

Workman said, in a voice that was incredibly tired, "I'll kill you, Danny."

"No, you won't," Danny said. "Because I know you, now. You never grew up, Merle. You were a kid with an itch that came up with the sun, and you've chased something all your life. You've never caught it, and you never will, and you've tried to cover it with something else. You've hunted men like rabbits—and by God, you didn't even have the guts to do that out in the open. You've hid behind a job as agent for the company, and you've made the reputation of a man-hunting wolf—but you and I know how it was done. You pushed and you hounded them, and when you closed in, you came at them with your hands empty and looked away. And when they bit on your bait, you killed them."

He looked at Workman, the dull white lower half of his face showing, the eyes hidden under the black splash of shadow from the moonlight. "What does it do for you, Merle, to kill a man? To see him go down kicking under your guns? Soothe the itch, does it, Merle?"

Merle Workman cried in a sobbing voice, "Damn you, Danny!" and lashed at him with his fist, crowding his horse in on Danny's. Danny fended off the blow with an upflung arm, and then Workman's clawing hand caught at his collar and as the horse shied away, his weight came on Danny and they fell together.

Danny rolled and shook off Workman's weight, and said, "I can whip you, Merle. Don't be a fool."

But Workman came in again, clawing insanely, and Danny hit him lightly, not really wanting to hurt him, and then he felt the hands at his belly, and knew he'd done it all wrong. Workman had fooled him again. Workman hadn't broken.

For Workman had one of the .44s now, and he could light a match at ten feet with either hand with them. Even as he fell back before the light blow, Workman's eyes were on Danny, cold and malicious with sardonic laughter, and the snub-nosed .44 was coming around with Workman's thumb on the hammer.

Danny said, "Don't!" even as he drew in an unthinking motion, thrusting out his own gun and thumbing off the shot as the .44 roared from an arm's length away; and then Workman wheeled half away from him and made a crying sound and shot the .44 into the ground again and fell forward almost into the creek.

Merle Workman looked as old as sin. His grayish whiskers had sprouted since last morning's shave, and he looked old and tired and sick. His polished ice-chip eyes, with that little match-light of fire behind them, came on Danny, and Workman said very softly, "Oh, you lucky damned fool, Danny!" Then he died.

DANNY turned and walked blindly into his own horse, caught at the saddle horn, and clung there a moment, feeling a vague sickness inside and a dull wonder whether his legs were going to hold him up.

For a moment, the temptation to forget the rest of this job was almost overwhelming. It would be so easy to do it that way; take Workman back in and resign—turn it over to another company agent. Nobody could blame him.

Then he thought of Workman, and what he had become, lying to himself with little half lies, cutting corners with his conscience, and he swung up into the saddle and lifted the reins.

Emily, he thought, I've got to do it. I've got to do this one before I quit. Maybe you won't be able to see it. But I've got to do it. If I don't, someday I'll look at you and tell myself I bought you, that night, with what I didn't do. So I've got to do it, Emily. I'll have to take in your brother, and then I'll have to make it up with you. We'll have time, after today—a lifetime.

He crossed the ridge, and in the faint early light, he saw the cabin, a rough, shake-roofed shack, sleeping in the new day. He rode up slowly, until he was close enough, then drew the gun and held it across his thigh. He took a deep breath and called, "John Hanseldt, come out!"

Then he swung down, the gun a plainly visible warning in his fist, and waited.

THE END

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Week's Mail

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

a participant in the parade while the governor, his wife, and daughter Dorothy were spectators on the corner of Orange Grove Avenue and Colorado Boulevard.

Immediately after the procession had passed this spot Governor Warren was surrounded by autograph seekers while the crowd permitted Mrs. Warren and Dorothy to stand by unobserved. At my request Dorothy Warren graciously posed for this photo and gave me her autograph.

ALVIN ELKINS, Hillsboro, Ore.

. . . The two pictures, one of Governor Earl Warren, the other of his family, are by far the best I've ever seen published in any magazine. The accompanying article ought to interest Easterners, as we Californians well know our wonderful governor.

The G.O.P.s need a vote-getting man this year—why not try one for a change?

BARBARA J. BROEBY, Daly City, Cal.

Food & Babies

EDITOR: Have just read The Fertility of Hunger (Jan. 19th) and want to congratulate you on making such a good choice.

For too long have we listened to the Malthusian theory. In Josue de Castro you have happily found a man who sees the correct solution to mass hunger.

WILLIAM C. RAY, Worcester, Mass.

. . . Dr. de Castro may be a good nutritionist and his lab data may be valid, but his article would have been vastly improved by an elementary knowledge of anthropology and sociology—and certainly by a touch of logic.

Most striking is his consistent failure to recognize that psychological and philosophical factors are at least as powerful determinants of human sexual and reproductive activity as diet. Not all humans behave overtly like laboratory rats.

He implies vigorously that the Anglo-Saxon and Scandinavian nations have low birth rates as a direct cause-and-effect consequence of their eating better, particularly of proteins, than the "overpopulated" Asiatic nations. This is a vast and misleading oversimplification.

D. K. CAVANAUGH, Los Angeles, Cal.

. . . Señor Castro really flies into space and forgets all reality when he writes ". . . the most conservative estimate gives mankind nearly 12,000,000,000 acres to cultivate. But men do not currently use even 3,000,000,000 acres to grow food! More than three quarters of the good land lies unused."

No responsible geographer, soils man or agricultural economist has ever discovered 12,000,000,000 acres of land in the world suitable for cultivation. Most of them doubt that there is even half that much. While it is true that new lands can be developed here and there in modest amounts, these new acres will be largely offset by introducing more grasses, legumes and forests on worn-out lands. We will be hard put to find more than 4 to 5 billion acres of land to cultivate in a good land-use program. These facts go far to puncture Castro's dream that the world can well support three times its present population.

WALTER M. KOLLMORGEN, Lawrence, Kans.

48 States of Mind

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

how to cook them, of course. Henry contended that we ought to stick to reporting and leave cooking to those skilled with the skillet. And to prove that he knew, Henry invited us to dinner that night. Spare ribs. Best we've ever had. Henry Thiele will be alive as long as old Forty-eight can still remember. Spare ribs. Wow!

★ ★ ★

The Paul J. Whitehead Parking Meter Defense Committee of Amory, Mississippi, has a nasty problem on its hands. A certain citizen in Amory may be seen any day heading his car in to the curb, placing a dime on top of one of the nickel parking meters and going into a store, ostensibly to get the proper coin. After transacting his business he comes out, looks about furtively, picks up the dime, pockets it and drives off. Amory has thereby lost a nickel. But if there's a cop nearby with suspicion in his eye or a member of the Meter Defense Committee poised to pounce, this artful sharpster dunks his nickel into the slot. Very hard to catch. But Mr. Whitehead, chairman of the committee, has plans which, of course, he certainly will not reveal at this time.

★ ★ ★

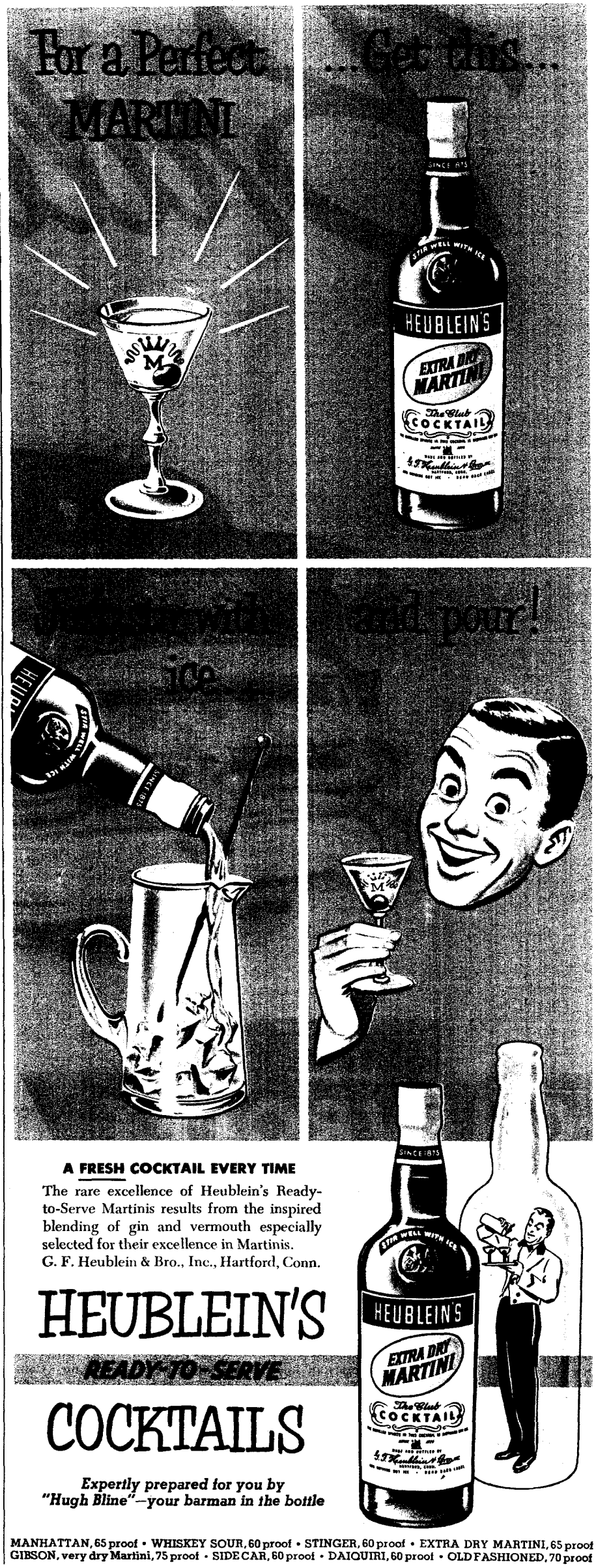
And this from a lady who prefers to be known as "just an underpaid but still enthusiastic schoolmarm." She's merely wondering "why so many tears are being shed about the fact that more than 35 colleges and universities have abandoned football as an intercollegiate sport and there's not so much as a small dry sob over the circumstances which are forcing more than 200 private schools and colleges to close because they're broke."

★ ★ ★

Just because we occasionally mention food and places to eat it, Mrs. Elsa Eikater Fahrhierst, of Milwaukee, accuses us of being a "gastronomic ignoramus." Says she, in what appears to be scorn: "What about trying some *römmegröt?* Did you ever try *tyttebaer?* Why don't you get yourself some *berliner-kranser?* Maybe you never tried *ryper*. Do so. It will do you good. Maybe someday I'll send you some *fattigmansbakkelse*, although I don't know whether I should waste it on a stupid." We have written Mrs. Fahrhierst to say that the only Norwegian food we ever tried was *flötegröt*. Not bad.

★ ★ ★

Now if you'd like to dust off the old brains and rack them a bit in the interest of human behavior, you might be of some assistance to United States Commissioner Floyd E. Jenkins, of Milwaukee. Mr. Jenkins lives on a dead-end street. Not long ago the police placed a sign at the open end of Mr. Jenkins' street, notifying the public that it wasn't a through way. In other words "Dead End." Previous to that, very few cars passed Mr. Jenkins' house headed in the dead-end direction. But now that the sign's been posted . . .



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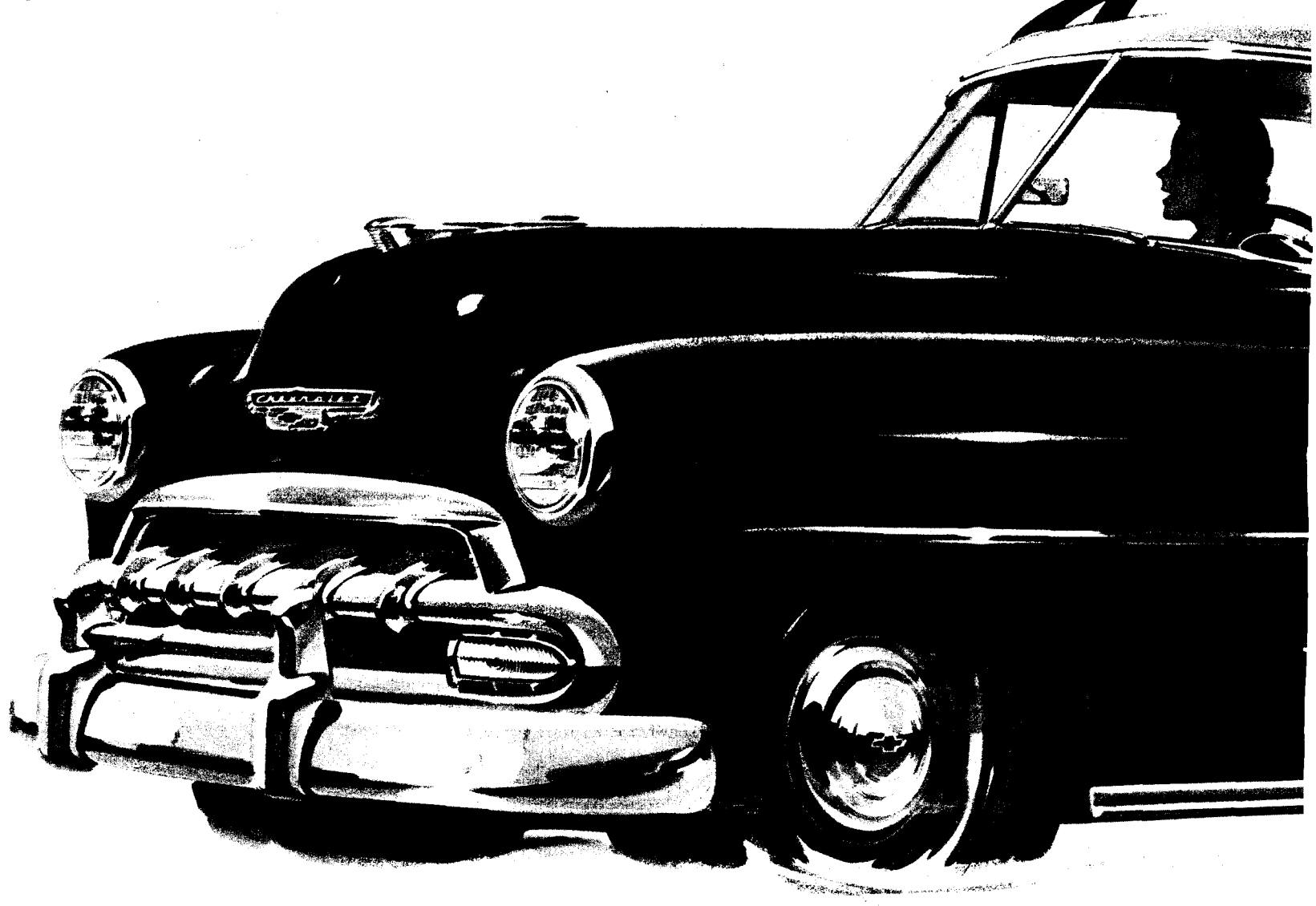


CHEVROLET

The Only Fine Cars PRICED SO LOW!

New Royal-Tone Styling

Smart design, radiant car colors and distinctive color-matched interiors introduce Royal-Tone Styling to the low-price field. Chevrolet for '52 is brighter, more beautiful than ever—both inside and out.

Exciting New Exterior Colors

Widest choice ever! 26 wonderful solid colors and two-tone color combinations lend sparkle to the over-all beauty of Royal-Tone Styling. New for '52 are such striking exteriors as Twilight Blue, Cherry and many others.

Harmonizing Color-Matched Interiors

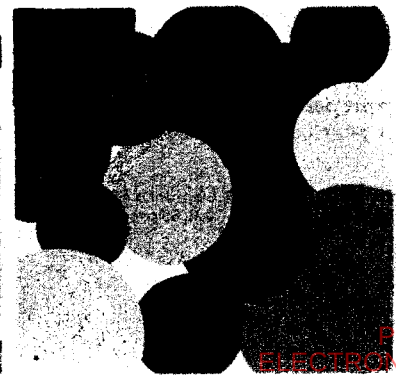
Harmonizing interiors in two-tone blue, green or gray are offered in De Luxe sedans and sport coupes. The Bel Air, Convertible and Station Wagon offer other exciting interpretations of Royal-Tone Styling.

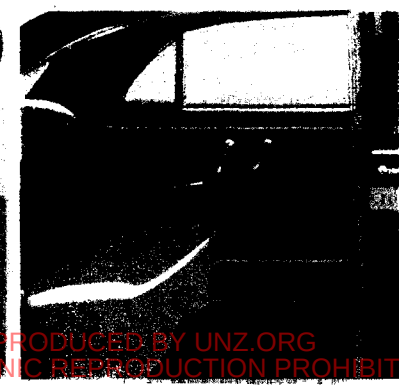
New Centerpoise Power

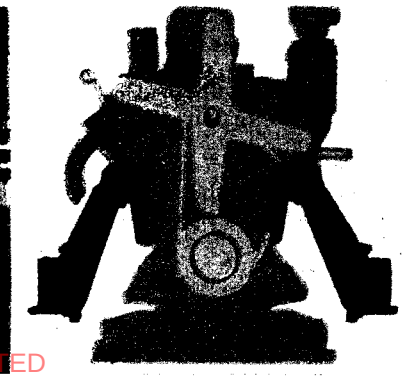
Engine vibration and power impulses are "screened out"—isolated from driver and passengers. Engine rides flexibly supported between rubber-cushioned mountings . . . centered, poised, balanced for greater stability.

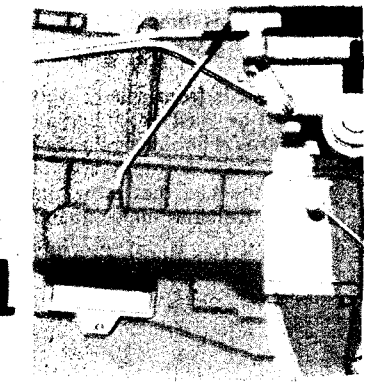
New Improved Power-Jet Carburetion

Smoother acceleration has been achieved by more efficient control of fuel flow. Carburetion on Powerglide models with 105-h.p. engine features new Automatic Choke for sure smooth starting under all conditions









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NEW for '52!

LOWEST PRICED IN ITS FIELD!
This big, beautiful Chevrolet Bel Air—like so many other Chevrolet body types—lists for less than any comparable model in its field. (Continuation of standard equipment and trim illustrated is dependent on availability of material.)

Take half a minute and find out some straight facts about this '52 Chevrolet . . . brilliantly new, excitingly new, in many wonderful ways.

Style: Smarter, trimmer looking, as you can see for yourself. Notice particularly the striking new grille and the design detail of front and rear fenders. Over-all appearance—most like the most costly cars.

Colors: Brighter solid colors and two-tone color combinations, with more to choose from—26 in all! Still better, interiors of the De Luxe sedans and sport coupes are *color-matched* in two-tone blues, greens or grays to harmonize with exterior colors. Chevrolet's Royal-Tone Styling is brand new for '52.

Smoother Running: You'd hardly know the engine's in the car! New Centerpoise Power "screens out" engine vibration and power impulses, isolates them from the body. Engine rides in flexible suspension—centered, poised, cushioned in rubber.

Softer Riding: You notice the difference in how rested and relaxed you feel after a long drive! New Quick-Reflex shock absorber control is immediate and continuous—irons out bumps. Famed Knee-Action ride is now smoother than ever.

Price: With all its fine features and economy of operation, Chevrolet is the lowest priced line in the low-price field. For example: The Bel Air above costs considerably less than comparable models in Chevrolet's field. In fact, this model equipped with Powerglide costs little more—maybe less—than a comparable *standard gearshift* model of another make! Ask your Chevrolet dealer! . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

MORE PEOPLE BUY CHEVROLETS THAN ANY OTHER CAR!

New Softer, Smoother Ride

Knee-Action ride is now softer, smoother than ever. New Quick-Reflex shock absorber action makes spring control immediate and continuous. Back seat and front seat passengers enjoy new comfort.

Oil-Smooth, Oil-Cooled POWERGlide

Combined with 105-h.p. engine and new Automatic Choke, POWERGlide alone in Chevrolet's field is *oil-smooth*, with no jerks or surges—*oil-cooled* for long life. Optional on De Luxe models at extra cost.

Trend-Setting Valve-in-Head Engine

One by one, other cars are following Chevrolet's lead—they're going to valve-in-head! But only Chevrolet can produce the Chevrolet Valve-in-Head engine . . . improved and refined by nearly 40 years of development.

Extra-Easy Center-Point Steering

Control is *centered between* the front wheels . . . giving a smoother feel to the wheel on road bumps or ruts. Chevrolet is surprisingly easy to steer, park and maneuver. Even at low speeds, little wheel effort is required.

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Special Assembly

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

"I told you it is. But you'll never put your money into better hands. They're two fine boys."

"I married two fine boys," Michele said. "One turned out to be a lush and the other tried to blackmail me. That's why I live alone these days. 'By, John. I've got to dash. I'm going back to my old high school today, believe it or not."

"Well," said McLeod, "a little postgraduate work does none of us any harm."

The gibe, as she put down the telephone, left her angry. Ah, so I'm too hard for you, too, am I? Michele asked. Mister, I came up the hard way, diamond cut diamond. You're getting your percentage, aren't you?

Deciding against eye shadow, she gave her nose a last dab with a powder puff, caught up her fur scarf, hurried out to her bright racer, and drove into Los Angeles over streets whose very names she had half forgotten—Pico and Santa Barbara and Slauson. She was recognized half a dozen times on the way. Each time, she smiled and waved. A wave recruited a loyal customer for the box office.

ACROSS the street from Vocational High, she parked before a row of small shops. She remembered them well. But either they had come down monstrously in the world or she herself had changed more than it seemed possible for anybody, in a dozen years, to change. Could this glittering, repulsive, gimcrack junk in their windows be the glamorous luxury for which she had pined, standing outside the glass in Miriam's scuffed saddle shoes? Waiting for the pale-green eye of the traffic light at the corner, while a procession of trucks jounced past, she gazed dubiously across the way at her alma mater. Vocational had three buildings, joined by arcades. She remembered the arcades as white arches soaring into the sky like the white wings of gulls; cross-legged in them at noon, digging hash from a cardboard plate with a flat wooden spoon, she had used to pretend she was visiting the Colosseum by moonlight after a triumphal tour of the theaters of Europe. The Colosseum, too, had shrunk. The three buildings were shabby, their stucco stained by smoke and cracked by weather.

Mr. Bonfour, who in Michele's time had been vice-principal, was principal now and had the principal's office with its chattering clock which, by means of electric switches, rang the gongs in the halls. The room smelled of the oiled sawdust the janitor sprinkled over its floor. Mr. Bonfour wore high black shoes, as he had always done, and still had razor nicks on his plump, cleft chin, no doubt because he thought about his students when he ought to be thinking about shaving himself. "Ah, here's our lovely lady," he said, getting up from his tidy desk and giving her a shy smile. "When I wrote to you, I didn't expect you to answer. This is very gracious of you, Miriam. Do I call you Miriam, or Michele, or Miss Denyse?"

"I'd love it to be Miriam," Michele said, quickly and insincerely. For the next hour or two she would be speaking for publication. The newspapers, if they happened to like the photographs, might run stories as well. She must scatter the reporters' paths with rose petals for quotation.

"Now, here's what we're planning for our famous graduate," said Mr. Bonfour. "At noon, lunch in the cafeteria with some of your old teachers and the student-body officers. I'm sure you remember our old eyesore of a cafeteria."

"I could never afford to eat in it. I got my lunches in the girls' hash line for twenty cents," Michele said. The reporters would use that, if Mr. Bonfour in his innocence remembered to give it to them. But oh, how it had used to hurt to watch Adelaide and Margaret and Helen sweep so grandly into the cafeteria at noon! Fifty, even sixty, cents Adelaide and Margaret and Helen had spent on their lunches.

"I still get mine in the boys' hash line," the principal said. "The food's better. Well, now. At half past twelve we go to the auditorium. I'll welcome you with a few words, and then you're to take over and introduce the performers. Oh—there's a favor I want to ask. I hope you'll lay heavy stress on the fact that Jimmy Tetlow, the boy who recites Casey at the Bat, has a straight-A average in his studies."

Michele could not resist a jab. "Now, Mr. Bonfour," she said, "you don't really believe an A average ever helps anybody after he gets out of school, do you?"

But the schoolmaster could not joke about his religion. "I'm afraid I do," he replied, unsmiling. "Education is the world's only hope, as I see it. The reason I ask you to do this is that we have a clique —every school has one—that sneers at honor table. No amount of awkward small talk could overcome the fact, for Michele's old teachers or for the student officers, that here with them sat one of the eminent, one in perfume and fur, one whose face was so radiant that people around the world paid their shillings, their francs, their dinars to sit in darkened halls and gaze at it.

Her mere presence made them ask themselves: What is wrong with me that no crowds gaze at me? And Michele herself was ill at ease. Her mind said to her: "You've done ugly things, vile things, abominable things to get where you are, because you longed for equality." (Remembering the act of mercy betrayed, the act of friendship betrayed, the act of love betrayed.) "But were you so smart, after all? Equality is lost to you forever, now, thanks to your very success." She grew furious

COLLIER'S **"Well, of all the lucky skill!"** DAVID HUFFINE

scholarship. Jimmy is my counterpropaganda."

"Okay," Michele said. "I'll remember. Tetlow. If he was a girl, though, I still think a good pair of legs would get him farther faster."

Mr. Bonfour looked at her sorrowfully. The child has been badly treated, he thought. She despises herself. How terrible! Oh, if I could open my arms to them and comfort them! But I can't—least of all a movie star. I imagine men with outstretched arms have helped to embitter her.

"So you're convinced your legs are your fortune," he said. "Perhaps that isn't so. What was your average here?"

"I'm sure I haven't the least idea."

"B-plus. I was curious; I looked it up this morning. But I can't remember if you were ever in a special assembly. Were you interested in dramatics?"

"Fanatically," Michele said, "but Miss Bibbins didn't think I was good enough for an assembly. She was right, too."

"A girl from the drama class is going to do a scene from Shakespeare today. I hope you'll think she's good enough."

" 'Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow, that I shall say good night till it be morrow'? Oh, dear."

"No; she isn't going to do Juliet. She's a Welsh girl, a rather somber youngster; she's doing Lady Macbeth." The big electric clock's stomach rumbled. "Five of twelve," said Mr. Bonfour. "If we start for the cafeteria now, we can avoid the infantry charge."

Lunch in the noisy cafeteria, which badly needed new linoleum and a new coat of paint on its finger-smudged walls, was something of an ordeal for everybody at the with herself for having worn her sable scarf. Was she a tactless fool, an absolute idiot?

But at last the raspberry gelatin with its disks of aging banana arrived, and the swamp-water coffee. Lunch, if such it could be called, was over. Showering "darlings" and democratic farewells across the table, Vocational's famous graduate set off with Vocational's principal, through underground passageways, for the auditorium.

On the auditorium stage, sour with the reek of the glue size the dramatics class used in painting scenery, the boys and girls who were to perform were waiting to shake her hand. They retired into the wings and Michele and Mr. Bonfour seated themselves, side by side, on two tall oak chairs with carved backs and hard seats. She had barely time to familiarize herself with her typewritten program before there came a shout: "Ready for curtain."

The student stagehands, sporting gilded derby hats from which they had cut the brims, were under orders to hoist their curtain at twelve thirty, and they intended to hit it on the second. They were a tough-looking bunch of kids. One of them, Michele was positive, was chewing tobacco. "Curtain!" Up it went, creaking and fluttering on its guide wires. Switches banged. The arc of red, white and blue footlights flared. The show, Vocational's big treat of the school year, was on. From the packed auditorium came a kettledrum roll of applause. A flash bulb blinked, fading like a shooting star; the studio photographer, a fat man in a puce shirt with huge pearl buttons, was at work in the orchestra pit. With him was a student photographer taking pictures for the year book.

"Listen to that applause," said Mr. Bonfour, as happy as the producer of a New York musical with a quarter of a million dollars riding. "You're a smash hit."

But as he stepped forward to make his dignified speech of welcome, Michele was not so sure. "Say, babe, you think you're mighty sharp, don't you?" came up to her across the footlights, spoken deliberately, spoken distinctly, so that she would be certain to hear it, and, "Give us some more of the gams." Searching quickly for lips in motion, she saw that the second row of seats had been pirated by older, larger boys, most of them wearing gray athletic sweaters with orange V's. The girls sitting with them, chosen consorts of heroes, flaunted smug, invincible smiles on overdecorated faces. The antischolarship clique was bold. Row Two was going to be hard to please.

"As you know," Mr. Bonfour was saying, "at this assembly each year we're entertained by citizens of our school community." It was elegant language, for boys and girls many of whose parents spoke no English; but where else, Mr. Bonfour would have asked, were they to hear words used as precision instruments if not in school?

"Now," the principal went on, "usually your student-body president serves as master of ceremonies. This year, however, our popular president, Charlie Huddenberger" —he waited for the dutiful applause to rise and fall—"came to me with an idea. Why not ask a talented Vocational graduate to preside? Charlie and I put our old gray heads together, and we thought at once of a talented, lovely Vocational graduate who's known to all of you. She has kindly consented to be with us today. You've looked forward to meeting her, so, without any further ado, I now turn the assembly over to Miss Michele Denyse."

THE applause, heard from the stage, had the echoing boom of surf in a rocky cavern. Mr. Bonfour returned to his chair. Michele, rising, stepped forward into the footlights' colored fire. To her annoyance and distress, she found she was wearing a tight iron collar around her throat. Good heavens, I've got stage fright, she thought, amused. She had turned on her professional smile, however, for threats much grimmer than a roomful of teen-age boys and girls. She turned it on. She held up a hand. Silence came, and her voice returned.

"Hello," said Michele, the skilled coquette. Prettily, she puffed out her cheeks and blew. "Gosh, I'm scared! I truly am. Once, in a picture, I had to take a bath. On the screen, it looked as if I were alone in a bathtub, but really there were about fifty prop men and grips and electricians all around me on the set. This is the first time I've ever been on a stage alone, like a real stage actress. I'm scared out of my wits. But I'm so happy to be here, you darlings. And thank you, thank you for giving such a wonderful, generous welcome to an old lady who used to go to Vocational High."

Their collective chuckle was fond. She had them. Moreover, Row Two quieted. The clique was clever. It knew it must conform. Conformity was its specialty, its province. Another flashlight winked white, a miniature star exploding in the black space of the orchestra pit, and Michele glanced at her list.

"The first number will be a musical selection. Harold Lundgren, of the tenth grade, will play To France Were Returning Two Grenadiers as a clarinet solo."

Harold Lundgren, whose face could have been no paler if he had been bleeding to death from a severed artery, appeared from the wing, carrying stiffly before him a clarinet at which he stared with loathing. Somehow or other he got the reed to his lips. His grenadiers marched—out of step, and squawking, but doggedly. Eventually they got back to France, and Harold played To a Wild Rose for his encore.

Rosalinda Canelli and Edna Blonski,

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seated thigh to thigh at the scarred grand piano, played a thunderous duet. For their encore they had a four-hand arrangement of When My Baby Smiles at Me, which they attacked much more heartily. Then Jimmy Tetlow, in a brogue about as Irish as the Koran, recited Casey at the Bat. Michele acclaimed his straight-A average, keeping her promise, and the clique in Row Two smirked but kept silent.

Following Jimmy Tetlow, a pudgy girl sang two operatic arias, clasping her hands over her tummy and squaring off for the job like an embattled coloratura. The clock on the wall said one o'clock. Its gong sounded in the middle of a B-sharp intended for a high C. Half an hour was gone.

THERE were two performers still to come, the girl who was to give the Shakespeare reading and a boy who did magic tricks. Mr. Bonfour had laid out his program skillfully. If the audience grew bored with Shakespeare, it would be patient nevertheless, knowing that the magic, which included fire-eating and sawing a teacher in half, was on the way. But Michele, glancing down over the footlights, saw that it was going to be a close race between Shakespeare and the antieducation faction's tolerance. Row Two was growing ever more fretful. A great deal of tittering and nudging was going on. Worried, she gave the pudgy soprano barely time to take her bows, stepping forward immediately.

"Now," she announced, "we'll hear a reading from the fifth act of Macbeth, one of the most dramatic scenes ever written." She needed no typewritten program to tell her about playwright or play. Glancing into the wing, at the girl in a long scarlet robe waiting there with a lighted candle, she made sure that Lady Macbeth was ready. "In this scene," she hastened on with her salesmanship, "Lady Macbeth has murder on her conscience. She walks and talks in her sleep. She is watched by her doctor and a lady of the court. But in this reading we hear only the voice of Lady Macbeth herself, as played by the secretary of your Drama Club—I hope I'm pronouncing her name correctly—Angharad Owen."

She stepped back as the lights dimmed.

Onto the stage, into the circle of a white spotlight, stepped a strange child whose beauty was less of the earth than of the spotlight's moon-blaze. Angharad came from the land of gnome castles on shimmering slate headlands, of speech like a tune on a shepherd's pipe, of a people so fine in their courtesy that they did not use their own tongue before strangers unable to comprehend it. She had the stoop of the adolescent girl who fears she is too tall, and tall she was—much too tall for her weight, and much too tall for Row Two with its dullard's insistence on conformity. Angharad's hair was bound to offend Row Two, too. It had never felt a pair of scissors. It fell down her back, over her red taffeta robe.

Michele would have sworn the girl was actually sleepwalking as she made her way, the candle flame scarcely wavering, to the center of the stage. There, as if she heard a sound, she started. She turned slowly, her wide eyes sightless and staring, and drew a long breath and spoke: "Yet here's a spot. Out, damned spot! out, I say! One: two: why, then 'tis time to do't. Hell is murky. Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard?"

There was just enough of Wales in her voice, a mourning music, to make the "afeard" sound perfectly natural. But then, Michele added to herself, every word the girl spoke sounded natural, *was* natural. Angharad Owen, at sixteen, was an actress. She had the trade; she lacked only its tricks. The boys and girls in the auditorium sat bewildered, agape. This was like nothing they knew.

"What need we fear who knows it," Angharad went on, "when none can call our power to account? Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him? . . . Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh! Wash your hands; put on your nightgown; look not so pale: I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on 's grave. To bed, to bed!"

As her soft voice rose in its terrible cry, she flung wide her arms. Her scarlet robe, probably a borrowed housecoat, fell open. Beneath it she wore a long, white nightgown of cotton flannel.

The nightgown, coupled with the cry of "To bed, to bed," gave Row Two the opening for which it had been hoping for the better part of a restless hour. There came a burst of harsh, cawing laughter. It spread. The whole audience, which had not known what to make of Shakespeare, and which now had the tip from its social arbiters that he was ridiculous, corny, a good joke, roared. The laughter had a different sound from the applause that had boomed like surf. It was a series of flat wooden slaps like the clatter of a machine gun.

Angharad went down before it as if real machine-gun bullets were prodding a bloody line of wounds across her soft, new little breasts. In the merciless beam of the spotlight, she sank slowly to her thin knees. The candle fell from her hand, and went out, smoking. Her head tumbled forward. She hid her face in her hands.

"Stop it, oh, stop it!" Michele shouted to Mr. Bonfour. But Mr. Bonfour no longer sat beside her. He was at the switchboard offstage, trying ineptly and unsuccessfully to bring up the lights. The laughter roared higher and higher, beating upon the kneeling, broken girl. Desperately Michele scanned the row of teachers halfway back in the auditorium. Surely one of them would put an end to the horror! But the teachers were waiting for Mr. Bonfour. Nobody could put an end to it, she realized, except herself. The assembly was in her charge. Springing forward into the spotlight's dazzle, she screamed at the top of her voice: "Damn you, damn you, *shut up!*"

Her face awed them. The laughter vanished as if it were an obscene scrawl on a blackboard, wiped away by an eraser.

"That scene," Michele said, in a trembling voice of fury which carried to the topmost seat in the balcony, "was about murder. You—all of you!—have come about as close to murdering a human soul as it's possible to come. I hope you're pleased with yourselves. You make me sick, sick, sick with shame!"

THE lights came on. Mr. Bonfour, reappearing, his expression grim, helped Angharad off the stage. The girl still hid her face. She stumbled as she walked.

"A bunch of sitters, that's what you are," Michele plunged on in her rage. "Movie sitters, radio sitters, TV sitters! You sit on your behinds and think *you* could sing, *you* could dance, *you* could act if you just felt like it." Chin outthrust, arms akimbo, she leaned forward and blasted them: "Not one of you could do what Angharad did on this stage. Not one of you!"

A girl in Row Two booed. The boy beside her called up angrily: "Aw, go sit in your bathtub!"

"I'm coming to my bathtub," Michele replied, looking straight down at them, "and I'm coming to you right now, buster. You were the ones that started the laughing. Angharad was doing something different, something you couldn't do, and you couldn't bear it. Anybody that tries to make anything out of himself has to kick his way free of blockheads like you—while you try to drag us back. I did it. And now I have my picture taken in a bathtub, now I dance in a black sequin girdle and show my legs to the hips, now I'm vulgar, I'm cheap—and you like me; I'm what you call a big success. And I'd give my heart if I could read just one line, one line, the way Angharad read hers! . . . There was one more number on the program, but you don't deserve it. Assembly dismissed!"

Turning on her heel, she strode into the wing. Behind her, seats clattered as her dumfounded audience, abandoned, did as it was bidden for lack of anything else to do. The curtain, gliding down, shut off the racket.

Mr. Bonfour and Angharad Owen waited in the glow of the switchboard lamps, the stagehands in their gilded caps standing around them in a shadowed circle. Angharad was drying her eyes. "My dear, my dear," said Michele, and she took the tall, thin girl into her arms. She kissed her fresh, cool cheek; she smoothed back the glorious hair. "There aren't any words for how wonderful you were, angel."

ANGHARAD managed a gallant, if dismal, smile. "The kids didn't think so." The smile waned. "I can never look at them again. I can never let them look at me. I'm going to quit school."

"Now, now," Mr. Bonfour said miserably.

"It was ghastly for you, I know, pet, but you're going to be in the theater all your life," Michele said briskly, to heal the wound. "This was only one audience. There'll be hundreds of others." She spoke to the principal. "I'm sorry I behaved so badly. I had no right to yell at them."

"Oh, I don't think you did them any great harm," replied Mr. Bonfour. "You may even have done them some good. They're here to be educated. Today they got some education with teeth in it."

"You were swell," said the student stagehand who had been chewing tobacco. "Say, Angharad, you were swell too. Don't let 'em get you down."

"*You* were *won*derful, Miss Denyse," Angharad said. "Oh, it makes it all right, knowing somebody like you cares about plays, and acting, and all the good and beautiful things."

"Well, maybe it was that," said Michele. "Anyhow I can't stand to see a good performance loused up by a bunch of jerks. You are serious about acting, aren't you? You are going on the stage? How do your folks feel about it?"

"My mother is dead. Daddy—oh, yes, Daddy wants me to. He's read the plays to me since I was a small girl. He coached me for today."

"He can start coaching me any time he feels like it. We'll have a little talk with him," Michele said. "Now, look, there's a professional school in New York for girls like you. You ought to go to it for a couple of years. Then you ought to go over to England and serve your apprenticeship with a good Shakespearean company. I'd like to send you."

"Oh, Miss Denyse!"

"I know exactly how this feels to her," Michele said to Mr. Bonfour. "I used to tell myself a talent scout would stop me someday in the arcade outside the Science Building, after we finished dissecting those reeking little grasshoppers, and wave a contract in my face. I'm not doing this for Angharad Owen, I'm afraid. I'm just making a dream come true for myself."

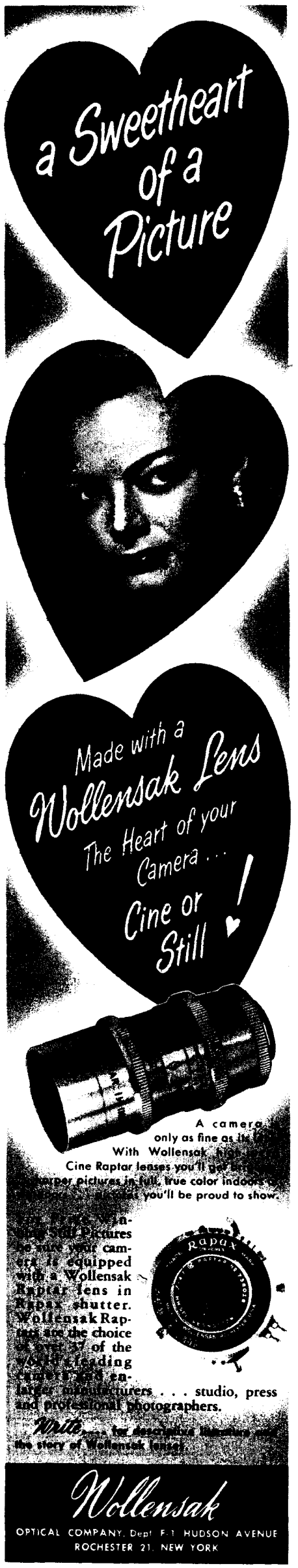
"Very interesting," the principal said. "Very interesting."

"But, Miss Denyse, I can't let you do it," protested Angharad, not too violently. "Why, it'll cost thousands of dollars."

Still acting, aren't you, darling? thought Michele. Well, so am I. For us the curtain never falls. "You'll pick up radio and TV jobs in New York. I'll undoubtedly charge you ten per cent commission on them as your agent," she said. "Or else I'll put you on my income tax as a secretary or a dependent. If you run out on me, I can always put you down as a bad loan. Don't worry—one way or another you'll end up by saving me money, I'll see to that." She turned again to the principal. "I will, too."

"Oh, I'm quite sure of it," Mr. Bonfour said. "You know, all of this reminds me of an interesting remark Plato made—I think it was Plato—when he was asked about human motives. Oddly enough, it had to do with legs. Ah, well, we haven't time for it." Whatever it was that Plato had remarked, however, it pleased Mr. Bonfour tremendously. He laughed with the greatest gusto, and slapped Michele—or perhaps Miriam—on her back. "My, my," he exclaimed, "sometimes our legs do carry us a long way, don't they?"

THE END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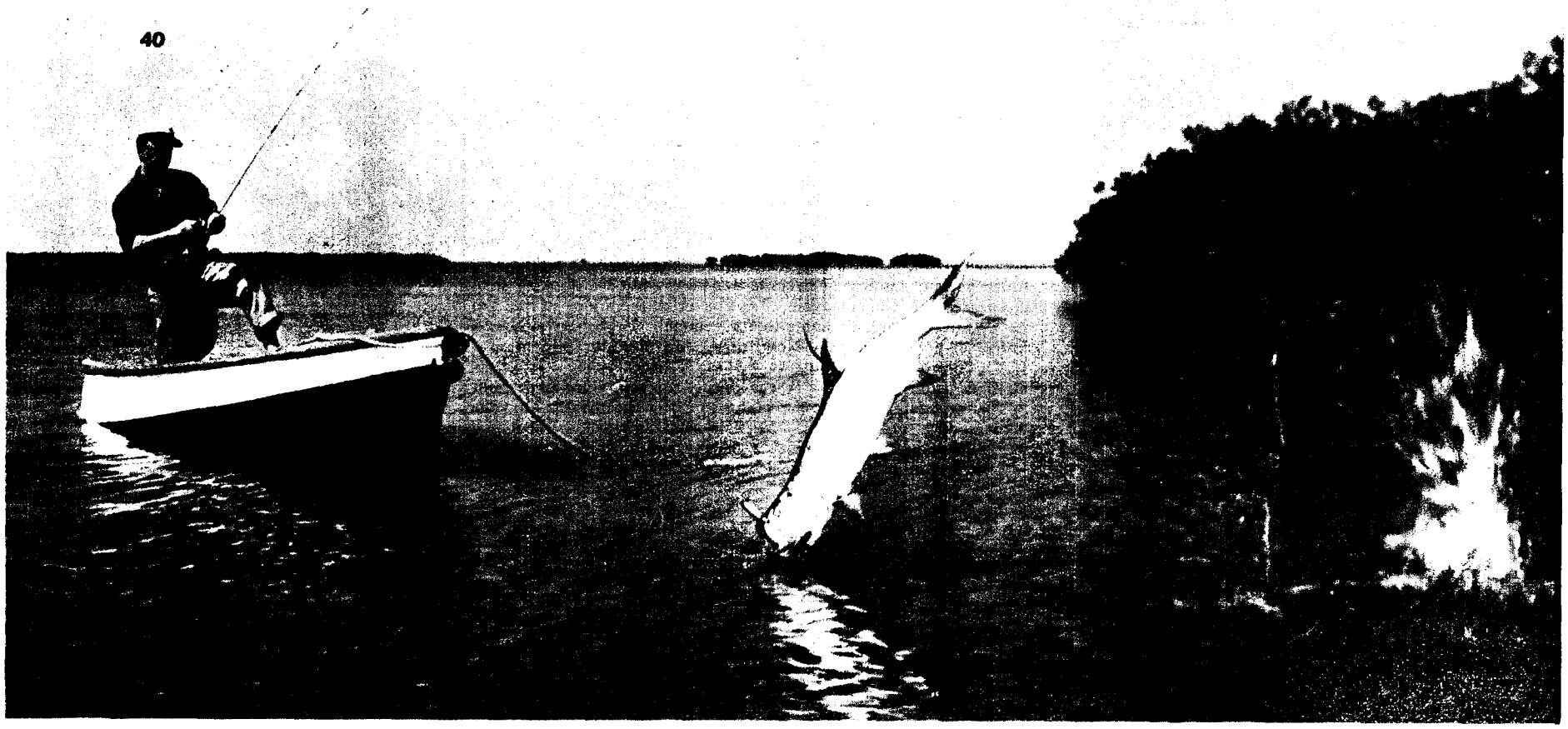

Battling a tarpon off the Florida Keys. Usual habitat of these big fish is the warm south Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico

Tangling with a Tarpon

By RAYMOND R. CAMP

For sheer fury on the end of a line, few game fish can match the hard-fighting, fast-moving silver kings. If you're a sportsman seeking explosive pleasure, the tarpon's your target

WHEN it comes to sheer frenzy, not even a wounded grizzly can approach the unbridled violence of the long, lean, silvery, tropical fish known as the tarpon.

No matter how well he's been briefed in advance, the fisherman who tangles with this creature for the first time (and "tangles" is often the only word for it) is seldom prepared for the violent chain reaction that follows the setting of the hook.

There is no delayed fuse to give the angler time to prepare for the explosion. The tarpon flashes into immediate action, and before the man with the rod can blink, the fish has started its furious defensive tactics: flying several feet out of the water; shaking its head like a pendulum gone mad; splashing back into the water, headed in another direction; and then emerging again—while the angler is still wondering whether he should take in line or let it out. That is, he's still wondering, provided the tarpon has not shaken free during the first jump. And in the process of shaking a plug or large spoon, the fish often tosses it almost as far as it was originally cast by the angler.

In much tropical fishing, the objective is attained when the quarry has been "boated." The tarpon often gives this procedure a special twist of its own, occasionally arriving inside the boat immediately following the first jump. A 100-pound tarpon on the end of the line constitutes one kind of problem; the same fish thrashing around in a small skiff constitutes quite another. Such a situation does not leave much room for sport—or for the angler.

To understand the character of the tarpon, think of the bonefish—another tropical angling prize, noted for its speed and fury under water—and that renowned leaper, the Atlantic salmon. Lump these two together, multiply by 20 (just to keep on the conservative side) and you have a rough idea of what to expect when you sink a hook in the silver king.

No game fish is more unpredictable; more tarpon are lost after being hooked than any other species in any type of water.

A few years ago, I shared the charter of a small skiff, complete with tarpon guide, on Florida's Shark River. My angling companion was an elderly man making his first excursion after tarpon. It was early in the season, and only a few really large fish were reported in the river, but the guide assured us there were plenty that would scale between 40 and 60 pounds. As I was using a standard bait-casting outfit, and my companion an extremely light boat rod, we decided tarpon of this weight would be adequate for our tackle.

Less than 20 minutes after leaving the dock we found ourselves practically surrounded by rolling tarpon. Nevertheless, the guide was far from optimistic.

"When they roll that way they seldom take a lure," he said. "I have an idea they do it to get rid of sea lice."

I had heard that before, however, and it had been my experience that, like a legion of other angling saws, it was only partially true. We decided to keep heaving away with the plugs at the rolling fish, just on the chance of locating one nonconformist. For 10 minutes it seemed the guide was right.

Then a 60-pounder grabbed my companion's plug.

For a beginner, my boatmate did all right. I moved up to the bow in order to give him plenty of room. He needed it, for the tarpon seemed to be out of the water more than in it. First he jumped away from the boat, then he apparently decided to get right in it, for when he hit the water after his second leap all three of us were showered by the splash.

As I watched, I recalled an occasion, up in northern Maine, when I saw a game warden attempt to transfer a big beaver from one cage to another by grasping the animal by the tail. For a few seconds, it had appeared that the warden had hold of a giant vibrator: he didn't dare let go and he couldn't hold on. Well, the shoulders of my companion angler were vibrating almost as rapidly.

But the hooks held, and so did the angler. For several minutes that must have seemed hours to the man at the other end of the line, the fish tore up and down, back and forth, on the narrow river. Finally, in a last blind leap, it crashed several feet into the dense fringe of mangroves that lined the bank, parting the line in the process.

When my companion turned around, I had a moment of horror as I saw his face, and the boatman gasped audibly. The man seemed to have lost pounds and put on years in just a few minutes. His round, cherubic face had become gaunt, his cheeks hollow. It was not until he spoke that we realized, with great relief, what had happened.

The terrific shaking he had undergone had jarred both his upper and lower plates over the stern.

The guide, who had no training in deception, threw himself across the engine box, roaring with laughter, and began beating it with his fists. When he finally recovered, eyes streaming, he shook his head at the tarpon fisherman.

"That's one set of china choppers you'll never see again," he announced.

"Duthn't matter," gurgled the angler. "That exthperinth wath worth theven theth of teeth."

Fishing for tarpon with heavy tackle is like hunting rabbits with a howitzer. You expend considerable effort, with no return in the form of

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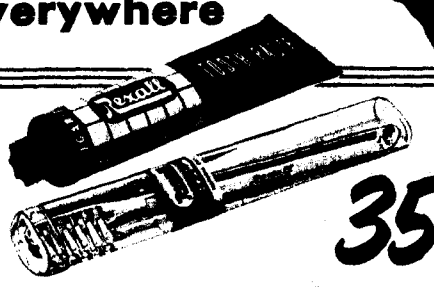

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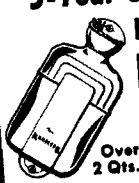

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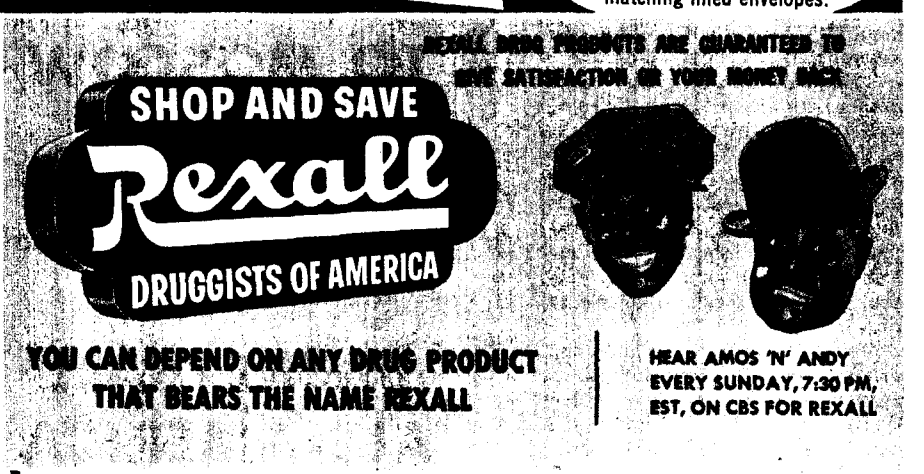
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Stag Lip Aid, for sore, chapped lips ..... **39¢**
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sport. There may be a few individuals who fish for tarpon with the idea of eating them. I have tasted tarpon, and I hope I never get that hungry.

Usually, the man who goes out after tarpon is in search of sport. There can be no sport without challenge, and the use of light tackle pits the skill of the angler against the strength of the fish. Except in "passes" (wide channels between islands and the mainland) or the big rivers—where the tarpon are really big, and 6- to 10-ounce boat rods are often used—the regulation bait-casting rod, similar to the one used on bass, pike or muskies, is now standard tackle.

Tarpon come in all sizes (river fish are often as small as five or 10 pounds, and the record catch weighed close to 250), but there is far more exhilaration in taking a small one with light tackle than there is in the capture of a 100-pounder on heavy tackle.

In either case, however, the angler is entitled to deep satisfaction, for taking *any* tarpon is no mean feat.

I keep a fairly accurate fishing diary, and the pages on tarpon are the barest of all, so far as the ratio of fish hooked to those landed is concerned. On one eight-day tarpon excursion, for example, the record shows a total of 203 strikes, 73 fish hooked—and 19 landed. And that was one of my more successful trips.

"The Most Exciting Fish"

A friend of mine, an experienced angler, returned from his first tarpon trip with something of a glow, plus the firm conviction that the silver king was the most exciting fish he had ever hooked.

"Coming back on the train," he said, "I fell in with a group that had just finished a 10-day sailfishing trip. They were presenting each other with verbal backslaps for sportsmanship, pointing out that they released every sailfish after bringing it alongside the boat.

"If *they* are sportsmen, what am I? I hooked at least 150 tarpon on the three rivers I fished. But did I exhaust these fish getting them alongside the boat? I did not. With the exception of four or five, I released every one after its third or fourth jump. What could be more sporting than that?"

If you sit around the famous Cypress Bar at the Everglades Rod and Gun Club, a famous anglers' hostelry just a short cast from Florida's Barron River, where a lot of tarpon live, you can bask in the warmth of the arguments concerning this sport. Each angler is convinced that he has the secret of the best lure and method for taking these fish. One insists that a diving, wobbling plug, retrieved slowly and jerkily, will make tarpon strike when they are full and lazy. Another holds out for a surface plug, retrieved quickly and smoothly. Still another contends that a spoon, properly handled, will bring more results than any bait or lure ever invented.

The quiet bird sitting over in the corner with a rum swizzle, listening to the debate with an amused smile, is the man who doesn't claim to know the answer. He has a bulging tackle box from which he extracts lures of assorted types and materials, and he fishes with varying techniques. For some strange reason, he always seems to get plenty of fish.

Opinion may vary on lures and methods, but all tarpon enthusiasts agree that the hooks cannot be too sharp. The tarpon has no teeth, and a dull hook will never penetrate the hard, bony plates that rim his jaws. Unless the hooks are firmly set, the first leap, with its attendant bulldog shake, will send the lure flying—aided by its own weight.

Many a tarpon enthusiast would be in a position to retire if he spent as much time and effort on business problems as he devotes to working out improved lures. A number of these barbed teasers have been evolved which free the plug when the fish is hooked, thus allowing the tarpon to be played on a free line without the weight of the lure. Although this principle is often effective, it is also costly, for it is not unusual for an angler to get 40 or 50 strikes during the course of a good day. As a tarpon plug costs from $1 to $2.50, it is not difficult to understand why these lures did not attain popularity overnight.

Once the angler has attained victory—after a contest that may vary in length from five minutes to two hours, depending upon the size of the fish and the area fished—the tarpon usually is released. At one time, thousands of tarpon were slaughtered merely to bolster an angler's ego and provide a background of dead fish in a photograph. Today, as the result of conservation education, only a few tarpon are killed, other than those desired for trophies or those of real size that must be weighed for record.

The process of releasing a big tarpon often constitutes something of a hazard, especially for the angler fishing from a boat, and there have been many instances in which serious injury resulted to the fisherman. The tarpon plug bristles with hooks, three sets of treble hooks being standard. These hooks are large, sharp, and firmly fastened to the lure. When a tarpon is brought alongside the boat for release, it often has one good "thrash" left in its system; if this final surge for freedom happens to coincide with the removal of the plug from the fish's mouth, the angler may get a hand or arm full of hooks.

On my first trip to the Pánuco River, near Tampico, Mexico, I watched an angler in a nearby boat play a really big tarpon, a fish I estimated to weigh at least 150 pounds. With the fish finally worn out, the man maneuvered it alongside the boat, grasped the line with one hand, placed the rod on a thwart, and started to free the plug. There was a flurry of spray, a shout, and both angler and tarpon disappeared.

Severely Wounded by Hooks

The man's head broke the surface a half minute later only a few feet astern of our boat, and we picked him up. Two of the large hooks were firmly embedded in his wrist, another in his palm, and the plug with the line still attached dangled from his hand. While under water, he had wrenched the plug with sufficient force to tear the hooks from the tarpon's mouth. We put him ashore and arranged for medical attention.

Although tarpon have been reported in real abundance in waters as far distant as Senegambia and Nigeria on the west coast of Africa, there has been a marked reluctance on the part of American anglers to travel this far for the fishing, possibly because of the excellent fishing nearer home. Many a sports-loving husband, talked into a Caribbean or South American cruise by a female relative, has managed to salvage something from his tour by taking along his tarpon tackle.

The silver king is found in most of the coastal rivers from Brazil northward, and is really plentiful along the Mexican fringe of the Atlantic. Here it is known as the sabalo, and thousands of North Americans cross the border each winter and spring to fish for these silvery fighters in waters where they are both plentiful and large. The influx is particularly heavy during the annual Tampico Tarpon Rodeo, held on the Pánuco River each April.

It is from this water that Harry Sedgwick, of Toronto, Canada, hauled forth the 247-pounder that has held the record since 1938. The existing 9-thread (27-pound-test) line record also was rung up on a Pánuco River tarpon, a 154-pounder. Here the fish congregate not only at the mouth, but right on up. Some have been taken almost 100 miles from the sea.

The Rio Grande, another popular and populous tarpon river, also lures enthusiasts from far-distant points, and the annual tarpon rodeo held at its mouth has become known as the "poor-man's international." (The term rodeo, linked with tarpon, is a misnomer, of course. So far as I can determine, there is no record that one of these battlers was ever landed from the back of a horse.) Similar contests, all of them attracting large crowds of tarpon specialists, are held at Galveston and Port Aransas.

A few years ago, some of the anglers fishing Texas waters devised a new technique of plug fishing which has accounted for a lot of big tarpon, there and in other hot spots. This method calls for the use of a weighted plug, which is cast out into the river, allowed to sink, then retrieved in short jerks or hops. It calls for a light touch on the part of the angler, who must "feel out" the psychological instant and set the hook firmly.

As there is no means of telling just where a tarpon so hooked will emerge from the water, there is an additional element of surprise in store for the angler, an individual who loves surprises. I know of at least one instance in which the angler, seated comfortably in the stern of his small boat, found a tarpon right in his lap a few seconds after he made his blind strike. This surprised individual threw both the tarpon (a medium-sized one) and his tackle overboard.

The northern end of the Gulf does not provide as much excitement for those who must have tarpon to be happy, but from Sarasota Pass on the Florida west coast, on around the southern tip of the peninsula, tarpon and their pursuers are both plentiful. This area takes in such famous tarpon hot spots as Useppa Island, Captiva Pass and Boca Grande Pass. Useppa is the home of the ancient and honorable Izaak Walton Club, where the visitor will see some really big tarpon scales tacked to the walls, many of them bearing the names of famous big-game anglers.

In this area, much of the fishing is done from cruisers, and with boat rods rather than casting tackle. Deep drifting seems to be the preferred technique, with a live blue crab for bait, and a half-pound sinker tied to the leader with thread. This thread breaks, releasing the weight, once a fish is hooked. Here 15-thread (45-pound-test) line is favored, although some of the light tackle enthusiasts drop down to 9-thread line. The fish run in the 100-pound class.

In river fishing, a light rowboat is adequate, and plenty of anglers fish from the banks, where footing is possible. The bank fishermen are really plentiful along the Tamiami Trail, and they take plenty of tarpon, including some 50-pounders, from the canals and waterways that cross and parallel this angler's highway.

You will find plenty of tarpon rolling right in the Miami Entrance. The majority of the local tarpon enthusiasts fish this area at night, and playing a big tarpon by moonlight is quite an experience. My initial nocturnal tarpon effort was both interesting and amusing, but amusing only because I happened to be in the bow of the skiff.

Coaxed to Try a Night Trip

A friend who had transferred his business and family from New York to Miami had been urging me to join him in one of these moonlight excursions, so I succumbed. At his suggestion, I used rather heavy casting tackle, for he explained that the night fishing necessitated more careful handling of the fish.

We were drifting and casting, in company with a score of other small boats, when he had a sharp strike and set the hook forcibly. For some reason the fish did not jump, but thrashed on the surface. After a couple of minutes my friend reached down, grasped the plug in a gloved hand and heaved a long, silvery shape into the boat.

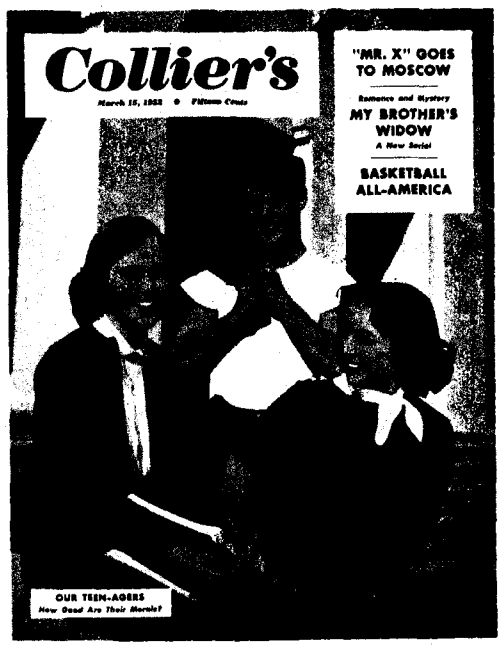
It was at this point that the fun began, for it was not a tarpon but a wicked barracuda, a creature not to be handled lightly. The fish could be heard opening and closing its teeth-lined jaws, for a considerable distance, as it thrashed around in the stern of the skiff. My host took one look, and vaulted the engine box, planning to join me in the bow. However, he miscalculated and went overboard. I hauled him over the side.

Since it was a warm night, we continued fishing—after subduing the barracuda with a gaff handle. It was to get this gaff, my friend explained carefully, that he had jumped over the engine box. We hooked seven tarpon and brought four into the boat later in the evening, but I noticed that my companion turned a flashlight beam on each fish before reaching down to release it. Although I may be in error, I am convinced that his waning interest in night fishing had its inception as a result of the barracuda incident.

Some of the recent interest in Cuban resorts might be attributed to the excellent tarpon fishing available there, for many places on the south coast, like Batabanó Gulf, offer facilities for this sport.

Because the silver king is not valued commercially, its abundance does not seem

Next Week



"MR. X" GOES TO MOSCOW

OUR TEEN-AGERS
How Good Are Their Morals?

BASKETBALL ALL-AMERICA

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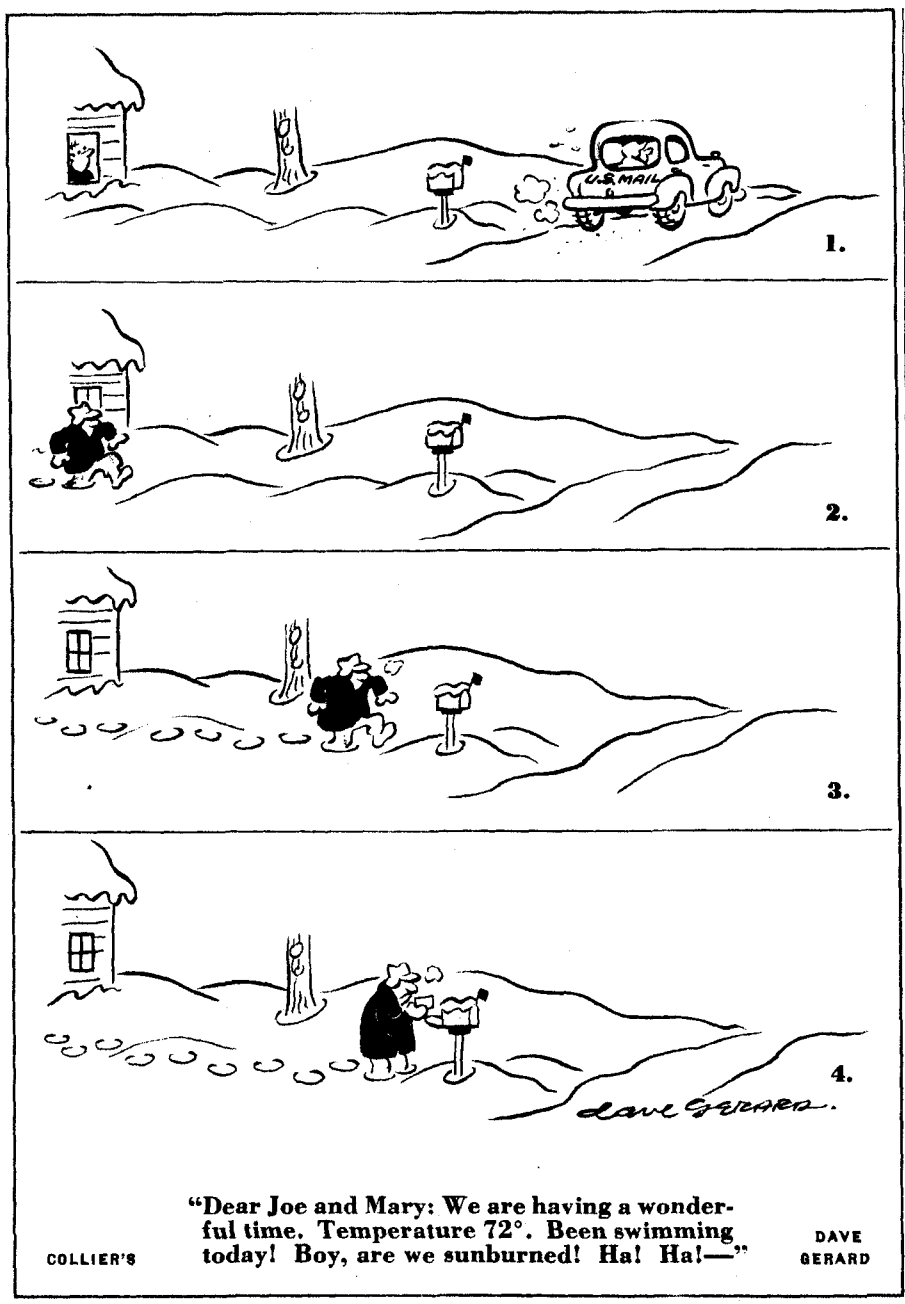


COLLIER'S

"Dear Joe and Mary: We are having a wonderful time. Temperature 72°. Been swimming today! Boy, are we sunburned! Ha! Ha!—"

DAVE GERARD

threatened, and many old-timers insist that tarpon are more plentiful today, in many areas, than they were 50 years ago.

Not too much is known concerning the breeding or spawning habits of the fish, although ichthyologists believe they spawn off the south and west coasts of Florida, since tarpon only four inches long have been taken from some of the waters in that area. As a spawner, the female is really prolific, for a fish scaling 150 pounds is said to produce more than 10,000,000 eggs. This, however, may be a form of ecological insurance, for tropical waters abound in predatory fish that make deep inroads on the eggs and young of all species, and it seems certain that relatively few of the 10,000,000 survive.

While primarily a warm-water fish, the tarpon occasionally strays to the northern waters, although never in any numbers. A few move up the Gulf Stream as far as Diamond Shoals, off the North Carolina coast, where an occasional angler gets a glimpse of a silvery form rolling on the surface. A few even manage to get inside Hatteras Inlet, during the summer, and are gathered in by fish traps.

One enthusiastic angler, Joseph Massoletti, of New York, has devoted considerable time and effort to working out a method of taking these Hatteras fish, and although he has managed to hook and land a half dozen of them, the technique has not as yet been perfected.

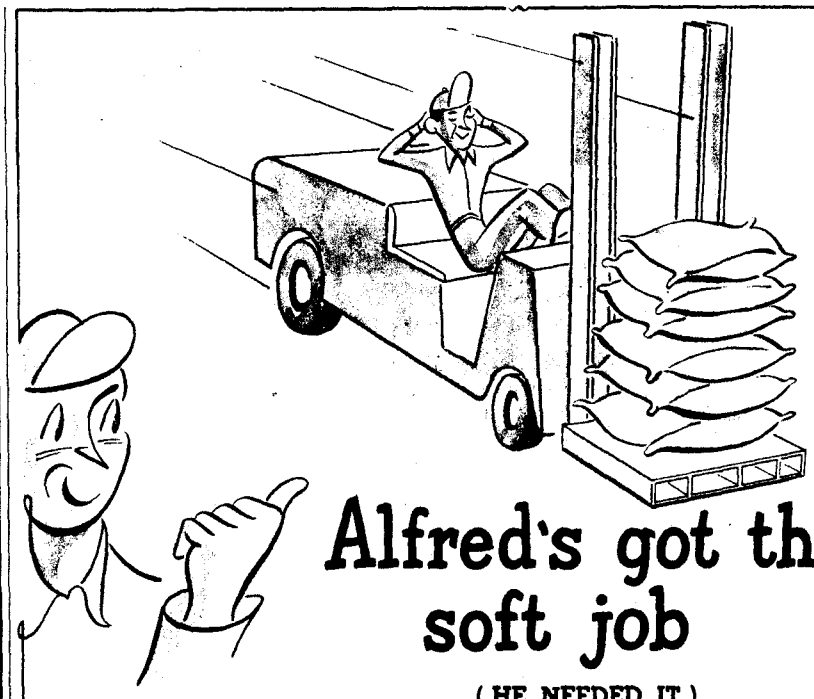
Almost every summer, one or two tarpon are found in the offshore fish traps on the Long Island coast, but I have never heard of one being hooked in these northern waters.

The growing enthusiasm for light-tackle fishing has led many tarpon anglers to extremes. With bonefish being taken on the fly rod, it was only to be expected that a few enthusiasts would try for tarpon on similar tackle, and succeed. The 3½-ounce wands favored by trout fishermen have no place in this angling, of course, and many experienced fly casters have discovered that even 6- and 8-ounce rods often prove too light for the task.

The real problem with this brotherhood is to find a suitable fly reel, for in addition to 100 feet of heavy casting line, the tarpon angler needs from 100 to 150 yards of 10- or 15-pound-test nylon line for "backing." The fly rod, a willowy affair, does not have the rigidity to slow down or even turn the course of a strong fish, so plenty of line is the only solution. This tackle does insure unusually exciting sport on small river tarpon, fish ranging from five to 10 pounds, and the tarpon seem to respond readily to the streamer flies and bugs offered through the medium of this tackle.

The spinning outfit, increasing in popularity for the smaller tropical fish, has been used with real success on tarpon, and often is the resort of the angler who likes the fly-rod action but cannot reach the feeding fish with his casts. The spinning rod, being a close cousin to the fly rod, employs a fixed-spool reel which permits light lures to be cast with accuracy and distance. Despite the rather flimsy nature of both the fly and spinning rods, fish in the 100-pound class have been taken with them.

Regardless of where it is found, in rivers, bays or open passes, whether it is termed the tarpon, *grande écaille,* savanilla, sabalo, silverfish, silver king, *trapoeng,* or the more scientific Tarpon atlanticus, this fish will provide all the interest, action and excitement any angler could demand. If you want to tie into a scrapper that will resort to water, air and even land rather than submit to restraint, you have only one course—meet the silver king. THE END



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TALENTED HUNTER

By DEE LOWRANCE KATCHER

For Kim Hunter, Broadway offered a springboard to Hollywood—but she made the grade in the film capital the hard way: by proving herself a superb actress, and not just a sweater girl

A PRODUCER, asked to describe Kim Hunter, rubbed his chin reflectively, and said, "Well, she's no pin-up. You wouldn't say she had glamor, exactly, or sex appeal.

"I guess she just has nothing but talent."

He was speaking for Broadway, where Kim Hunter is an established star, and for Hollywood, where she is currently a top competitor in the Oscar race, for her performance as the earthy Stella in A Streetcar Named Desire. Lately there has been a whisper—and it may become a shout—that her work in an as-yet-unreleased picture, Paramount's warm comedy Anything Can Happen, is bound to get her another Academy Award nomination. One of those whispering (at the top of his voice) is George Seaton, who directed the comedy.

"Kim," he says, "doesn't project her own personality. Instead, she puts herself inside a character and brings it to life. What more can a director ask?"

By most Hollywood standards, Kim is an anomaly. She is no cover girl, no sweater girl and no bustle girl. Nor is she a "character," like some film actresses who provide steady copy for columnists with their wisecracks or much-publicized private lives. No studio has been overwhelmed by requests for bathing-suit art on Kim Hunter—which is just as well, since there is no such art in existence.

"Not that I wouldn't wear a bathing suit if the role called for it," Kim says. "It's just that my career didn't mix with pin-ups."

Kim's most engaging qualities are not the kind that would show up in a pin-up, anyhow. She has poise, polish, dignity and good manners. Her honey-blonde hair and hazel eyes blend well with other facial features, which, while hardly classic, are attractively arranged.

Just for the record, she did win a beauty contest once.

"I was sixteen at the time," she recalls. "My brother arranged the contest and my mother judged it. And I was the only girl allowed to compete."

Kim is modest to a fault. Although she can play a boisterous part if she has to, in person she is low-voiced and mild in demeanor. Unlike most actresses, she does not demand the center of the stage. This makes life easier for her, and for everybody else. Nick Dennis, who appeared as a poker player in both the stage and film versions of A Streetcar Named Desire, says, "Actors have nothing but problems—except Kim. She's the one all of us took our problems to."

An actress short on personal vanity is rare. With Kim, it is not a pose. She doesn't read a script looking for a role in which she can be Miss Universe. Instead, she studies it to see if it calls for acting. She's not interested in how low the cut of her costume, or how high her billing—only in whether it is a part she can make live.

When Kim played Stella on Broadway, she created such an illusion of slatternliness and size that she was never recognized by the autograph hunters who crowded the stage door after each performance. "That's not her," Kim used to hear them say. "Stella's a *big* girl."

Actually, Kim stands five feet four and weighs only 112 pounds. The earthy, sensual Stella bore little likeness to the real Kim.

However, many experts felt it was the solidity of her portrayal of Stella which held Streetcar together, binding two vital, virtuoso performances—those of Jessica Tandy and Marlon Brando in the play, and Vivien Leigh and Brando in the film—into a smashing dramatic unit. This explains why

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY [illegible]

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When a Girl Marries. You'll find refreshingly new solutions to marital problems in this absorbing story. 11:15 am. (*Maxwell House Coffee*)

Mary Marlin. "The eternal triangle" receives close scrutiny in this poignant drama of modern marriage. 3:15 pm.

Joyce Jordan, M.D. Can a woman's knowledge of life keep her from happiness? Fascinating drama of a career woman! 3:30 pm. (*Surf*)

The Strange Romance of Evelyn Winters. An unusual love story, told against a backdrop of New York's theatre world. 3:45 pm. (*Philip Morris*)

Valiant Lady. Joan Scott is a woman you'll admire ... resourceful, courageous, self-sacrificing. Her story gives inspiration to millions! 4 pm.

Marriage for Two. Is there a formula for the "perfect marriage"? Roger and Vikki Hoyt believed there was. Experience taught them differently! 4:15 pm.

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ABC RADIO

American Broadcasting Company

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Kim is known as a director's actress. Noted directors who have worked with her, like Michael Powell of London, Elia Kazan of Broadway and George Seaton and Richard Brooks of Hollywood, are all stanch admirers. Lesser-known directors, equally impressed, launched her career and often rescued her after gaps in employment.

"People have always been so helpful," Kim says. "Without outside help, I'd never have got anywhere. I'm disgustingly unaggressive. I am shy and retiring at all the wrong moments. This is no profession for shrinking violets. Sometimes I think the only thing I ever did for myself—except maybe work at learning to act—was to decide I wanted to be an actress in the first place."

Like many others, Kim landed in the entertainment world because she first entertained herself. Nothing in her staid family background smacks of the theatrical. Her father, a consulting engineer in Detroit, died in 1925, when Kim was three. This threw Kim and her mother into a close relationship which continued even after her mother remarried and the family moved to Florida to live.

Child Acting Before a Mirror

"I was lonely growing up," Kim remembers. "My only brother was nine years older and had little time for me. Without any real playmates, I had to invent them for myself. So I picked friends out of books and played 'let's-pretend' games, acting out their characters before a mirror. I guess that was when I first thought of becoming an actress. I was only seven then."

Soon after Kim graduated from Miami Senior High School, she auditioned for the director of a local stock company. He hired her.

"A little later, I joined the Theater of the Fifteen at Coral Gables," she says. "The Fifteen was a repertory group, made up of young people, most of them transplanted from the Pasadena Playhouse in California. I played ingénue roles with them until 1942 when, because all the boys had gone into uniform, the theater closed. Hale McKeen, the director, returned to the Pasadena Playhouse."

Soon after, McKeen wrote Kim, suggesting that she audition for the Pasadena Playhouse, thus becoming a charter member of the Directors-Who-Think-Kim-Hunter-Is-Wonderful Club. She went West, and her second appearance in a Playhouse production brought her to the attention of film magnate David O. Selznick.

"Mr. Selznick didn't like my real name, Janet Cole," Kim said. "As soon as I'd signed a contract with him, he changed my name to Kim Hunter. He told me Janet Cole could be anyone, but that Kim Hunter had individuality and would go far as an actress." He told this to everyone, including the then Mrs. David O. Selznick. He turned out to be a fine prophet, but it took time.

Selznick, unfortunately for Kim, had a first-team line-up of actresses almost impossible to penetrate. It included Jennifer Jones, Ingrid Bergman and Dorothy McGuire. Kim found herself on the scrub team learning how to act, and being loaned out to other studios.

It was during this period that she met William Baldwin, then a Marine lieutenant. Their courtship was brief, and their marriage, on February 11, 1944, was hasty. After two years and one child—Kathy, now seven—they were divorced. Just before the divorce, Kim was dropped from the Selznick contract list.

"Mr. Selznick was kind about it," Kim recalls. "He had a long talk with me, explaining that he wasn't making enough pictures to keep me busy, and that he felt he was standing in the way of my career."

Now Kim went through a rough period. She didn't get any work, because producers couldn't type her. There was no such thing as a "Kim Hunter part." Only the English directors, Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger, were willing to take a chance. In May, 1946, they took her to Britain to star in Stairway to Heaven with David Niven.

The picture was selected for the first royal command film performance, but that didn't help Kim, who had returned to Hollywood after it was completed. Hollywood knows only what it sees on the screen, and the film wasn't released in this country for more than a year.

"So there I was, out of work again," Kim said. "I got tired of going around with my agent, almost begging for work. I grew disheartened, and wrote unhappy letters to old friends. One of these, an alumnus of the Fifteen at Coral Gables, Vaughn Baggerly, answered, saying he was directing some summer stock and had a job for me. In less than a week I was in Stamford, New York, playing Claudia."

While there, Kim was visited by an emissary from Irene Selznick, divorced wife of Kim's old boss. Mrs. Selznick, now a Broadway producer, was casting a play by Tennessee Williams, titled A Streetcar Named Desire. She remembered her ex-husband's enthusiastic endorsement of the young actress. Would Kim like to read for a part in the play?

"I was scared stiff of Broadway," Kim says today, "but I just couldn't refuse. So I forgot I was afraid and just remembered I was ambitious."

She got the part and found another director with whom she could form a mutual admiration society. Elia Kazan saw in her the Stella he envisaged. She started rehearsals for Streetcar on October 1, 1947. When the play opened and the notices were in, Kim was in, too.

High Praise from Elia Kazan

Kazan says of her, "She is unique among actresses. She is first a person and second a member of the acting profession. At the same time, as an actress, she is completely true."

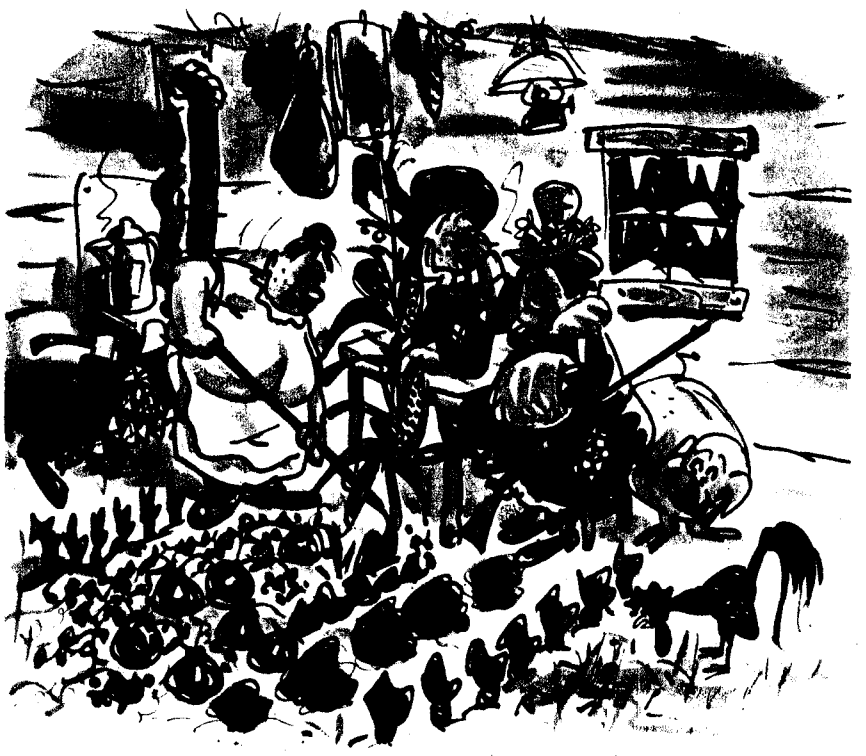
Kazan's enthusiasm for Kim's abilities explains why, when he and two other well-known stage personalities, director Lee Strasberg and producer Cheryl Crawford, formed the Actors' Studio, Kim was one of its earliest members. The Studio, as it is called by its devotees, is an experimental workshop where actors work together, cooperatively, to improve their acting techniques. They do scenes from well-known plays, study with experienced directors and work, with a wholehearted devotion, at becoming better actors.

"Nothing has ever meant so much to me, professionally," Kim says, "as working at the Studio. It has expanded my understanding of the art of acting. It's been stimulating, and wonderful. No actor should be without a Studio in his life."

As soon as Streetcar was an established Broadway hit, Kathy, Kim's daughter, joined her mother in New York. On days when she didn't have to go to school, the little girl was always found roaming around backstage, the mascot of the entire Streetcar company. Somewhat precocious, Kathy was a problem to her teacher, who confided to Kim, "I don't think Kathy ought to tell everyone, 'I don't have a father right now, but I'm looking for one.' "

Kim's response, "But she is," did not comfort the teacher.

KENNESAW



"That's the beauty of dirt floors. We have green vegetables all winter"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

(Karl Malden, another veteran of Streetcar in both its versions, tops this story. His child and Kathy are constant playmates. Not long ago, Kathy announced to the Maldens, "It's a secret, but I'm going to have a father." A few days later, she appeared with Robert Emmett, an actor who had just opened in Two on the Aisle, and presented him, saying, "I picked Bob out for my father." Kim had picked Bob, too, and on December 22, 1951, they were married.)

The play Streetcar ran for two and a half years on Broadway, and then was bought for pictures, with Kazan assigned to direct. Charles Feldman, the agent who put together the movie package, didn't see eye-to-eye with Kazan about Kim's playing Stella on the screen.

"But," he says, his eyes widening, "when we saw the test, we knew how wrong we'd been. Kim *was* Stella. That's talent. And the critics and public agreed, what's more!"

After finishing the film, Kim hurried back to New York and the Studio. "It's like coming home to be there," she says.

Paying jobs in television seemed almost unnecessary interruptions of her unpaid Studio work. Then came a new Broadway role, the feminine lead opposite Claude Rains in the Sydney Kingsley dramatization of Arthur Koestler's novel, Darkness at Noon, which later won the 1951 New York Drama Critics Circle Award.

"I didn't like myself too well in that part," Kim says, with her usual candor. However, her opinion was not shared by Broadway dramatic reviewers, who praised her, or by director George Seaton who, seeing her in that play, decided she would be ideal to star opposite José Ferrer in Anything Can Happen.

Although Ferrer didn't direct that picture, as he has others, his reaction to Kim was a director's reaction. "She acts," he says, "for the sheer love of acting, and this is evident in her work. She has the faculty of making a difficult role look simple—so simple that some people fail to realize the study and effort that go into it."

Director Had One Bad Moment

Anything Can Happen provided a change of pace for Kim, from heavy drama to character comedy, as a Pasadena society girl whose life is thrown into upheaval by some mad Georgians (Balkan variety). As it turned out, Seaton was right about Kim's being the girl for the part, but he had one dubious moment.

It came when Kim reported for costume fittings at Paramount. Seaton received a hurry call from the wardrobe department. Everyone there was certain a mistake had been made. Seaton found Kim wearing ballet slippers, which gave a duck-footed effect, a too-full skirt that made it seem questionable whether Kim had any figure, and a sweater three sizes too large, which effectively hid any charms she might have to go with any figure she might possess.

"The part," Seaton says, "didn't call for glamor. But it did call for style. The question was: Did Kim have any style? It wasn't a question long. Once she studied the part, she *became* the girl in the script. That's acting!"

Kim delighted Seaton on another score, too. For one scene in the comedy, she was supposed to have been working with smudge pots all night. "You should have seen that girl streak her face with soot," he laughs. "I've never seen an actress who so enjoyed making herself look dirty for a part!"

Style for style's sake means little to Kim. She buys a season's supply of clothes at one time. Her sole off-stage make-up is some lipstick, sparingly applied. She has no extravagant tastes and thinks about money only when her bank account is low. She likes plain substantial furniture and that's what she and her husband are collecting for their apartment in Manhattan's Greenwich Village.

For amusement, she and Bob like to go dancing—the waltz and polka are their specialties—at a small place on Third Avenue. Top night spots rarely see Kim.

Her life, aside from the portion devoted to Bob and Kathy, is built around her preoccupation with being a better actress, both on the stage and in films.

"It's best to vary your work," she says, with characteristic seriousness. "I'd like to keep going between Broadway stage work and screen jobs. That's why I'd never want a steady contract at a studio. I like being able to choose parts. Besides, I enjoy commuting between coasts."

This is fortunate, because calls for Kim from Hollywood will probably be more and more frequent, now that her career has zoomed into the Oscar-nomination class. The most recent hurry call was from director Richard Brooks, of 20th Century-Fox, who wanted Kim for Deadline, USA, with Humphrey Bogart.

"The part called for sensitivity and an understanding sophistication," director Brooks says. "Even more, it called for an actress who could express emotions without using words to spell them out. Few actresses can do that; Kim is one of the few."

Such praise hasn't turned Kim's head. "Let's give the Studio some credit," she says. "And I only hope directors go on saying, 'This is a part Kim Hunter can play,' instead of, 'This is a *Kim Hunter-type* part.'

"It's a lot more fun to be a person than a personality." THE END

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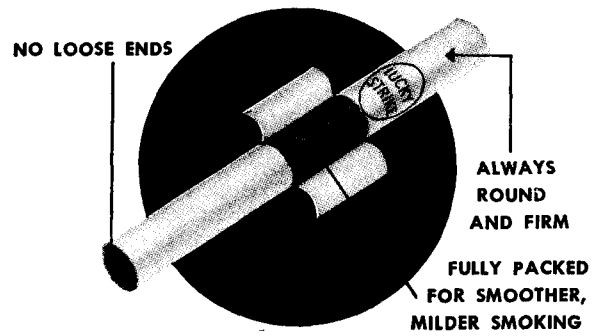

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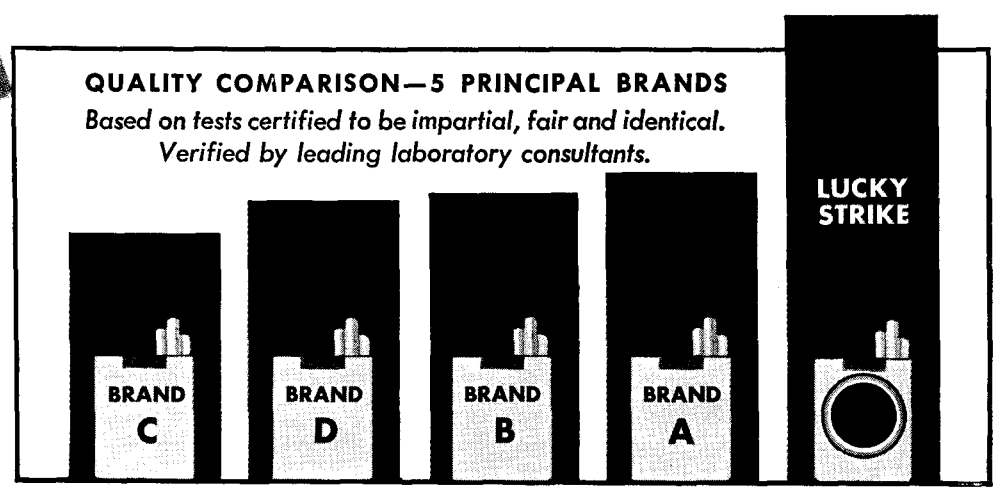

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Moses and Mr. Aiken

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

Shattuck said hurriedly. "If we can put over Proposition Three on the ballot this coming election, we'll put the library directly under the city manager. It would be far more efficient."

"I'm in favor of it," Mr. Aiken said. "What good is a library, if a taxpayer can't get a simple little book because the place is being run as if this were the Middle Ages?"

He left, and, with a feeling of frustration and anger, drove to Lowder's Pet Shop. On the way, he was conscious of a fleeting but pleasant sense of guilt, as though he were a boy cutting school to go fishing. Never before had he been away from the bank at this hour of a business day.

Thelma Lowder, a plump, pink widow in her forties, with a ready smile, greeted him with the same surprised effusiveness as Miss Shattuck had. In spite of his confusion at her knowing him, he could not help thinking how different people seemed in their own environment from the way they seemed when they came to the bank on business.

MRS. LOWDER listened sympathetically to the recital of his problem and his denunciation of the way the town was being run. "It's a pity," she agreed. "And here the city council wants to double its allowance for advertising the town when they could be spending the money for something worth while."

"Advertise the town!" Mr. Aiken exploded. "They're insane! It's a scandal and a mess!"

"I know," Mrs. Lowder said. "But there is Proposition Five on the ballot that calls for doubling the advertising appropriation."

"I'm against it," Mr. Aiken said. "I'll oppose it to the end!"

He left with a small feeding bottle and a nipple and a jar of thick, yellowish stuff called Ween-o which was to be dissolved in warm milk. Just to be on the safe side, he stopped at the grocery and bought a large supply of canned baby food. Then he went home, full of the indignation of the thwarted taxpayer who suspects malfeasance in high places.

As he got out of the car in front of his house, his arms full of his purchases, he almost fell over Bobbie Condee.

"Why aren't you in school?" he demanded.

Bobbie held up a bandaged hand. "Hurt it in woodshop. Nurse sent me home. What you gonna do with the kitty?"

"I can't see it's any concern of yours," Mr. Aiken said, and started toward the house.

"I know all about cats," Bobbie said. "Baby ones, too."

Mr. Aiken stopped short and turned around. The boy he looked at was suddenly no longer an annoying brat, a disturber of the peace. He was an authority. "Would you like to come in and see the kitten?"

"Sure," Bobbie said, and they went in together.

Mr. Aiken thought he detected a note of pathetic pleasure in the way Mrs. Aiken greeted Bobbie. He wouldn't admit that it prodded a long-buried hurt in him, and he covered it by ordering her rather sharply to warm some milk. Then he mixed the formula and struggled to get the nipple on the bottle.

The kitten had been wailing all the while. Now it wouldn't take the nipple. The milk mixture dribbled over its head and into little puddles in the box. The kitten dragged itself through the puddles in a fine mess.

Bobbie took charge. He ordered Mrs. Aiken to bring an eye dropper. Then he showed Mr. Aiken how to hold the kitten upright and squirt an eye dropper full of milk down its throat every time it opened its mouth to yell. After a dozen or so squirts, the kitten became quiet, its little stomach bulging. It snuggled down in a corner of the box and went to sleep.

"When he starts to yell again, give him some more," Bobbie said. "What you gonna name him?"

"I haven't had time to think about it," Mr. Aiken said.

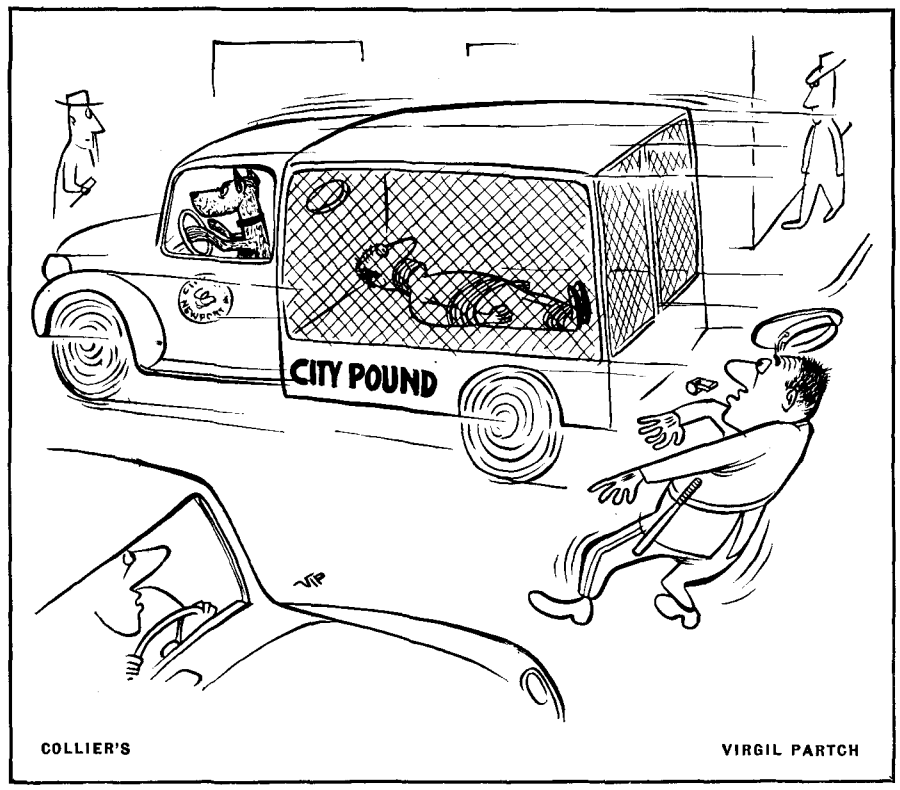
"Findin' him the way you did—in the ferns—why wouldn't Moses be a good name?" Bobbie suggested.

Mr. Aiken considered it. "Not too original. But I guess it will do. We'll call him Moses."

"Well, if you want anything, just call me," Bobbie said. As he was leaving, Mrs. Aiken shyly offered him a big piece of apple pie, which he accepted gravely. The Aikens accompanied him politely to the door.

It was one o'clock when Mr. Aiken got to the bank.

As he hung up his hat and sat down at



COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

his desk, he was conscious of the sidelong glances of the other employees. It made him feel as if he were a character who had been detained for questioning by the police. A moment later, the buzzer on his desk summoned him to Mr. Ransome's office.

"How do you feel, Elwood?" Mr. Ransome said from behind the massive, ancient desk that made him seem smaller and more withered than he was. He fixed Mr. Aiken with a penetrating and cunning stare.

"I'm quite all right," Mr. Aiken said.

"Ummm," Mr. Ransome mused, assuming a confidential air. "Now, listen, Elwood. We've known each other for twenty-odd years—"

"Twenty-five," corrected Mr. Aiken, who disliked generalities.

"Twenty-five years," Mr. Ransome continued. "You can be frank with me. Tell me, is everything all right at home? You and Wilhelmina getting on all right? Now, this affair this morning—I'm not asking for any details, you understand. But things sometimes happen to men of your age. They start looking around, and get all involved. A last fling, if you know what I mean."

"No, I don't," Mr. Aiken said resentfully. "What happened to you at my age?"

Mr. Ransome was seized by a fit of coughing. "That's beside the point," he muttered. He dismissed Mr. Aiken with a gesture of his thin, blue-veined hands.

As he left, Mr. Aiken paused to ask, over his shoulder, "Do you know anything about cats?"

"Only that I detest them," Mr. Ransome said. "And you can take it from me, you can't trust anyone who likes cats."

Back at his desk, Mr. Aiken pondered Ransome's parting remark with considerable uneasiness. Why did he, of all people, have to detest cats? It seemed to him an ill omen, for he knew how often Ransome's most important decisions were influenced by small prejudices. He thought of Moses and it put him in a gloomy mood.

During the day, Mr. Aiken had three visitors.

The first was Phil Barton, who owned a home-appliance store and had an overdue note at the bank. He was a stout man of impressive bearing who smoked cigars and smelled of cologne.

"See here, Aiken," he began gruffly, "I got your little notice to pay up or else. I dropped in to leave you my jugular vein."

"Very funny," said Mr. Aiken. "But we've been more than lenient. You haven't even offered to pay the interest. The examiner is due any day, and the state of your obligation isn't a healthy one."

"Healthy in a pig's eye," Barton growled. "I'm in business here. I'm not going to skip out. My cash is tied up in inventory. Only the chicken-feed stuff is moving. What do you expect me to do?"

"I suggest you try to pay the interest," Mr. Aiken said. "And, perhaps, make a token reduction of principal. Then we can renew the note. It should be done within a couple of days. After that we will have to take action. Good day."

Barton left, muttering.

MR. AIKEN returned to his paper work, thinking how stupid it was of people to borrow money and then get angry because you expected them to repay it. That was the way they all were—selfish, inconsiderate and stupid. No wonder the world was in such a mess.

"Mr. Aiken, sir," a youthful voice cut into his thoughts. He looked up to see Willy Lauderbach leaning on the rail. Willy was a tall, blond boy, lean and sinewy, who took care of Mr. Aiken's lawn during the summer. He lived with his widowed mother at the edge of town on a worn-out little farm.

Willy leaned far over the railing and lowered his voice to the tone of a conspirator. "I want to borrow some money."

"How much?" asked Mr. Aiken, thinking Willy wanted an advance on his gardening pay.

"A lot of money," Willy said. "Three hundred and fifty dollars and seventy-five cents."

Mr. Aiken was speechless. Before he could recover, Willy launched into a breathless recital of his plans for going into the rabbit business. Mr. Aiken cut him short. With a tart lecture on the principles of sound banking, he sent Willy on his way.

Then Sam Hardy came in, a few minutes before closing time. Sam worked in the service station where Mr. Aiken traded. He was a husky young man with reddish hair and a square-cut face.

"My wife's got to have an operation," he began without preamble. "A regular overhaul job, if you know what I mean." He attempted a lopsided smile.

"So?" Mr. Aiken's instincts alerted him to a professional attitude. People seemed to think the bank was a social institution!

"I thought maybe you—that is, the bank—could let me have four hundred bucks," Sam said. "I could pay you back out of my salary."

Mr. Aiken was polite but firm in stating the bank's position in the matter of security and so on.

"I get it," Sam said. "I guess I didn't really expect you'd let me have it. Thanks, anyway."

Mr. Aiken watched him go out the door, seeing Mr. Petrie, the chief teller, lock it after him.

IT WAS four thirty when Mr. Aiken finished his work. As he left, he noticed with satisfaction that Hastey still had two late customers at his desk. It served the man right for his pushing friendliness!

Walking home, he realized he was exhausted and a little depressed by all the unscheduled activities of the morning. Let Hastey have the blasted cashier's job, if all the bank wanted was a glad-hander.

"Hiya, Mr. Aiken." A car had drawn abreast of him at the curb. In it was Pete Martin, a reporter and photographer for the Oak Bluff Gazette. He was an angular young man with sharp features and wide-apart blue eyes. "Hop in. I'll give you a lift. I was just on my way to see you."

"Is that so?" Mr. Aiken said, and got into the car a bit uncertainly. Here was another unprecedented event. It seemed his comfortable routine of twenty-five years was being completely shot to pieces in one day.

"I hear you found a newborn kitten," Pete said, as they drove away.

"I did," Mr. Aiken admitted. "But how did you know? And what concern is it of yours?"

"I get around," Pete said. "And an animal story is always good. I also hear you're opposed to additional money being spent to advertise the city, that you're in favor of Proposition Three and think the library isn't being run right, and that you favor an increase in funds for the animal shelter."

The car stopped in front of Mr. Aiken's house. "Mind if I come in to see the kitten?" Pete asked.

"I guess not," Mr. Aiken said. "But I can't see why you're so interested in a kitten when there are those other things to write about. Why hasn't there been anything in the paper about how the politicians are trying to squander our money on advertising the town while the library goes to pot and helpless animals are left to die in the streets?"

"Maybe there will be," Pete said, as they went in the house. "Yes, sir, maybe there will be."

He stayed half an hour, took several pictures of Mr. and Mrs. Aiken feeding Moses, and listened attentively to Mr. Aiken rant about what the people ought to do to see that their tax dollars were properly spent.

The next morning it was all in the paper.

Mr. Aiken was thunderstruck by what he saw. On the front page was a picture of

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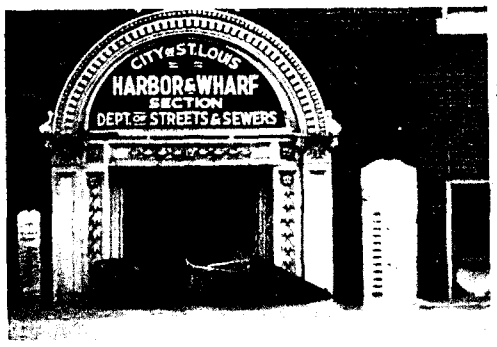

INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE PHOTO

HIGH WATER MARK of the 1951, billion-dollar Mississippi River flood shown on the harbor master's gauge at slightly below the 1947 crest of 40.3 feet.

INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE PHOTO

PINNED DOWN by enemy small arms fire, members of 3rd Infantry Division take cover in the rubble of a war-torn village street in Korea.

INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE PHOTO

GIANT third baseman Bobby Thomson runs for the clubhouse as pandemonium reigns after his pennant-winning homer in the final game of the season.

INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE PHOTO

MacARTHUR, after his controversial dismissal as UN commander in the Far East, addresses a joint session of Congress.

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Moses, Wilhelmina and himself, showing him with his sleeves rolled up and wearing one of his wife's aprons. He was so distressed that for the second morning he burned his toast, ruined the coffee and hard-boiled his eggs. "Wilhelmina!" His voice gurgled with anguish.

Mrs. Aiken hurried in from the back yard, carrying a bunch of freshly cut dogwood.

"Ruined!" Mr. Aiken said. "Ridiculed and ruined!"

"Oh, my!" Mrs. Aiken cried, not knowing what it was all about. She dumped the dogwood in the sink and took the newspaper from her husband. He sank heavily onto a kitchen chair.

"How did I know he was going to put that picture in the paper?" Mr. Aiken lamented. "It was such a little camera. And look at the size of the picture! On the front page! Without my coat, and wearing an apron! Robbed of all dignity! And Ransome hates cats." He moaned softly. "I've reached my peak. I'm on my way out."

WILHELMINA said timidly, "Really, Elwood, the picture isn't too bad. Of course, you do look a bit—uh—domesticated in that apron."

"Domesticated!" Mr. Aiken cried. "Who ever heard of a domesticated cashier—or, assistant cashier, that is?"

"There's another story about you here, too."

"Oh, no!"

"Yes. A nice one. 'Banker Takes Vigorous Stand On Local Affairs.' It's right next to one about a banker who absconded with half a million dollars."

"Absconded!" Mr. Aiken wailed. "Shades of Judas! Right next to a thief. People will think I stole the bank's money!"

"No, they won't. It's all very clear who stole the money."

"Here. Give me that paper. Let me see exactly what I'm accused of. Have to think of something to tell Ransome." He read the story about how he stood on local affairs and felt somewhat appeased, even satisfied, for the moment. Absent-mindedly, he reached for one of his eggs and bit into it. There was a crunching sound. He had forgotten to shell it. He jumped up and dashed to the sink, making strange noises in his throat. Wilhelmina's flowers were in the sink. He gestured helplessly and ran down the hall to the bathroom. When he came back, Moses started screeching.

"That confounded cat!" Mr. Aiken raised his voice above Moses'. "Get him, Wilhelmina, and let's stuff him so full he'll burst! He's the cause of all this. The cause of it all!" . . .

Later, at the bank, he was greeted by his fellow workers with hesitant cheeriness where before they had either ignored him or nodded perfunctorily. When he was seated at his desk, Hastey came over, carrying a package.

"Morning, Aiken. Saw your picture in the paper. Got quite a laugh at you in that apron."

"I'm glad it amused you," Mr. Aiken said stiffly.

"We used to have a couple of cats. Very fond of 'em. Raised a few kittens, too. My wife sent you a couple of things you might need." He put the package on Mr. Aiken's desk. "There's a book about cats. Give you some helpful hints. And a bottle of peanut oil. My wife says to rub the oil on him every day. Since he hasn't got a mother to wash him, he's apt to get chapped skin. The oil will give him a nice coat."

Mr. Aiken was momentarily at a loss, but he managed to recover sufficiently to mutter his thanks. Hastey went back to his desk. Mr. Aiken bent over to put the package in his bottom desk drawer. The smell of cigar smoke and the scent of cologne announced Phil Barton, carrying a large parcel.

"Hello, Shylock. How's it feel being a nurse? What did you do—take the kitten as security for the loan of a saucer of milk to his mother?"

"Your humor is distressing," Mr. Aiken said. "Is there anything else?"

"Yes." Barton handed over the parcel. "It's not money, so don't drool. It's a doll bassinet. We got it when our cat had kittens. Give it to Moses with the Bartons' regards." He turned and was gone before the amazed Mr. Aiken could thank him.

During the remainder of the morning, he was swamped by a rush of new customers, men and women who came to transfer their accounts from the rival bank. They all asked for him personally. The women were full of maternal interest in Moses. The men expressed agreement with Mr. Aiken's attitude on civic affairs as reported in the Gazette.

By twelve thirty, he had talked to more than twenty new patrons, and he was a bit exhausted and bewildered. Just then, Mr. Ransome came out of his office on his way to lunch. The president paused about a dozen feet away and gave Mr. Aiken a steady, quizzical stare. He adjusted his glasses and went out. Mr. Aiken felt funny in his stomach.

Although this incident left him without appetite, he got his hat anyway and went out to lunch too. When he came back, Willy Lauderbach was waiting for him.

"It said in the paper you was feedin' him

COLLIER'S "I thought you told me a quart would be more than enough to cover it" GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

—Moses, I mean—with a eye dropper," Willy said. "So I got you this gismo."

The "gismo" proved to be a doll's feeding bottle with a miniature nipple much smaller than the one Mr. Aiken had got.

On his way home, late that afternoon, carrying the presents to Moses, Mr. Aiken passed the service station where Sam Hardy worked. Sam hailed him and added another item to the collection.

"It's a special kind of heating pad," Sam explained. "Like a hot-water bottle, but it's filled with chemicals. Just put half a cup of water in it and it will stay warm all night. My wife says kittens have to keep warm. They catch cold easy. Put that thing in his bed and he won't know but what he's sleeping with his mother."

Mr. Aiken continued homeward, full of confused thoughts about himself and people in general. Wilhelmina greeted him, flushed with excitement.

"Elwood, you just can't imagine what a day I've had! At least a dozen visitors! Even Mrs. Larabee dropped in."

"Mrs. Larabee?" Mr. Aiken's ears twitched. Mrs. Larabee's husband was chairman of the bank's board of directors.

"Yes. She brought Moses a knitted wool coverlet. She has two cats. She says they love wool. And she helped me feed him when he yelled. She was quite thrilled. She said the picture of you in the apron was cute, and that her husband was all excited about you."

"Excited? What did she mean?"

"Just excited. Isn't that enough?"

"Too much," said Mr. Aiken.

He slept poorly that night, troubled by dreams of people needing money, of an excited chairman of the board, a bank president who detested cats, and a screaming kitten.

He woke up reasonably refreshed, nevertheless, for in his troubled sleep he had come to a definite conclusion about certain things, and it was a relief.

At the bank, he found himself acknowledging the other employees' greetings with pleasant answers. Immediately, he set about arranging things he intended to do, thinking that character and decency were far more precious items to be considered in making loans than collateral. Then he telephoned Willy, Sam Hardy and Barton, asking them to come over to the bank. Barton was the first to arrive.

"See here, Aiken," he said, "why don't you lay off me? All I need is a little time to get straightened around."

"Don't get excited," Mr. Aiken said. "You'll get time."

"Yeah, I'll get time—in the booby hatch from you hounding me." Barton sat down. "What's it all about?"

"I want to place an order with you," Mr. Aiken said. "Here's the list. One refrigerator. The medium size, just big enough for two people and a cat. One electric toaster that pops up when the toast is done. And one of those electrical—uh—gismos for steam-cooking eggs, with a timing device on it. Burned toast and hard-boiled eggs are giving me heartburn. Here's my check for $297.50. I looked up the prices. Now, you just write the bank a check for $259 on your old note. I've made out a new note. Sign here."

Barton gaped, gulped, signed, and departed in a cloud of cigar smoke and profuse gratitude.

THEN Willy and Sam Hardy arrived. Mr. Aiken motioned Sam in. "I have a note here for the money you need, Sam. And the bank's check for the amount. You can pay it back out of your salary. Just sign here."

"Thanks," was all Sam said, but the way he said it made Mr. Aiken feel warm inside.

Willy was next.

"Now, Willy, let's get down to business," Mr. Aiken said. "You have investigated this whole rabbit business pretty thoroughly, I presume."

"But def!" Willy was emphatic.

"What's that?"

"I said def. You know—definitely. That's the way everybody says it."

"They do, eh? Well, to continue. You understand that if the bank lets you have money, it's not the bank's money. It's not my money. It belongs to all the people you see come in here. So, if you fail, you haven't just failed me or the bank. You've failed everyone. Is that clear?"

"Natch."

"What did you say?"

"I said natch. It means naturally."

"Very interesting. Now, take this note and get your mother to sign it with you. When you return it, you will be in business."

Willy hurried away in a rosy dream of empire and high finance.

Mr. Aiken took up his final task. He wrote a concise note to the bank's directors, asking that he be eliminated from consideration as cashier in favor of Hastey. When he finished, he felt neither noble nor a martyr, merely relieved. The promotion to which he had attached so much importance, such great hopes, seemed trivial now.

He folded the letter, sealed it in an envelope, and took it to Ransome's secretary. Then he went out to lunch. He took his time over his sandwich and milk, thinking the bank needed someone like Hastey, with personality and a liking for people, as a sound investment in public relations. Old sourpusses like himself and Mr. Ransome were outdated. Of course, everything might have been different if his baby son had lived or if Wilhelmina could have had others. But there was no use thinking about that now.

After lunch, he remembered that the baseball season would be starting soon. He walked down to the sporting goods store and bought a ball and bat for Bobbie Condee. When he got back to the bank, the directors were meeting in Ransome's office.

The afternoon oozed out like honey from a hypodermic needle.

IT WAS long after closing when the directors came out of the president's office. For a fleeting moment, Mr. Aiken wished he had not written that letter; then he was sorry he'd wished it.

The directors, headed by red-faced, rotund John Larabee, with Ransome at his heels, went over to Hastey's desk. Mr. Aiken watched, unable to hear what was being said. Hastey had stood up and was smiling broadly. He was shaking hands all around. Then they all leaned their heads together. When they straightened up, they glanced over at Mr. Aiken and laughed loudly, slapping one another on the back. Mr. Aiken felt suddenly foolish, as if he had been the butt of a joke. Why were they laughing at him? Perhaps they were saying what a fool he had been to write that letter when they had never considered him anyway. That was it! He had been a fool! They had not considered him.

Then they were standing by his desk, all six of them. Mr. Aiken stood up stiffly, thinking how he despised the lot of them for laughing at him.

"You tell him, John," Mr. Ransome prompted Larabee.

"You see, Aiken, it's like this," Larabee began, and Mr. Aiken found himself closing his ears against a windy recital. In this state of voluntary half deafness he barely caught some of Larabee's words. ". . . Elevated you . . . vice-president . . . post long vacant . . . right man . . . years of service . . . attitude on public affairs . . . taking the initiative on character loans, an overdue step . . ."

Mr. Aiken sat down. Vice-president! He felt giddy. "Making that loan to the Lauderbach kid was great stuff," Larabee was saying. "Ought to get a write-up in the Gazette." . . .

Mr. Aiken was not quite sure how he got home. After supper, he sat on the front porch in the twilight with Wilhelmina. Moses rested quietly in his bassinet at their feet.

"Elwood?"

"Yes?"

"Isn't it nice—just you and me and Moses?"

"Natch!" said Mr. Aiken. "But def!" His arm went around her shoulders, and he was thinking the world was a wonderful place, full of wonderful people. THE END

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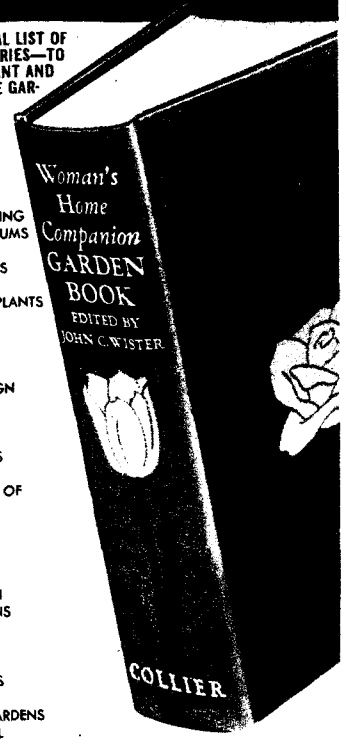

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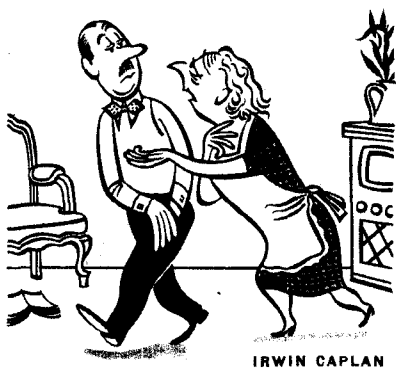

IRWIN CAPLAN

Each week she approached me with a request to "borrow a fin"

I THINK magazines are wonderful because they teach you so many useful things. Recently I read an article which said that in making out my income tax return the government wanted me to take all the deductions to which I was entitled.

This conflicts sharply with my own experience in such matters. However, since my wife got that recipe for mulligan stew out of the same issue—and it proved to be delicious—I am taking the editors at their word.

Here are some deductions I plan to claim:

ITEM: "You may deduct bad debts which are uncollectible."

ENTRY: Bad Debt—$326.74. Debtor: my wife.

Boy, if I ever saw a bad debt, this is it. I defy the U.S. government to collect this one. Let 'em send J. Edgar Hoover or whatever guy is in charge of these affairs. He'll be lucky to return to Washington with the cash he had when he started. Don't try to tell me this isn't a legitimate debt, either. Each week this pathetic creature approached me and mumbled something about wanting to "borrow" five or six or ten dollars which she would absolutely pay back on Saturday, when she got her allowance. I never gave her the money; I merely loaned it to her.

Webster says a debt is "that which is owed; that which one person is bound to pay another." If the Internal Revenue boys want to make trouble, they'll have to take both me and Webster to the jailhouse.

ITEM: "You can deduct your loss from the destruction of your property by shipwreck."

ENTRY: Loss by shipwreck—$73.50.

I'll bet those smart alecks try to trip me up on this one by pointing out that we live 32 miles from the nearest body of water, which happens to be a creek only during cloudbursts. They'll also prove that the only body of water we cross is the garden hose lying in the driveway and that while we refer to our family conveyance as the "old boat" it isn't technically a ship.

Here's the explanation. My wife's great-great-grandfather was not so great-great. Let's admit it—he was a loafer. Where other families have heirlooms like Duncan Phyfe furniture, Irish linen, diamonds and, in many cases, money, the only treasure which has been handed down to us is a boat permanently trapped in a bottle.

One night, after coming home from the office where we had celebrated the birth of the third assistant purchasing agent's fifth child, I noticed that various objects in my residence looked fuzzy and dull. Always helpful, I started to polish them. Stumbling over a piece of zwieback left on the rug by my son, I crashed into the heirloom and broke it. This so enraged my constant helpmeet that she retaliated by throwing a prized pair of meerschaum pipes into the fireplace. Then, filled with remorse, she attempted to retrieve them, accidentally striking me on the head with a hot poker.

Cost of doctor, medicine, meerschaum pipes and new bottled boat: $73.50.

ITEM: "You may deduct the cost of food and drink given to a recognized charitable institution."

ENTRY: Food and drink given to Mr. and Mrs. Jess Swivet—$132.80.

I don't suppose the government recognizes my neighbors, the Jess Swivets, as a charitable institution, but let me tell you that we—and every other family on South Main—feel that way about them. After all, when you invite folks over time after time after time for steaks, or barbecued hamburgers, or a few friendly drinks and you never once get invited to their house—well, what would you call it? You surely can't call it entertaining. Even on television the Swivets wouldn't be considered entertaining. And if I hear that story once more about how Jess Swivet landed those six trout in 15 minutes, I think I'll lose my mind.

You want to know why we do it? It's like this. We really like the Bakers and the Mullens, but we can't invite them without asking the Swivets. Their feelings would be hurt if we snubbed them. If we hurt their feelings, Jess might get so angry that he'd never return my sunglasses, moccasins, three cartons of cigarettes and hair restorer.

I'm prepared to fight the T-men to a finish on this one. Here's how I figure it: (1) I'm giving something of value (food and drink) to people who are in need, and (2) the Swivets are married, marriage is an institution, they are receiving charity from me, so (3) they must be a charitable institution.

If these go through, I've got some swell ideas on medical deductions and the depreciation of children. I'll let you know how I come out. THE END

Cost of doctor, medicine, meerschaums and bottled boat: $73.50

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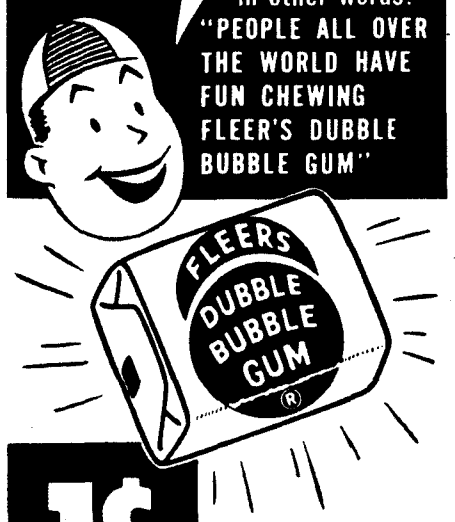

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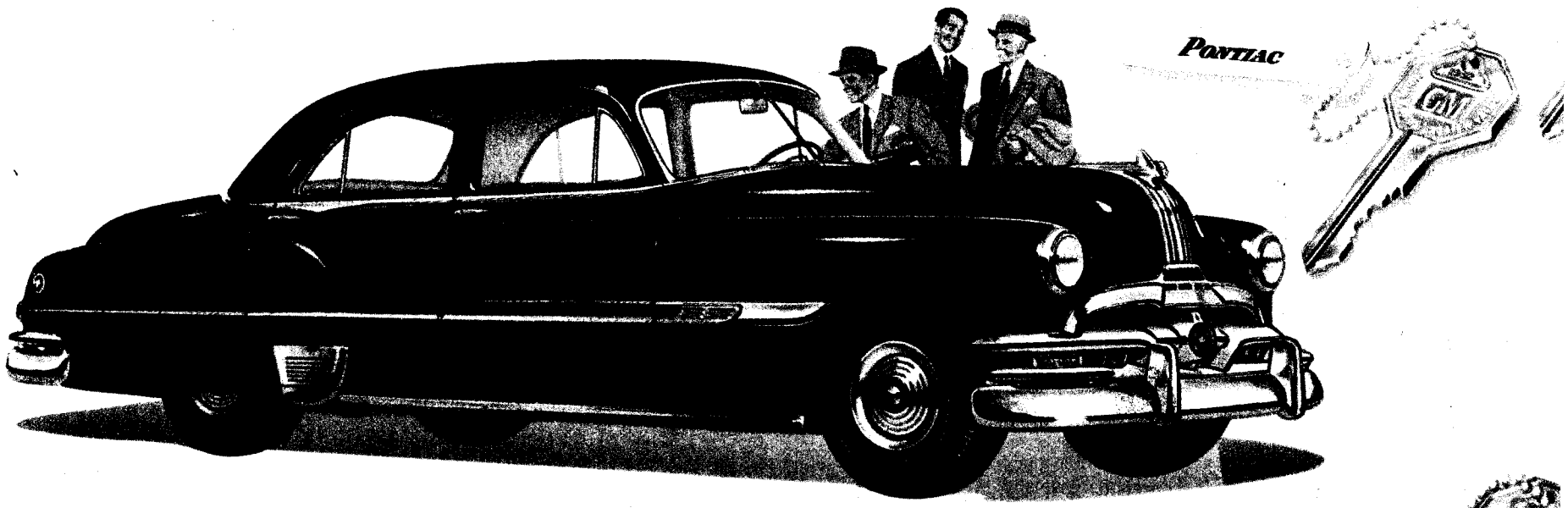

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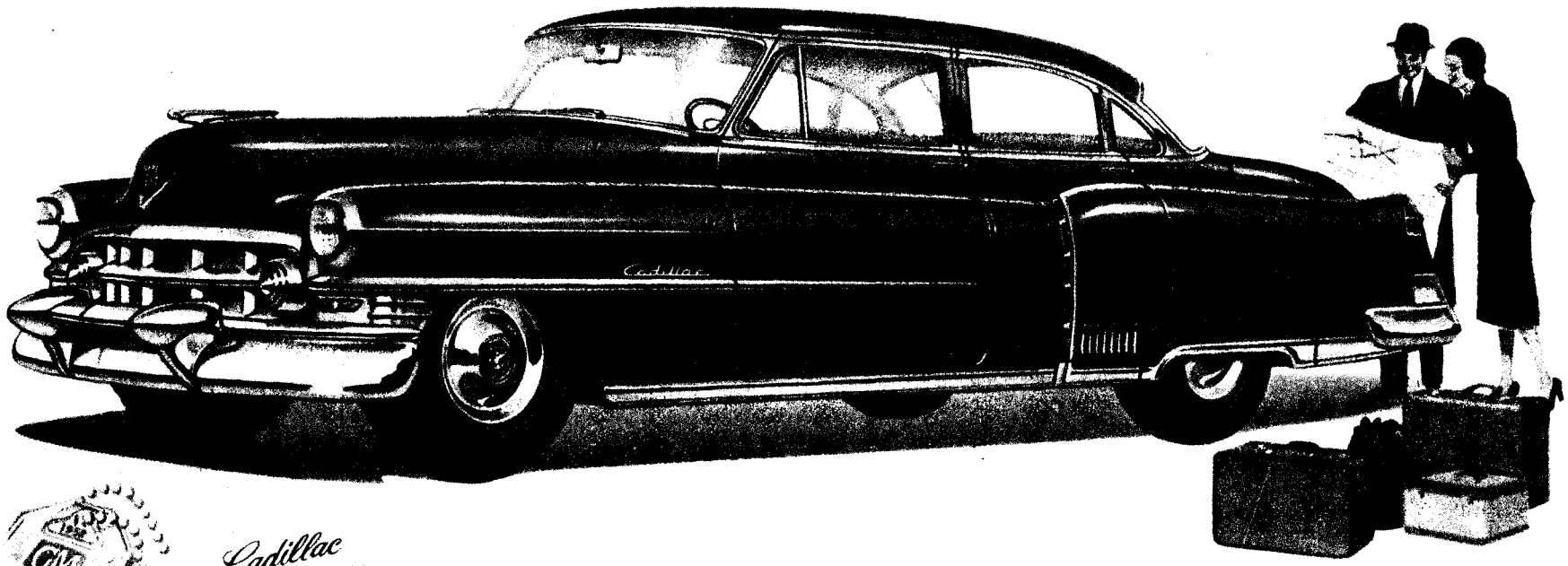

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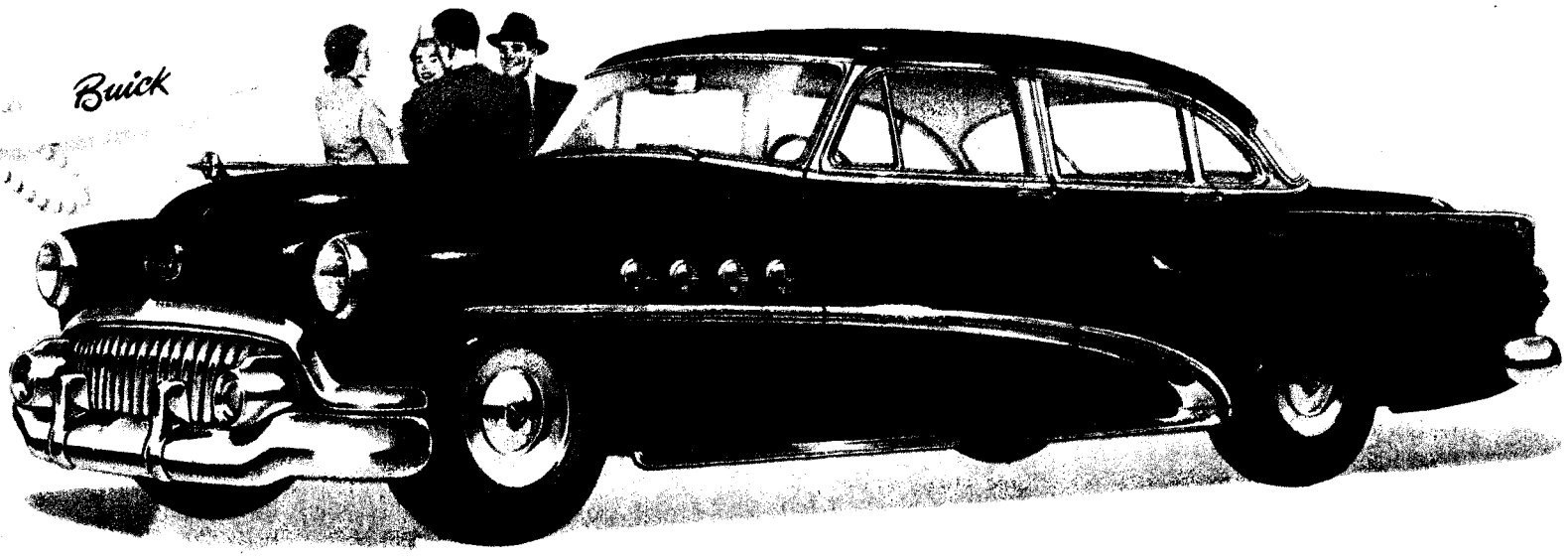

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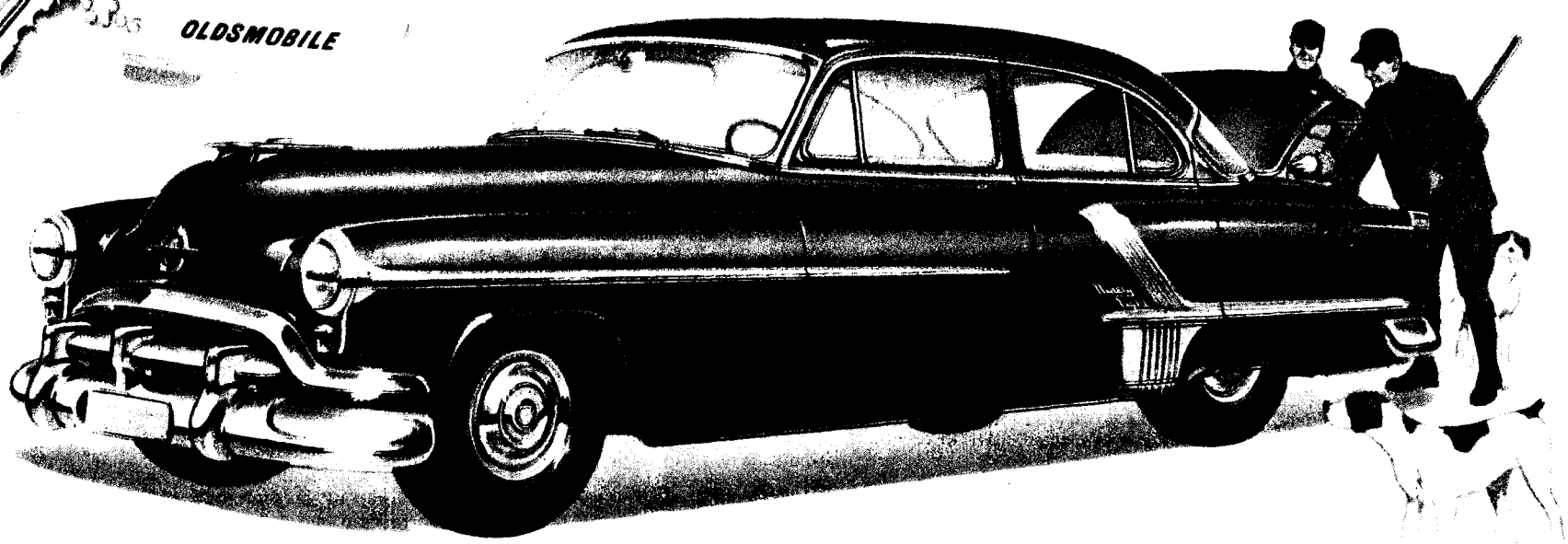

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What You Don't Know about Our Presidents

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

wound, he raised his pistol calmly, aimed carefully, and fired a shot that mortally wounded Dickinson.

6. *Which President served the shortest time?*

William Henry Harrison was elected in November, 1840, after the spectacular "Log Cabin and Hard Cider" campaign. He was sixty-eight years old and debilitated from the campaign and the solicitations of office seekers when he was inaugurated on March 4, 1841. He became ill of pneumonia and, after an illness of eight days, died April 4th, exactly one month from his taking office. Incidentally, neither Mrs. Harrison nor any of their children ever saw him as President—they had not come to Washington with him for the inauguration. He was succeeded by John Tyler.

7. *Were there ever three Presidents in the same year?*

Twice the United States has had three different Presidents within the same calendar year—1841 and 1881. William Henry Harrison succeeded Martin Van Buren on March 4, 1841, and was succeeded by John Tyler on April 4th of the same year. James A. Garfield succeeded Rutherford B. Hayes on March 4, 1881, and was succeeded by Chester A. Arthur on September 19th of the same year.

8. *Which Republican President served the longest?*

Ulysses S. Grant has been the only President elected by the modern Republican party who served two full four-year terms. Since the Republican party nominated its first candidate in 1856, 12 men have become President under its auspices, and 11 of them served less than eight years. Abraham Lincoln and William McKinley were re-elected, but their second terms were cut short by assassins.

Rutherford B. Hayes, James A. Garfield, Chester A. Arthur, Benjamin Harrison, William Howard Taft, Warren G. Harding and Herbert Hoover served four years or less. Theodore Roosevelt and Calvin Coolidge both served a full term in addition to an unexpired term. The first Roosevelt was President seven years, five months and 20 days—the second longest Republican service.

9. *Who was the first President born west of the Mississippi?*

Herbert Clark Hoover was the first President whose birthplace was west of the Mississippi. He was born August 10, 1874, at West Branch, Cedar County, Iowa, where he lived until he was eleven years old. Harry S. Truman, who was born in 1884 at Lamar, Missouri, was the second President born west of the Mississippi.

10. *What Presidents had foreign-born parents?*

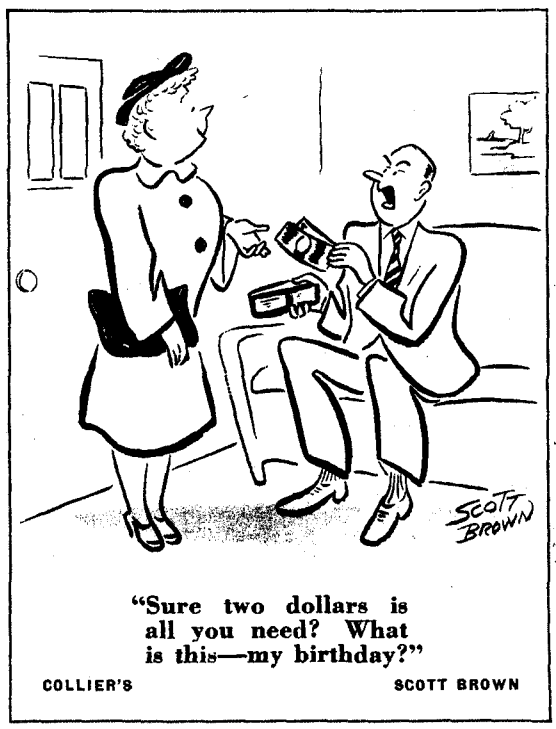
Andrew Jackson was our only President whose parents were both born abroad. Andrew Jackson, Sr., and his wife Elizabeth Hutchinson Jackson, the parents of the President, were born in northern Ireland. They migrated to America in 1765 with their two young sons, Hugh and Robert. Their third son, Andrew, was born two years later.

11. *Which Presidents never went to college?*

Eight of the first 32 Presidents never attended any institution of learning rating the grade of college or university. They were George Washington, Andrew Jackson, Martin Van Buren, Zachary Taylor, Millard Fillmore, Abraham Lincoln, Andrew Johnson and Grover Cleveland.

Nineteen were college graduates. They were John Adams, John Quincy Adams, Theodore Roosevelt and Franklin D. Roosevelt, all of Harvard University; Thomas Jefferson and John Tyler, of the College of William and Mary; James Madison and Woodrow Wilson, Princeton; James K. Polk, University of North Carolina; Franklin Pierce, Bowdoin College; James Buchanan, Dickinson College; Ulysses S. Grant, West Point; Rutherford B. Hayes, Kenyon College; James A. Garfield, Williams College; Chester A. Arthur, Union College; Benjamin Harrison, Miami University, Ohio; William Howard Taft, Yale University; Calvin Coolidge, Amherst College; Herbert Hoover, Leland Stanford University.

Truman took the three-year course in the Independence High School, but did not attend college in his youth. However, in 1923, when he was thirty-nine, he enrolled in Kansas City School of Law. Woodrow Wilson was the only President with the degree of Ph.D.



"Sure two dollars is all you need? What is this—my birthday?"

COLLIER'S — SCOTT BROWN

12. *What man was both son and father of a President?*

John Scott Harrison, who was born in 1804 at Vincennes, Indiana, was the son of William Henry Harrison, ninth President, and father of Benjamin Harrison, twenty-third President.

13. *Which Presidents were bachelors?*

Only three bachelors—James Buchanan, Samuel J. Tilden and Grover Cleveland—have been nominated for President by major parties. Two of them—Buchanan and Cleveland—were elected. All three were Democrats.

Samuel Jones Tilden, "the Sage of Greystone," received a majority of the popular votes in 1876, but lost to Rutherford B. Hayes in the official count of the electoral votes. He was the only bachelor nominated by a major party who failed to become President.

Grover Cleveland was a bachelor when he took office March 4, 1885. His sister, Miss Rose Cleveland, acted as mistress of the White House during his first 15 months there. On June 2, 1886, at the age of forty-nine, Cleveland was married in the White House to twenty-one-year-old Frances Folsom, daughter of his Buffalo law partner. The President wrote his own wedding invitations on White House stationery. The only child of a President born in the White House was his daughter Esther, born September 9, 1893, during his second administration.

James Buchanan (1791-1868), the only Pennsylvanian by birth or residence to become President, never married and is known as the Bachelor President.

14. *How many Presidents were slaveholders?*

Ten of the men who have been President were owners of Negro slaves at one time or other. They were George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, James Monroe, Andrew Jackson, John Tyler, James K. Polk, Zachary Taylor, Andrew Johnson and Ulysses S. Grant.

The first eight of these were slaveowners in the full sense of the term and owned slaves while President.

15. *Which Presidents were governors?*

Thirteen of the 32 men who have been President served as governors of their states. They were: Thomas Jefferson, James Monroe, Martin Van Buren, John Tyler, James K. Polk, Andrew Johnson, Rutherford B. Hayes, Grover Cleveland, William McKinley, Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, Calvin Coolidge and Franklin D. Roosevelt. In addition, three Presidents served as governors by appointment. Andrew Jackson was governor of Florida territory, William Henry Harrison was governor of Indiana Territory and William Howard Taft was governor general of the Philippines. Five—Hayes, Cleveland, McKinley, Wilson and Franklin D. Roosevelt—were governors when elected President. Two—Theodore Roosevelt and Coolidge—were governors when elected Vice-President from which they succeeded to the Presidency.

In addition, Johnson was military governor of Tennessee when elected Vice-President. In every Presidential election from 1884 to 1948 inclusive, with one exception, a state governor or former governor has won or lost the Presidency. Neither Taft nor William Jennings Bryan, the nominees in 1908, was the governor or former governor of a state.

16. *Which ex-Presidents have served in Congress?*

Two ex-Presidents served in Congress—John Quincy Adams and Andrew Johnson. Adams' friends solemnly discussed "the propriety of my taking a seat in the House of Representatives," he says in his diary. Representative Joseph Richardson, the sitting and retiring member from the Plymouth district, told Adams that "he thought that the service in the House of Representatives of an ex-President of the United States, instead of degrading the individual, would elevate the Representative character." Adams wrote: "I said I had in that respect no scruple whatever. No person could be degraded by serving the people as a Representative in Congress. Nor, in my opinion, would an ex-President of the United States be degraded by serving as a Selectman of the town, if elected thereto by the people."

Andrew Johnson had served in the United States Senate before becoming President, and in 1875 he again was elected senator by the Tennessee legislature. (Senators were not elected by direct vote until May 31, 1913.)

17. *Was any President a preacher?*

No ordained minister of the gospel has become President, but James A. Garfield, the twentieth President, was a lay preacher in the denomination known as the Disciples of Christ. He was successively a student, teacher and principal of the Western Reserve Eclectic Institute (later called Hiram College because it is at Hiram, Ohio), which was the chief institution of higher learning of the Disciples of Christ.

Three Presidents were the sons of clergymen. When Chester A. Arthur, the son of a Baptist minister, retired from the Presidency on March 4, 1885, he was succeeded by Grover Cleveland, the son of a Presbyterian minister. Woodrow Wilson's father was a Presbyterian minister. Herbert Hoover's mother, Hulda Minthorn Hoover, was a lay preacher in the Society of Friends.

18. *What President was the first not born a British subject?*

Martin Van Buren, the eighth President, was the first President of the United States not born a British subject. He was born in 1782 and served one term—1837 to 1841.

Van Buren's immediate successor, William Henry Harrison, was born a British subject in 1773, but all the Presidents who followed him were born after the adoption of the Declaration of Independence.

All of the Presidents and Vice-Presidents have been born on soil that was or eventually became part of continental United States.

19. *How many Presidents' sons have served in Congress?*

From 1789 to 1952 six sons of Presidents served in Congress. Charles Francis Adams, John Scott Harrison, David Gardiner Tyler and Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., served in the House of Representatives only. John Quincy Adams served in the Senate before he was President and in the House after he was President. Robert A. Taft has served only in the Senate. He and John Quincy Adams are the only two Presidents' sons to become senators.

20. *How many Presidents were lawyers?*

Twenty-three of the first 32 Presidents were admitted to the bar and practiced law, some of them only briefly. Three others—Theodore Roosevelt, Warren G. Harding and Harry S. Truman—studied law but were never admitted to the bar. The six who never studied law: George Washington, soldier and farmer; William Henry Harrison, soldier and farmer; Zachary Taylor, soldier and farmer; Andrew Johnson, tailor; Ulysses S. Grant, soldier, and Herbert Hoover, mining engineer. Theodore Roosevelt was a writer, Harding, a newspaperman, and Truman, a farmer and merchant.

Johnson never had any trade or profession other than that of tailor. To the end of his life he took a tailor's interest in good clothes and was always neat in dress and personal appearance. He visited the barber often and was one of the few public men of his day who took a bath every day without waiting for Saturday night. Although Truman is referred to as having been a haberdasher, actually he ran a men's furnishing store only a short time. Washington and Lincoln had experience as surveyors.

All but six of the 35 Vice-Presidents, from John Adams in 1789 to Alben W. Barkley in 1949, were lawyers by profession or had studied law.

21. *Which Presidents were related?*

There has been only one instance of a father and son serving as President. John

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Quincy Adams was the son of John Adams. Both were born in what is now Quincy, Massachusetts, and both are buried there in the same temple. The Adamses also are the only two Presidents who celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversaries.

James Madison and Zachary Taylor were both great-grandsons of James Taylor and his wife, Martha Thompson, and were second cousins. Taylor became President 40 years after Madison did.

Benjamin Harrison was a grandson of William Henry Harrison. The second President Harrison was born in the home of the first President Harrison at North Bend, Ohio.

The blood relationship between Franklin D. Roosevelt and Theodore Roosevelt was not so close as is generally supposed. They were only fourth cousins once removed, a degree of relationship seldom considered by families except for genealogical purposes. Theodore Roosevelt and Franklin D. Roosevelt's father were fourth cousins.

The two Roosevelts were more closely related by marriage than by blood. In 1905, Franklin D. Roosevelt was married to Anna Eleanor Roosevelt, daughter of President Theodore Roosevelt's brother Elliott and therefore was his own fifth cousin.

22. *Which Vice-Presidents succeeded to the Presidency?*

Of the 35 men who were Vice-President from 1789 to 1951, only six were re-elected to succeed themselves in that office and served more than four years. They were John Adams, George Clinton, Daniel D. Tompkins, John C. Calhoun, Thomas Marshall and John N. Garner. No Vice-President served more than two terms. The seven Vice-Presidents who succeeded to the Presidency—John Tyler, Millard Fillmore, Andrew Johnson, Chester A. Arthur, Theodore Roosevelt, Calvin Coolidge and Harry S. Truman—were all first-termers in the Vice-Presidency, and only three of them—Theodore Roosevelt, Coolidge and Truman—were elected to succeed themselves in the Presidency.

23. *How many Presidents were born in log cabins?*

Millard Fillmore, James Buchanan, Abraham Lincoln and James A. Garfield were born in log cabins, one-room structures made of unhewn logs notched at the corners and the interstices filled with clay. Garfield lived in such a log cabin until he was sixteen. Chester A. Arthur was born in a log house rather than a typical log cabin. Andrew Jackson is supposed to have been born in a log farmhouse. The house at Raleigh in which Andrew Johnson was born was a small cottage in the yard of Casso's Inn, where his father, Jacob Johnson, was a porter. George Washington, James Madison, William Henry Harrison, John Tyler, Benjamin Harrison, William Howard Taft and the two Roosevelts were born in mansions. All the other Presidents were born in ordinary frame houses. No President has been born in a hospital. Only two Presidents have been city-born—Theodore Roosevelt in New York City and Taft in Cincinnati.

24. *Which Presidents were left-handed?*

Two Presidents—James A. Garfield and Harry S. Truman—were born left-handed. Garfield was naturally left-handed in childhood, but his parents and teachers insisted upon his learning to write and draw with his right hand, with the result that he became ambidextrous and was able to use both hands with almost equal ease.

Truman was born left-handed, but as a child was taught to write with his right hand and continued to do so, but in eating and throwing a ball he gave preference to his left hand. Like Garfield, he really became ambidextrous. In opening baseball games after he became President, he threw out the first ball with his left hand, but on April 18, 1947, he threw out the ball at the opening game in Washington with his right hand—just to kid the public and the photographers.

25. *How many Presidents served in Congress?*

Twenty-two of the first 32 Presidents served in the national legislature. Three of them—George Washington, John Adams and Thomas Jefferson—served only in the Continental Congress before the Federal Constitution was adopted. James Madison and James Monroe served in the Continental Congress and in the Congress under the Constitution.

All of the first 11 Presidents served in the Continental Congress or the Congress under the Constitution. Zachary Taylor, the twelfth President, was the first without service in the national legislature. The other nine who never served in Congress were: Ulysses S. Grant, Chester A. Arthur, Grover Cleveland, Theodore Roosevelt, William Howard Taft, Woodrow Wilson, Calvin Coolidge, Herbert Hoover and Franklin D. Roosevelt. Of these, only Coolidge, Theodore Roosevelt and Franklin D. Roosevelt had served in state legislatures.

After the adoption of the Constitution, five Presidents served in the Senate—and only in the Senate: Monroe, Martin Van Buren, Benjamin Harrison, Warren G. Harding and Harry S. Truman. Six served only in the House of Representatives—Madison, James K. Polk, Abraham Lincoln, Rutherford B. Hayes, James A. Garfield and William McKinley. Seven served in both the House of Representatives and the Senate—John Quincy Adams, Andrew Jackson, William Henry Harrison, John Tyler, Franklin Pierce, James Buchanan and Andrew Johnson. John Quincy Adams' service in the House came after he was President.

26. *What man was Representative, Senator-elect and President-elect at the same time.*

James A. Garfield was a member of the U.S. House of Representatives, U.S. Senator-elect and President-elect of the United States all at the same time for a period of four days.

In 1862, while a brigadier general of volunteers in the Union Army, he was elected to the Thirty-eighth Congress and was elected to the eight succeeding Congresses, including that ending March 3, 1881. On January 13, 1880, the Ohio legislature elected him to the U.S. Senate for the term beginning March 4, 1881, the date his service in the House would normally have ended. But on June 8, 1880, he was nominated for the Presidency by the Republican National Convention in Chicago.

On November 8, 1880, he resigned his seat in the House, and on December 23d of the same year he declined to accept the senatorship, having been chosen President on November 4th. THE END

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A Taste for Lobster

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

dollars a week," I pointed out. "That's a handy thing to have around the house."

"Not this house!" the professor thundered. "If anybody could rid the boy of this obsession with money, I'd be forever in his debt."

I thought about the fellowship committee. "Maybe if I spoke to him," I suggested. "After all, I'm nearer his own generation. He might listen to me."

"Would you, Walter?" he said gratefully. "It might do wonders." Just then Christopher came in from the porch. "This is Walter Smithers, son," the professor told him. "One of my most gifted students."

"Uh-huh." Christopher shook hands limply. "You help Pop around the office."

"Only temporarily," the professor corrected, as we moved into the dining room. "Next fall, he'll probably be joining the department as a graduate fellow."

CHRISTOPHER began shoveling soup into his mouth. "What does a job like that pay?"

"Twelve hundred a year," I told him.

He continued to eat, impassive.

"Of course, that's just to start," I went on, a little defensively. "When I become an instructor I'll be making two thousand."

"Yes, indeed," the professor boomed, "and when Walter is ready for a professorship, there's no telling how far he can go!"

"There is too," Christopher said flatly. "You're a professor and you make six thousand a year." He looked over at me. "Of course," he added, graciously, "some people would consider that a lot of money."

I left soon after dinner. Professor Tyler took me to the gate. "You see how it is, Walter," he said, gripping my shoulder. "We must get to Christopher before it's too late."

Next day, I had lunch with Jane. At this point, I should insert a word about my bride-to-be. Jane is the most beautiful creature on a campus widely known for that sort of thing. Her face is flawless, her figure superb. In addition, she has precisely that reverence for culture and learning absent in young Tyler. Although ardently wooed by the handsomest man in the senior class, the president and Prom Chairman of the class, the baseball and basketball captains, and large chunks of the varsity football squad, both offensive and defensive platoons, she spurned them all for love of me, a penniless poet and scholar.

It was a case, the professor would say, of mind over Mammon. As founder of *Chaos*, the *avant-garde* student magazine, I dazzled Jane with the power of my intellect. She confessed that my experimental sonnet sequence, Notes to Be Carved in Braille, was like a fresh wind blowing across the desert, that my article on Kafka's imagery was a torch flaring in the midnight black. Little wonder that when I asked her to be mine, one night as we sat listening to a Hindemith quartet, she gladly assented.

However, Jane has her practical side, which is why she insisted on postponing the wedding until I'd nailed down the fellowship. Also, being the daughter of a psychology professor, she has all sorts of unexpected pipe lines into the human personality. She listened attentively as I told her about Christopher over a sandwich in the campus cafeteria.

"It's very simple," she said, finally. "Christopher behaves this way because he has no security."

"No security?" I said. "He makes a hundred dollars a week."

"I mean inner security. He's probably afraid he can't measure up to all those scholars in his family. This money-grubbing is only his way of avoiding the test."

"On the other hand," I suggested, "maybe he just likes money."

"He's still a child," Jane said generously. "What's needed is something to draw his attention to the world of beauty."

"Could be."

"Some uplifting influence," she went on, "that will beckon him to the realm of the spirit."

"Like what?"

"I know just the thing," Jane said. "My sister Hermione."

"Huh?" I remembered Hermione as an intense, leggy thirteen-year-old who wrote poems about Life. "What's so special about Hermione?"

"My sister Hermione," Jane said, "has all the requirements for this job. She adores culture. She reveres learning. And what's most important," she concluded, "she is absolutely irresistible."

I stared at her. "Irresistible?"

"Not to you, perhaps," Jane replied, "but in preadolescent circles, my sister is dynamite. I was the same way," she added nostalgically, "at her age."

"But maybe Christopher isn't interested in girls."

"Hermione will interest him," Jane said, with confidence. "And when I explain the setup, she'll consider Christopher a challenge." We had finished our sandwiches, and, as was our custom, reached for our separate checks. "She's having a birthday party Saturday night. Ask Christopher over."

Later that afternoon, I passed along the invitation. Christopher was not enthusiastic. "Saturday's my busiest day," he said. "I like to get my accounts straightened out afterward."

"It'll do you good to get out," I argued. "Besides, maybe you'll pick up a few sitters at the party."

Finally he agreed to go. Hermione met us at the door and ushered us into the living room, which was full of giggling panty-waists. "I've heard a lot about you, Christopher," she cooed, fluttering her eyelids rapidly as she offered him a piece of birthday cake.

I studied her carefully. Even in a party dress and flapping her eyelashes, Hermione looked to me like any other thirteen-year-old girl of normal appearance.

Her effect on Christopher was something else again. His expression as he took the slice of cake reminded me of Tristan after he downs the love potion. He was a dead pork chop.

For the rest of the evening, he clung to Hermione's side, bemused. Once, another youngster tried to draw him aside. "My cousin's in town," he told Christopher. "Maybe you can use him as a sitter."

A disdainful frown crossed Christopher's fat face. "Please, Pebbles," he said, "let's not talk shop."

When spin-the-bottle began, Jane and I tactfully retreated to the terrace. "Any signs of uplift yet?" I asked.

"Hermione lent him some of her poems to read," Jane said. "And next week he's coming over to listen to symphony records."

"How does she do it?"

"It's a family knack," Jane said modestly. "I have an aunt who once went to a bullfight in Mexico City. The matador followed her all the way home to Seattle."

A few days later, Professor Tyler stopped me after class. "Christopher's been behaving most peculiarly," he told me. "The last couple of evenings, I've found him in his room reading poetry. I also get the impression he is writing some of his own." He eyed me questioningly. "Is this your doing?"

"Indirectly," I said.

"This morning he asked me who Johann Sebastian Bach was. The boy never cared a fig about music before."

"The love of beauty was always there," I said. "Just needed a little jogging."

I telephoned Jane that evening. "Christopher brought Hermione a birthday present," she reported. "A three-speed record player."

I was impressed. "Very generous. How'd he come to get it for her?"

"Hermione told him to. She's very helpful that way about presents."

The spring issue of *Chaos* kept me busy all week. I didn't see Jane until Friday night, when she picked me up at the printer's.

"How fare the young lovers?" I asked, as we strolled toward her house.

"Okay," Jane said, rather coolly. "Tomorrow they're going to hear Heifetz."

Once a year, Heifetz plays a recital at the university. It's the big cultural event on the campus. "We'll be there, too," I said.

Jane's face lighted up. "You really got tickets?"

"Not exactly. A friend of mine on the committee promised to sneak us into the standing-room section."

"Christopher and Hermione have box seats," Jane said coldly. "I saw the tickets myself."

"Ah?"

"Ah!" Jane snapped. "And before the concert, they're having dinner at Lobster Heaven." She turned on me. "Why don't we ever go to Lobster Heaven?"

"Because I'm not a tycoon like Christopher," I replied. "You know us literary chaps. We feed on the things of the spirit."

"Not always," she retorted. "Three nights a week you invite yourself to dinner at my house!"

I reached for her hand. "Jane, darling," I said reproachfully, "surely you're not jealous of your little sister?"

She shook me off. "And why not?" she demanded. "Why should my thirteen-year-old sister have a more glamorous social life than I do?"

"Jane, darling," I said again, "what are such things as box seats and lobster dinners to people like us? Mere shabby, inconsequential dross."

"Beans," Jane said.

We walked the rest of the way in silence. Upon the sunlit blue of our romance, I was forced to admit, a cloud had appeared. A small cloud, but a cloud. It was no bigger than a man's hand—or, you might say, the chubby hand of a fourteen-year-old boy clutching a well-filled wallet.

Jane's good-night kiss was cool and fleeting. "I'll meet you at the auditorium," she said dully. "Which door is it we sneak in through?"

HEIFETZ was at the top of his form next evening, but the music failed to soothe my troubled spirit. Jane remained distant, and during the intermission, I caught her waving with unnecessary warmth to a couple of football players in the audience. After the concert, she disappeared completely. I found her on the lawn outside, chatting cozily with Hughie Bossert, the handsomest man in the senior class. He was also, I remembered, one of the richest.

Next afternoon, I telephoned to invite myself to Sunday dinner. Hermione answered. "Jane went out," she told me. "In Hughie Bossert's convertible. They said something about going to Lobster Heaven." I listened numbly. "You ought to try it some night," Hermione added chattily. "The food's simply divine."

I hung up and began to pace the floor of my room. After all, I asked myself, what

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But then somebody murdered his kid brother, and he *had* to go back—back to face an ugly, evil situation that had grown up in the four years he'd been away. There was to be more killing, and Gevan himself was a prime target in the not-so-cold war of sabotage. There was a promise of love, too—a promise and a threat.

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was there to be upset about? Nothing. Less than nothing. Jane liked lobster. I couldn't afford to buy her lobster; Hughie Bossert could. It was as simple as that. There was no reason to be grinding my teeth because Jane decided to spend a Sunday evening cracking lobster with Hughie Bossert. No reason, for that matter, to be wearing a hole in the floor of my room.

Nevertheless, I continued to pace. After a while, I left the dormitory and wandered across the empty campus. All around me were silent souvenirs of our courtship—the stone bench where I had read Jane Notes to Be Carved in Braille, the sundial where we exchanged our first kiss, the cafeteria where we had lunched so often on separate checks. I passed the Music Library, and from inside came the rumbling dissonances of a Hindemith quartet. Somebody was playing Our Song. The sounds clutched at my heart.

Still wandering aimlessly, I found myself on Faculty Row. The usual shape-up was in progress on the Tyler lawn. I noticed, however, that Christopher was not at

COLLIER'S **"I never have any trouble with my wife. I just tell her I'm going out with the boys"** JACK MARKOW

his usual post on the porch. The two little girls I had seen before were handling the flow of traffic.

"Crissy had a date," one of them told me. "You want to hire a sitter?"

I shook my head. Her associate was arguing loudly with the little redheaded girl who had tangled with Christopher the first time I was over. "I'm sorry, Patsy," she was saying. "No jobs for you today."

"Why not?" Patsy demanded.

"I told you why not. Crissy says you're still on the bad list."

Patsy stuck out her tongue. "Crissy Tyler's a dope!" she cried. "A fat, greedy dope." She ran down the steps and turned for a parting salvo. "I wouldn't work for him for a million zillion dollars."

She marched up the street, past the docile herd on the lawn. "You're all dopes to work for Crissy!" she yelled at them. "Somebody should run him out of business!"

It was one of those chance remarks on which history sometimes turns. I ran after Patsy, and caught her at the corner. "Patsy," I said, firmly taking her arm, "I want to have a talk with you."

A lot of harsh statements are heard these days about the modern intellectual. The impression is abroad that we are pretty much of a flat tire—flabby, irresolute, helpless in the clutch of foul circumstance. Let those who hold this view consider my activities during the succeeding weeks.

I spent that Sunday evening alone in my room, composing a circular announcing that a new live-wire organization, the Smithers Sitter Service, would soon be open for business. This circular went out later that week to every family on Christopher's list of customers. I got the names and addresses from Patsy, who hooked the list while Christopher was at school. Meanwhile, I rented, on credit, a small vacant store near the campus and had a sign painted and a telephone installed.

In my mailing piece, I had announced that sitter service would start the following Monday. At three o'clock that afternoon, I waited outside the doors of Terwilliger Junior High as the student body began pouring out of classes. Patsy and her two little brothers stood with me at the entrance. As the students came out, they were handed copies of a mimeographed leaflet.

DON'T BE A DOPE! was the challenging banner line. *Crissy Tyler may get you jobs baby sitting, but who does all the work? You do! You do! When the baby wakes up in the middle of a television program, who has to put it to sleep? You do! But who's making all the money? Crissy Tyler!!*

The leaflet continued in this inflammatory vein for several paragraphs, then ended on a calmer note, advising the reader that The Smithers Sitter Service was prepared to place sitters at the standard rates without charging any commission.

I WAITED until all the leaflets had been distributed, and then hurried over to the store. During the next couple of hours, nearly a score of calls came in for sitters. Around five o'clock, a steady stream of kids began arriving at the store. I sent them off on assignments as quickly as requests came in. Most of the youngsters, I discovered, were veterans of Tyler Tending.

"You'd think some of them would have stayed with Crissy," I remarked to Patsy. "After all, he always got them jobs."

"Crissy won't have jobs to hand out tonight," Patsy said, happily wrinkling her freckled nose. "I snuck over before and cut the phone cord."

A few of the youngsters, from force of habit, produced quarters when I summoned them. "Put those quarters away!" I commanded in a voice that carried across the street. "You're doing the work and you keep the money! And don't forget," I added, "to bring in the customer's quarter that belongs to us."

Next day, Christopher had his telephone repaired and lashed back like a wounded tiger. He announced that Tyler Tending would also waive commission. Most of his labor supply still refused to come back. As I had suspected, the kids resented being bossed around by someone their own age. Especially a fat gumboil like Christopher.

He tried to cozen them by serving lemonade and cookies on his lawn. I countered with free ice cream. His next move was to blow the whistle on me to Professor Tyler.

I was prepared for this. "You said it yourself," I told the professor, when he relayed Christopher's protest. "A boy his age shouldn't be filling his head with a lot of sordid money matters."

"I dare say you're right," the professor said, somewhat reluctantly. "But the boy *was* making a hundred dollars a week."

" 'Ill fares the land,' " I said, " 'to hastening ills a prey . . .' "

A FEW days later, Christopher struck his colors. He came into the store one afternoon and timidly asked if I could use an extra sitter. "No, Christopher," I said, feeling like Grant at Appomattox, "I have bigger plans for you. Exam week's coming up, and I need somebody to run the shop for me. At a fair salary, of course."

He gave me a grateful look. "I don't care about the money myself," he said. "But Hermione—"

"I understand, my boy," I told him, and offered my hand. "Glad to have you aboard."

As he left, I dialed Jane's number. It was the first time I had called her since the Hughie Bossert incident. "Where have you been, Walter?" she asked anxiously. "What's happened to you?"

"I'll explain later," I said, rather stiffly.

"Will you come over tonight?" she pleaded. "We're having roast chicken."

"No, thank you," I replied. "Tonight I'm more in the mood for lobster. One hears," I went on, "that the cuisine is not impossible at a place called Lobster Heaven." There was silence at Jane's end. "Unless, perhaps, you've become sated with lobster?"

"Oh, no," Jane said quickly, a lilt in her voice, "I just adore lobster."

On a soft night in June, a few weeks later, Jane and I stood on a hill above the campus. From the gymnasium below came the strains of a waltz noisily executed by the senior prom orchestra. Hand-in-hand in the moonlight, we made a striking couple. Jane wore a long evening dress of pale-pink thingummy that set the senses reeling. I was no less impressive, in my fashion, in a gleaming-white dinner jacket bought with the first profits from Smithers Sitters.

"The English fellowship is all arranged," I was saying, "but I've decided to turn it down. I'm transferring to the School of Business."

Jane looked at me, startled. "The School of Business?"

I nodded weightily. "After all, I *have* demonstrated a certain flair for the world of commerce," I pointed out. "It's really more my dish of tea than this literary stuff."

"But their graduate course takes three years," Jane protested. "We'll have to wait three years to get married."

"Hardly," I said. "The Smithers Sitter Service will support us very nicely when we're man and wife." I turned to her. "You do want to marry me, don't you?"

"Oh, yes, Walter," she said softly. "Yes, I do."

I took her in my arms. For a long, delicious moment we clung together in the moonlight.

"I've been thinking, Jane," I said.

"Yes, darling?"

"Now that I've put Crissy out of business—"

"Yes?"

"And I've cornered the baby-sitter market myself—"

"Yes?"

"Why can't I start charging the kids a quarter apiece for their jobs again?"

Jane gazed at me adoringly. "Darling," she said.

THE END

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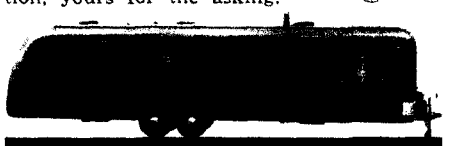

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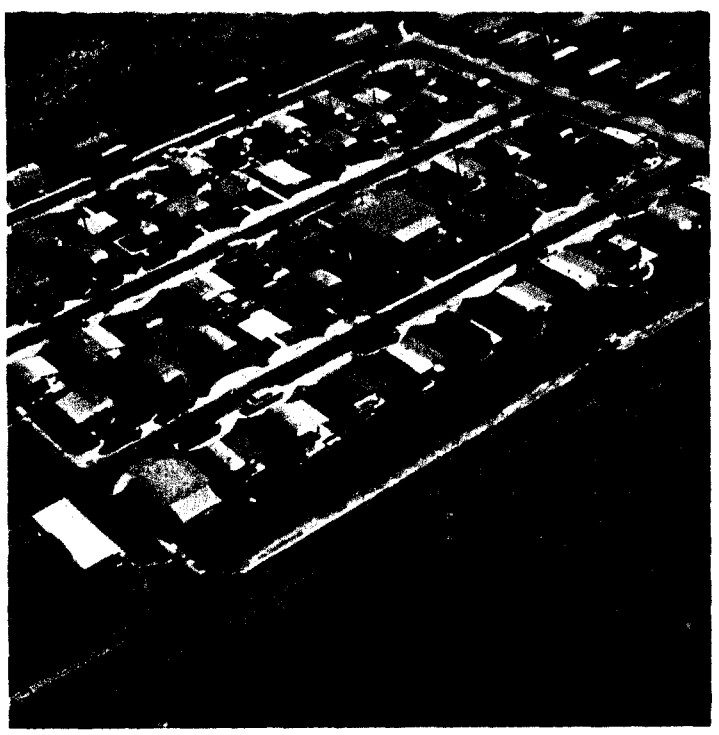
Proving front-porch comfort of trailer living, vacationers relax at Parsley Trailer Park, St. Petersburg, Fla. L. to r.: Rawson Warren, of Chelmsford, Mass.; Mrs. Ecal Stevens Lewis, former dean of women, U. of Chicago; Gary Vanderhooning, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Mrs. Warren

Collier's COLOR CAMERA

Home Is Where the Car Is



This air view of Tropical Trailer Village in Miami shows a pleasant residential community

EVER since houses on wheels began to be produced commercially in the U.S. in the early 1930s, well-cushioned homesteading on rolling foundations has been as much a part of the highway scene as billboards and road signs. Today there are some 1,700,000 people living in more than 500,000 trailers throughout the nation.

During the pre-World War II depression, trailer dwellers often were pictured as jobless vagabonds bouncing uncomfortably along from city to city in search of work. The modern trailerite is something else again. Finding it cheaper, more interesting and more refreshing to live in a four-wheeled house, he generally has an above-average income. His mobile mansion is of such luxury it often seems designed to give real-estate agents insomnia. The latest models boast large picture windows, sunken living rooms, bedrooms *upstairs,* showers and flush toilets. Some have sleeping accommodations for six, built-in central heating, chrome-appointed bathtubs and even air conditioning.

All this magnificence, plus an electric kitchen, fits marvelously into light-metal-covered coaches six to seven feet wide and from 20 to over 40 feet long. New fully furnished models can cost anywhere from $2,800 to $7,500. But even the more expensive ones can be purchased for less than an unfurnished, solid-foundation home.

The big boom in American trailer sales came along with the end of the last war. Unable at the time to find other satisfactory housing they could afford, thousands of newly married veterans invested in homes they could hitch on to their cars. A great many of them, completely won over by the freedom they found, are still living in their rolling homes because of strong personal preference. They share the highways and trailer parks with retired, older people who follow the summer like the birds—to places like California, Florida and Texas. These states play host to the greatest number of trailers throughout the year, with Florida well in the lead as the capital of trailer-land. Annually, an estimated 150,000 trailers cross the Florida line. The great majority arrive during the winter to settle in some 1,000 trailer parks. For $20 to $35 a month they get a season in the sun.

Trailer people are a gregarious clan. They look forward to roadside reunions wherever they go. They like the idea of community dances. They willingly share washtubs and clotheslines, and they spend long, comfortable evenings swapping tales of adventure on the open road. Many stay put for months at a time, but none ever loses sight of the fact that he can take off whenever he pleases.

What happens to pots and pans and dishes and clothes, when home sweet home goes merrily rolling down the highways? They stay where they are, hooked, lashed and locked in place by specially designed gadgets. There is, as one worried trailer-housewife constantly points out, only one real worry. She's the lady who sticks her head out of the front window and cautions: "Don't slam those trailer brakes, Willie, you're jarring the television set."

BILL STAPLETON

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BILL STAPLETON

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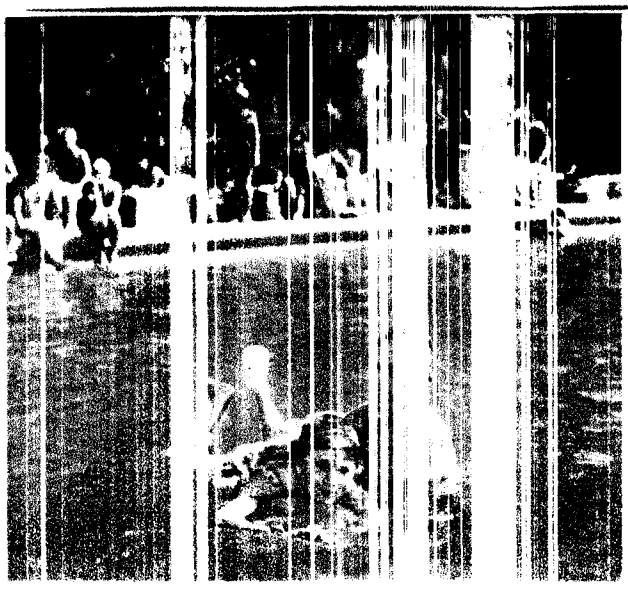

Space renters like retir[illegible]lac[illegible]bbins and his wife enjoy pool[illegible]rai[illegible]park

Mrs. Minna Stockdale (at piano) plays host o friends at community sing in her trailer

To identify trailer home, C. A. Gabor paints name, Florida setting on sign

It's a short run from t[illegible]er to water for Lois Davis (left) and [illegible]lores Medlin

A bathing suit is a work uniform for Joanne Longhurst, using the community clothesline

John McIntyre, wife and son breakfast in television-equipped trailer kitchen

Even though their houses can be picked up and moved at short notice, trailerites like Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Bailey, of Bridgeport, Conn., get a feeling of permanence by blocking up the trailer wheels and planting colorful gardens. Some families even add an extra room for long stays

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Laraine Taught Leo: Nice Guys Finish First

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

"Sullivan" as having to sit up all night in a train, a "Daniel Webster" as a player especially proficient in arguing with umpires, a "screwjack" as a lucky player, and a "yodeler" as a third-base coach. When Laraine fastens her pretty eye on a batter and says that "Uncle Charlie's got him," she means simply that he can't hit curve balls.

Mrs. Durocher has her own positive ideas about the game. She felt very strongly, for one thing, that Monty Irvin, the Giants' fine Negro outfielder, should have been given the Most Valuable Player award over catcher Roy Campanella of Brooklyn. "We won the pennant on the strength of Irvin's wonderful playing," she said, recently. "Campanella is a great player, too, but he couldn't help the Dodgers when they had to be helped."

Because of Laraine's unbounded affection for the Giants, it is often hard for her to keep it on a more or less professional level. Nonetheless, as the wife of the manager, she is required to exercise discretion. When she and Leo are walking down the street, both of them must suffer in silence the comments and asides delivered by passers-by on the state of the Giants and/or the Durochers.

At the ball park, Laraine is careful to do all her rooting *for* the Giants, not *against* the opposing team, which she thinks is both tactless and unsporting. When fans get on the Giants, or worse, on Leo, she digs her nails into her palms and tries not to listen.

Dodger Fans Have Her Scared

This takes supreme effort on her part when the Giants are playing the Brooklyn Dodgers, their greatest rivals. In fact, she has found it so difficult to maintain civil relations with Brooklyn fans that she no longer attends games played in Brooklyn.

"Frankly, I'm afraid of the crowds in Brooklyn and the language they use," she said, not long ago. "I also do not like the foolish music they play there. It gets on my nerves. After all, baseball is a game, not a bad band concert."

The shell of ladylike decorum with which Laraine surrounds herself at the ball park has collapsed only once. In an exhibition game in Florida a few seasons ago, with the Giants playing the Dodgers, the umpire called a Giant hitter out at first base, though it was apparent to everyone in the park that he was safe. Leo rushed out to protest immediately, of course, and was mildly surprised when the umpire readily conceded it had been a bad decision.

Mollified, Leo was on his way back to the bench when he heard a shrill voice screaming from one of the field boxes. Looking up, he saw Laraine waving her fists and crying out in anguish over the injustice of it all. Leo was astonished. Putting his hands on his hips, he stared at her stonily. "Will you please shut up?" he roared. Laraine shamefacedly complied.

Although she usually accompanies the team on these spring training expeditions, Laraine stays in New York during the regular season. Just after she married Leo, she went on a few road trips, but she discovered that, aside from the games themselves, road trips for a manager's wife consist mostly of sitting in hotel rooms. Now she stays home in their comfortable Park Avenue apartment and listens to the games on the radio when the Giants are abroad. Michele, the Durochers' eight-year-old daughter, vastly prefers movies to baseball and therefore expresses little interest in the proceedings, but six-year-old Chris shares his mother's vigil at the radio.

One afternoon last season, as he was listening intently, Chris was surprised to hear Laraine say, at a critical moment, "Oh, dear God, please let the Giants get a hit!"

"Gee, Mom," Chris gasped in disbelief. "He's not for the other team, too, is He?"

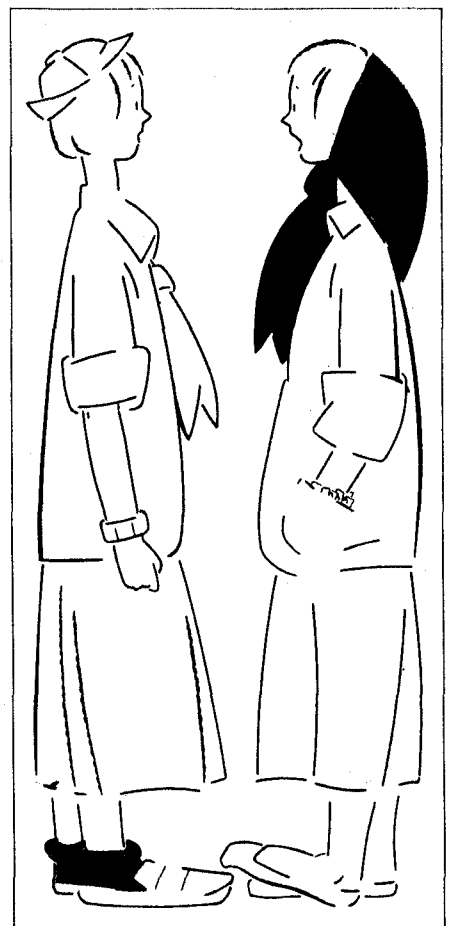
A Giant loss, of course, is a disaster in the Durocher household. When the Giants lose, both Leo and Laraine plummet into the depths, passing successively through the regions of acute distemper, active despair, and finally passive despondency. Leo has long been noted for his low boiling point when his ball club drops one, but Laraine is not much better, and, as she says herself, apologetically, "I try to restrain myself, but if a fan comes up to the car for an autograph after we've lost, I am usually so mad he's lucky to get away alive."

Because they are so tortured by each defeat, the Durochers have been forced to adjust their social life to the won-and-lost columns. If, for instance, they accept an invitation for dinner and the Giants lose that afternoon, it is understood beforehand that Leo and Laraine will not appear. Instead, they stay home and watch television.

This reluctance to think about games that have gone down the drain finds its greatest expression in Leo's absolute refusal to buy the newspapers after the Giants have lost. The result is that both he and Laraine sometimes find themselves sorely out of touch with the outside world. When General Douglas MacArthur was relieved of his command last spring and the nation was plunged deep in controversy, the Giants were in the middle of an 11-game losing streak; as Laraine confessed later, "We were aware that something was going on about MacArthur, but we didn't know what."

Still, Laraine does not blame Leo for not wanting to buy the papers or go out after they have lost. "He doesn't want to have to lose the game at the Polo Grounds, then lose it again at dinner with people discussing it, and a third time when he reads the papers," she says, with logic.

As is the case in most families, however, there are certain ideas which Leo and Laraine do not share. During the past winter, Leo told friends he was going to take Chris on his first road trip this coming summer. Upon hearing of it, Mrs. Durocher said, rather tartly, "That's what he thinks! Chris is not going to sit in strange clubhouses by himself and he can't be left alone in a hotel room after he goes to sleep. Leo can't sit by Chris's bedside from seven thirty on, every night, and it won't help if he gets a suite, either. He is sure to get in an argument with somebody in the other room and wake Chris up." The odds are that Chris will not be making any road trips in the summer of 1952.



"Randolph is homely and rich, and George is handsome and poor—the problem is that the boy I'm engaged to doesn't approve of either of them"

COLLIER'S — JOHN COOK

Some Antidotes for Hoodoos

Leo and Laraine also differ in their superstitions. Like most ballplayers and managers, Leo is haunted by any number of specters and goblins. To woo Lady Luck, he wipes out the lines of the coaching box with his spikes, refuses to step on the base line, kicks third base before the start of each Giant inning, wears the same clothes and takes the same route to the park each day as long as a winning streak lasts, and generally conducts himself like a man boxing with ghosts.

When a woman threw a box of hairpins into the Giant dugout before a game with the Dodgers last summer, Leo was overjoyed, since hairpins are "lucky" for ballplayers. He was similarly bolstered when a woman sent some 400 four-leaf clovers to him during the losing streak. Several years ago, in order to extricate the team from another slump, he hired a truck to drive past the ball park with a load of barrels, inasmuch as barrels, like a load of hay, are a good omen.

For her part, Laraine has only a silver coin, given her by a fan who picked it up in his box last summer at the precise instant first baseman Whitey Lockman got a Giant hit, and a bracelet made of lucky charms people have sent Leo. Moreover, she has very little faith in either the coin or the bracelet, and it always annoys her a little when Leo asks her to wear a certain dress several days in a row because it's "lucky."

Rather than misplace her confidence in charms and omens, Laraine goes straight to a numerologist, or, ouija-like, consults the top of a table when she wants to know what is going to happen. (She says the table answers her questions by rapping.)

At spring training last year, Helen Fitzsimmons, the wife of Giant coach Freddie Fitzsimmons, visited a numerologist who told her that her husband was wearing the wrong number on his uniform and should also be wearing something purple.

When Mrs. Fitzsimmons reported on her visit, Laraine promptly took Leo to see the same numerologist. Leo found it excruciatingly embarrassing to submit to this sort of thing, and he paid no particular attention when the numerologist predicted he would get off to the worst start of his career, that the club would be going well around the time of his birthday, which is July 27th, and that the Giants would be flying at the end.

After the season's disastrous start, it took Leo and Fitzsimmons some time to recall the numerologist's warning. When they did, Fitzsimmons quickly changed numbers with a relief catcher and put a purple handkerchief in his pocket. Leo was amazed, to say the least, at the ensuing change in luck, although he declined for some reason Laraine's suggestion in midseason that they go back to the numerologist to see if any other players or coaches were wearing numbers that needed switching.

Laraine has had similar success with "working the table," although she is not yet prepared to say it is infallible. Two years ago, however, when the Giants were trying to get pitcher George Munger from the St. Louis Cardinals, she put her hands on a table with Helen Fitzsimmons and two other ladies and asked hopefully if the Giants were going to get a Cardinal pitcher.

"Yes," the table said.

"At the start of the season?" Laraine asked.

"No," the table replied.

"Midseason?"

"Yes."

"How many games will he win?"

"Eleven."

"Munger?"

"No."

"Brecheen?"

"No."

"Brazle?"

"No."

Laraine ultimately exhausted the Cardinal roster, as far as she knew, and gave up trying to find out who the pitcher would be. In midseason, of course, the Giants got Jim Hearn, a virtually unknown relief pitcher from the Cardinals, and Hearn went on to win 11 games for New York.

Ever since Leo and Laraine were married, on January 22, 1947, one of the most difficult things for Laraine to understand has been the recurring suggestion that Leo has "changed." Toward the end of last year's frantic season, when he was insisting that the credit for the Giants' great stretch run should go to the players, not the manager, the concept of a brand-new Durocher was widespread, and Laraine found it especially trying.

"When people meet Leo for the first time, they always seem surprised," she told a friend, impatiently. "Well, what do they expect? A well-dressed monster?"

This was the same sort of answer she gave several years ago when someone asked her if she had known of Leo's "past" before she married him. "If I didn't know it, I heard it from Westbrook Pegler," she snapped, referring to some unflattering columns Pegler had written about Leo.

Actually, Laraine feels that the real Durocher and the newspaper Durocher have always been miles apart. The only change in Leo that she sees is one of her own molding; Leo used to put off returning calls to newspapermen, for example, simply because he had nothing to say he thought would interest them. It never occurred to him that the newspapermen would think of the questions and that all he had to do was think of the answers. Laraine insisted, therefore, that he return all calls immediately, which he now does.

"Nice Guy" Remark Explained

Laraine also feels that many of Leo's statements have been misinterpreted, particularly the famous "nice-guys-finish-last" remark he made several years ago. "Leo didn't mean that an intrinsically nice guy can't win," she said recently. "What he meant was that there isn't time to be nice when you're playing to win, and Leo never plays except to win. If he lost at tennis, he would probably throw the court at his opponent instead of jumping over the net to congratulate him. Leo's 'nice guy' is someone who doesn't *care* whether he wins or loses, and that's what Leo meant when he said, 'Nice guys finish last.'"

Leo is inclined to agree with Laraine's appraisal of him; at least, he cannot see any changes in himself other than an almost imperceptible mellowing which he attributes to the fact that he is older. "I'm still a tougher winner than loser," he said not long ago. "If we lose a game because a ball goes through an infielder's legs, it's not his fault. He tried and he booted it and I feel sorry for him because he knows he lost us the game. But God forbid a player should make a bonehead play that might have cost us a game we eventually won."

Leo paused, then added, reflectively, "There's another thing, too. There's a new situation in baseball. You can't yell at players and browbeat them the way old-time managers used to do. A lot of the players now are college fellows. Yell at

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one of them and he's liable to pack up and go home on you! But I still want players who *must* win. Just liking to win is not enough."

Besides treating his players more gently than he may have in the past, Durocher has, since his own marriage, taken a much more benevolent attitude toward their wives, who sometimes like to accompany their husbands on the road. Previously, Leo wasn't sure it was a good idea; now he feels that it makes for more contented ballplayers, which is the kind he wants.

Items Not on the Front Page

Probably the principal reason that Leo is widely held to be some sort of ogre is that he has never cared particularly about exhibiting his "other side." Several years ago, however, he was told that a boy living nearly 100 miles out on Long Island was ill and had asked if Leo Durocher could come out to see him. Without telling anyone, Leo got his friend, Danny Kaye, out of bed the next morning, and drove the round trip of some 200 miles to make the visit. Similarly, a stranger stopped him on the street two years ago and asked him if he would visit his father, who was ill in a New York hospital. Leo had never heard of the man, but he was at the hospital at 10:00 A.M. the next day.

It is a fact, of course, that many parents would rather put their children in a cage with a gorilla than expose them to Leo Durocher. The truth is that he is inordinately fond of kids. At times in the past, he has had six or seven sitting on the Giant bench, including his own son Chris. Chris, in turn, has been required, along with the others, to behave like a ballplayer. When Leo caught him eating candy on the bench last year, he immediately "suspended" the youngster for three days. Chris took the matter up with his mother.

"Dad suspended me for three days," he said, uncertainly. "What does that mean?"

"Well," Laraine said, "that means you will not be able to go to the ball park for three days."

"Golly!" whistled Chris. "Doesn't he ever give a guy a second chance?"

In his time as a manager, Leo has contended successfully with such erratic characters as pitchers Van Lingle Mungo, Boots Poffenberger and Bobo Newsom, but ballplayer Bert Haas's young son threw him for a decided loss a couple of seasons ago. Discovered eating a sandwich in the bull pen by Leo, the boy was ordered to report to the manager's office after the game. Dutifully, he appeared.

"No Giant can eat on the field!" Leo roared at him in mock anger. "You're fined 25 cents and I want it here in my office tomorrow."

Advised to pay and financed by his father, Master Haas appeared on schedule the following day. Instead of a quarter, however, he handed Leo 50 cents.

"The fine was 25 cents," Leo said. "Why the 50 cents?"

Master Haas shyly dug his toe into the floor. "I brought another sandwich today," he said.

The year 1947 is the year the Durochers like least to remember, though they had just been married. That was the year Leo was suspended by then Commissioner Happy Chandler, and though it is now five years later both Leo and Laraine still find it difficult to conceal their bitterness over a number of things that grew out of the incident.

Leo was manager of the Brooklyn club then, and Laraine had accompanied him to Havana for spring training when, after a Dodger-New York Yankee exhibition game, Dodger president Branch Rickey stated that Larry MacPhail, the Yankee president, had entertained two known gamblers in his box. Leo, unfortunately, supported Rickey's statement, and the impetuous MacPhail immediately demanded a hearing before Commissioner Chandler.

There were two sessions at Sarasota, Florida. At the second one, Chandler dismissed everyone except Rickey, Arthur Mann, who was Rickey's assistant, and Walter O'Malley, who is now president of the Dodgers. According to Mann's account of the proceedings in his book, Baseball Confidential, Chandler then asked Rickey, "How much would it hurt you folks to have your fellow out of baseball?"

"Happy," Mann quotes Rickey as saying, "what on earth is the matter with you?"

Chandler responded only by producing a letter from "a big man in Washington" who was advising him to kick Durocher out of baseball.

It was a month later, in New York, that Laraine picked up the telephone and heard Leo, calling from the Dodger offices in Brooklyn, say in a stunned voice, "I've been suspended. I'll tell you about it when I get home."

Leo was out of baseball for the entire year, and, looking back on it, Laraine finds it all "sort of unreal. All I remember is that Leo came back to the hotel where we were staying then and that we went to the circus that night. Two days later, we went back to California."

Leo and Laraine were hurt by several things, the most important being that Rickey never supported Leo publicly after his suspension, nor would he tell him until the following December whether or not he would get his job back as manager of the Dodgers.

There was another development during spring training that year—prior to Chandler's action—which hurt the Durochers almost as much as the suspension did later. That was the criticism leveled at Leo during the playing of exhibition games, when he would leave the ball park early with Laraine.

What Leo actually was doing, at the request of Rickey, was stemming an incipient mutiny by the Southern ballplayers on the Brooklyn club who resented Rickey's bringing Jackie Robinson, a Negro player, to the Dodgers from Montreal. Instead of deserting the team, as he was accused of doing, Leo was talking to each player individually, away from the park, pointing out patiently that Robinson was not only a great ballplayer who could help the Dodgers but was also a human being with every right to play for the team.

Alone With a Mystery Story

"I wonder what people thought was going on," Laraine said, not long ago. "While the papers were saying Leo had deserted the team for me, I was sitting in my hotel room reading mystery stories, and Leo was out-fighting for Robinson—who, now that they're on opposing clubs, calls him 'Mr. Day' and asks him if he's wearing my perfume."

After Durocher's suspension that year, he and Laraine retired temporarily to their rambling, peaceful, six-bedroom house, located on four and a half acres in Santa Monica, California, not far from the sea. The place used to be called "The Sycamores"; however, Leo cut and pruned so many of the trees, in that year as an otherwise unemployed member of the landed gentry, that some people feel the name is no longer accurate.

Laraine's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence I. Johnson (Johnson is a former seed contractor from Roosevelt, Utah), live on the property, in a small guesthouse.

During the off season, Leo spends much of his time golfing with other baseballers, like Jimmie Dykes, or with film celebrities. The Durochers' friends on the Coast include people like comedian Kaye; actress Gail Patrick and her husband "Corny" Jackson; singer Tony Martin and his wife, dancer Cyd Charisse; producer Mervyn Le Roy and comedian Jack Benny.

Except for Helen Fitzsimmons, Laraine has few friends among the Giants' wives; she's afraid that critics might claim she was influencing Leo's decisions about a ballplayer whose wife was a friend of hers. The Durochers' home life in New York is quiet. They get up at about nine o'clock each day and have mild arguments about retiring at night: Leo usually naps after every game and is still lively and refreshed when Laraine—who doesn't nap—is ready for bed. Occasionally, they go to the movies or dine out. When rain forces cancellation of a game, they stay home and watch television.

They live just as unspectacularly in California. But their friends the Jacksons did schedule a party for them at the close of the 1951 season. Then, when the Giants staged their incredible pennant rush, climaxed by the ninth-inning home run of third baseman Bobby Thomson in the final play-off game with Brooklyn, the party had to be put off. The date was crossed out on the invitations, and they were stamped in red, "Postponed by Bobby Thomson."

That pennant drive offered perhaps the most implausible finish to a flag race that baseball has ever seen. Oddly enough, though the Giants were 13½ games out of first place as late as August 11th and had to run up an almost impossible record in their remaining games at Brooklyn, neither Leo nor Laraine felt the pressure nearly so much as people assumed.

Pressure Wasn't Felt—Much

"We knew it had to take a miracle," Laraine says, in retrospect. "It was one of those situations where you say, 'It would be nice, but . . .' We hoped, of course, but we never really thought we'd bring it off. Leo didn't seem to feel any pressure at all, and neither did the players."

As frequently happens with the Durochers, however, the inexplicable entered the situation in the closing days of the pennant fight, when Leo received a letter, signed "MacDougald MacPherson MacTavish," from Franklin Square, Long Island, predicting not only that the Giants would win the pennant but that Scottish-born third baseman Thomson would do it with a home run.

That, of course, is precisely what happened at 3:58 P.M. on October 3d, in the third and final game of the play-off.

With good reason, Leo was baffled by the accuracy of the mysterious prophecy and he expressed a wish to meet the man who had written the letter. The author of the prediction, one Ben Freeman, came forward a few days later and explained that he had been born in Glasgow, Scotland, and that he had simply had a hunch. "Yes," Leo said, wringing Freeman's hand, "but *what* a hunch!"

Laraine shared Leo's amazement over the letter, but she feels that the most important moment of the season came in the Durocher apartment the night after the Giants had beaten the Dodgers in the first of the three play-off games. Having won that afternoon with Jim Hearn pitching, Leo could not decide whether to bring his ace, Sal Maglie, back the next day with only two days' rest, or pitch Sheldon Jones and give Maglie another 24 hours to rest up for the Giant crusher, if there was to be one.

"I don't know what to do," Leo moaned. "Maglie might not be rested enough. Jones might not have it. It's a problem."

Laraine, who is devoutly religious, then made a suggestion to Leo.

"Why don't you get down on your knees and pray for guidance, Leo?" she suggested. She closed the door and left the room.

Leo started Sheldon Jones the next day against Clem Labine of the Dodgers. Jones was as ineffectual as Labine was superb. Behind Labine, the Dodgers breezed in, 10-0, tying the series.

In the car going home from the Polo Grounds, Laraine was beside herself, wondering if Leo had got down on his knees and prayed, as she had suggested.

Unfortunately, no one will ever know. Leo did not say, one way or the other, and it is not the sort of question one has any right to ask. After a long silence, he simply said, "You know, it's a funny thing. Whatever told me to start Jones was good advice. We could never have beaten that Labine today, no matter how good our pitching had been." THE END

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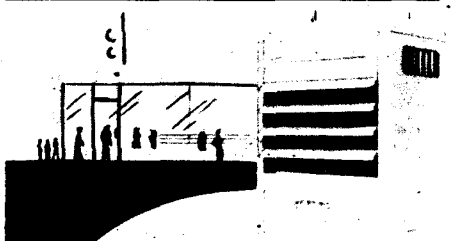

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Big Boom on the Delaware

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

the Ashland Oil & Refining Company at Ashland, Kentucky, and then made the weary rounds, leaving his application with any company that would take it, including U.S. Steel in Gary. Stephan's father wanted him to give up the idea of going into industry, and study medicine instead. Stephan had already taken premedical work, but he resisted. "I couldn't believe that there wasn't some place in industry where I could be of value," he said. "Still, I might have gone ahead with medicine if I hadn't heard from U.S. Steel." He went to the Gary plant as an "observer," a status for employees with engineering degrees who show promise. He worked in the metallurgical department, represented the company at its exhibition at the World's Fair in New York, helped draft job classifications (background that will be important at Fairless), and sat in on all types of labor discussions.

Just before he was offered the transfer to Fairless ("And," he says, "it cost me a great deal of money to move"), Mr. Westaby was general supervisor of contract administration at Gary. This job required him to make painfully negotiated labor contracts work out in day-to-day practice. This, Mr. Westaby's associates say, called for wide understanding of steelmaking, a pretty good knowledge of human relations, a cheerful outlook and, above all, inexhaustible patience. Mr. Westaby's personnel record undoubtedly lists all these assets.

But U.S. Steel is also well aware of what Mr. Westaby is doing in his own community. The company likes the things he and his family are doing to help knit together new people who have quite suddenly been thrown together as neighbors.

Among the Oldest Inhabitants

Though the Westabys have been living in Fairless Hills only a few months, they can count themselves among the oldest inhabitants. Except for the old mansion, Three Arches, which may ultimately become a library or community center, and a few other colonial relics, everything about Fairless Hills is new. Most of the 1,000-odd houses, Gunnison prefabricated plywood homes, built by the Danherst Corporation, have been freshly painted in bright colors with two tones. The houses stand against the winter hills like floral wreaths.

Fairless Hills is on 1,300 acres of farm land directly off Route No. 1 from Trenton to Philadelphia, and is four miles from the steel plant. John W. Galbreath, part owner of the Pittsburgh Pirates baseball club and head of Danherst, did not want to build too close to the mill but he did want a location within easy commuting distance.

An important real-estate operator, Galbreath said: "I wanted to preserve quiet community life."

Ultimately, the Danherst Corporation hopes to build 3,500 to 4,000 Gunnison houses, which, incidentally, are produced by a subsidiary of U.S. Steel, as well as many homes built to individual specifications, so-called "custom-built" homes. Through last summer and into late fall, homes were being completed at a rate of 16 a day. They vary in style and size. There are two- and three-bedroom houses and, with the heaping abundance of children like Bobby and Marcia Westaby, the bigger houses seem to be the most popular. According to the developers, the range of prices, not yet finally established, will be around $10,000.

Fairless Hills' community development calls for an elaborate shopping center (Morrisville and Trenton are some miles away), a civic center complete with town hall, three schools, a fire station for Mr. Westaby and his fellow volunteers, a dispensary, churches, parks, playgrounds and a swimming pool, all linked by streets with sweeping curves. Some construction on these has been started, and Fairless Hills is now, less than a year after the bulldozers attacked the placid slopes, a full-sized city. It has no local government but, by every other standard, it is that.

Nothing quite like Fairless Hills ever happened along the old Delaware. Yet another new city, planned on a considerably more ambitious scale, is Levittown, not far east from Fairless Hills on four-lane Bristol Pike. The original plan of Levitt & Sons, the big-number New York builders, was for 16,000 homes and a population of 70,000 at the end of three years. It now appears that this goal will be pushed even higher.

A Winter Rush to Buy Houses

Levittown's sales offices and model homes were opened on a snowy December day two weeks before Christmas. Roads were dangerous and there was a wet, chilling wind blowing off the river. But thousands, their cars bumper to bumper, nosed their way to the site of the new city. In the first two days, orders for $2,000,000 were taken. In a week, $5,000,000 in sales was reported by the frankly amazed president of the building company, William J. Levitt. Even more amazed was police chief John W. Kratz of Tullytown (population 562). He counted 50,000 visitors to Levittown the first two days. Mr. Levitt said:

"If this interest, and it is almost unbelievable at this time of year, should continue, our whole production schedule for this year—5,000—will be sold before we build the first house in the spring. We are going to do our best to add 1,000 more in '52, but there are production and supply problems to be licked." Levitt & Sons built 5,400 homes in 1950 at Levittown, New York, and an increase in building to 6,000 in Pennsylvania would beat this all-time home-construction record.

Mr. Levitt likes to describe new Levittown as "the biggest preplanned city since L'Enfant laid out Washington." He emphasizes that it is no quickie development designed only to serve temporary needs. "Of course," he says, "the housing will be available to workers in this critical defense area and this is important in view of the big industrial expansion. But the homes are permanent, and our planning looks ahead many generations."

As big builders (the Levitts constructed more than 17,000 homes in their Long Island, New York, project), Levitt & Sons have planned such mammoth facilities as a 22-block shopping center, eight swimming pools (one for each 2,000 homes), 10 baseball diamonds, softball fields and small baseball diamonds by the dozens, playgrounds, a community hall, and all the churches and schools that will be needed for the completed city. One other thing will be a new commuter station, with a parking space for 2,000 cars, to be built by the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Mr. Levitt says that nine months' work went into the planning of Levittown. "We tried," he said, "to correct all the mistakes that mass builders have made in the past." For one thing, there will be no gridiron arrangements of streets. Broad boulevards will connect winding streets where little traffic will flow and where children will be safe.

Work at Levittown is going on through the winter. This will be mostly public utilities construction. Forty-five miles of streets and sidewalks must be laid, and construction is being speeded up on the water and sewage disposal systems. Mr. Levitt expects the first house in Levittown to be occupied by mid-April, and the first 300 houses probably will be assigned to those working on the new city.

Fairless Hills and Levittown are complete new cities, but smaller home developments are going up by the hundreds—half a dozen houses in one spot, two or three in another. Because of this building, home prices in the vicinity of Fairless Works have been kept within very reasonable range. Levittown, as a case in point, has a price tag of $9,990 on a three-bedroom, ranch-type house on a 70- by 100-foot lot. This includes much equipment. Inflated home prices—for a time, $20,000 houses were selling for $40,000—seem to be giving way under this pressure.

Where are the people coming from—families for Levittown's 16,000 homes and Fairless Hills' 4,000 or more?

Fairless Works, of course, with its projected 5,000 to 6,000 employees, is bringing in many of the families. And, nearby, General Refractories, heat-resistant brick manufacturers, is putting $3,000,000 into plant facilities. Old-established industries in Morrisville (which, by the way, has never known a strike) and Trenton are burgeoning. Chunky and smiling, Herman L. Margerum, Jr., president of the Morrisville Bank, stands with his tellers to help in the rush hour. "The other day," he said, "we cashed $450,000 in payroll checks in little more than an hour." How things go in Morrisville is shown pretty clearly by Mr. Margerum's bank. Assets at the end of the war were $1,806,000. They are pushing toward $10,000,000 now.

Farther south along the Delaware, at Bristol, Kaiser Metal Products, now making bathtubs, will make aircraft parts as well, and its payroll will jump from about 1,500 to 7,000 in the next few months. Plant expansion will cost $3,000,000 at least. Also, Rohm & Haas, plastics and other products, is spending $8,000,000, and the Seaboard Container Corporation about $6,000,000. These millions will soon be translated into jobs, and wage scales are generally good enough to permit a man to own his own home.

Off westward from the Delaware, nearer Philadelphia's boundary, new plants and expansions run to heavy figures: Sharp & Dohme, pharmaceuticals, $10,000,000; Standard Pressed Steel, $12,000,000; National Union Radio, $5,000,000; the Electric Storage Battery, $5,000,000; the Budd Company, body manufacturers, $9,500,000; the Heintz manufacturing company, $7,000,000; SKF, ball bearings, $9,000,000; Philco, $10,000,000; another big Rohm & Haas plant, and, in a comparatively new industrial area, Yale & Towne, $12,000,000.

More Millions for Expansion

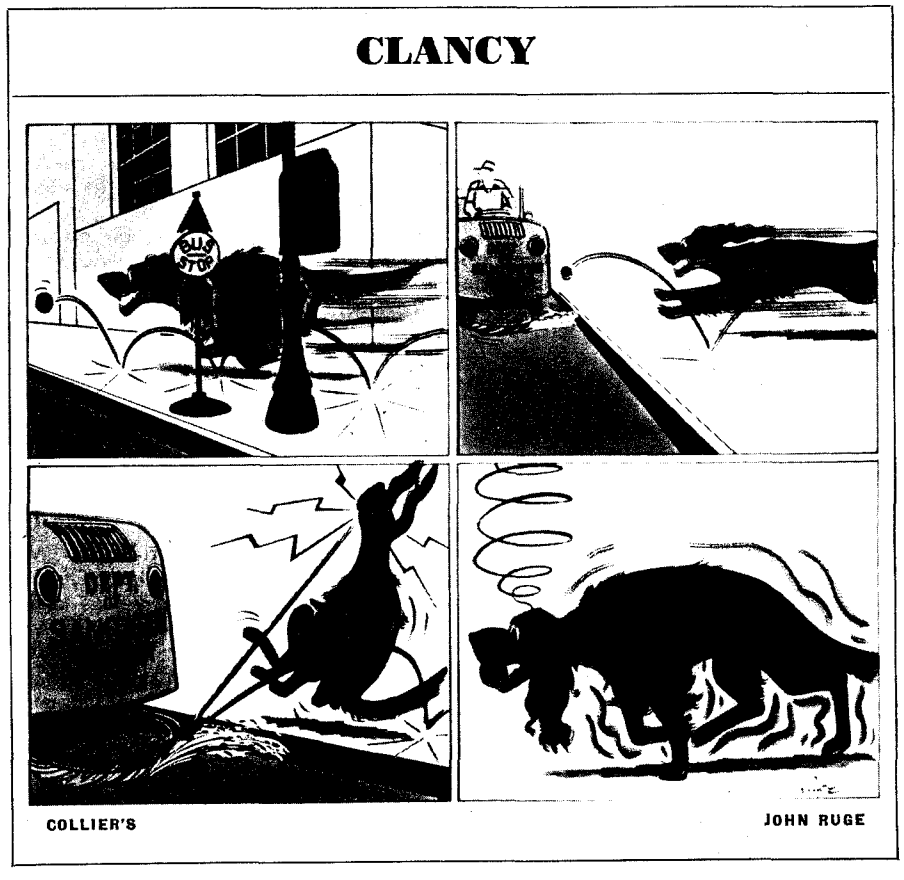
The incessant hammering goes on everywhere in the quiet valleys.

It goes on into the congestion of the Philadelphia area, where there are two new Philadelphia Electric Company stations costing $580,000,000. Cuneo Press is spending $8,000,000, Allied Chemical & Dye Corporation, $3,500,000, and the little factories seem to spring up overnight—and the lights burn long in the rush to get into production. The Pennsylvania Railroad and the telephone systems are spending millions to keep up their services, and the Smith, Kline & French laboratories are being expanded at a cost of $10,000,000.

Tick off the names all along the river, on both sides, and you find vast expansion by General Electric, Westinghouse, the Container Corporation of America, RCA Victor, Atlantic City Electric, Delaware Power & Light, practically all of the big automobile companies, including Chrysler and General Motors, and the big oil companies such as Socony-Vacuum Oil Company, Inc., Gulf Oil Corporation, the Atlantic Refining Company, Esso Standard Oil Company, Sinclair Oil Corporation, the Texas Company, Sun Oil Company. These companies are spending upwards of $100,000,000 and, though many of them will be engaged in defense production, they are betting on the Delaware Valley and a future which, their planners are convinced, will bring a higher standard of living at home.

Other companies building along the river include the Minnesota Mining & Manufacturing Company, Henry Disston & Sons, Warner Company, C. Schmidt Company, E. J. Lavino & Company, Piasecki Helicopter Corporation, B. F. Goodrich (American Anode), Colorado Fuel & Iron, Alan Wood Steel Company.

Another steel company, National Steel, has been attracted to the river. At Thorofare, New Jersey, on the east near Paulsboro, the company has bought 2,600 acres for a future plant. No definite plans have been announced, but it is probable that the company will spend close to $250,000,000 when the plant is built. Other steel companies are expanding. Claymont Steel, just south of the refinery area of Marcus Hook,



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"Do you mind it? It sort of makes me feel more at home"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

Pennsylvania, is spreading out along the tidewater. Hoeganaes Sponge Iron Corporation has a $4,000,000 expansion program.

To the south is the company whose growth has always been connected with the Delaware—the E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Company of Wilmington. Since the war, Du Pont's facilities in the area have been extended at a cost of more than $50,000,000, and this includes one of the greatest laboratories ever built. It is the Experimental Station, a $30,000,000 expansion project in the valley of old Brandywine Creek, which the Du Ponts used for water power when the company was first established to produce gunpowder in 1802.

On a slope up from the beautiful Brandywine, a dozen or more fully equipped laboratories have been built with every tool of chemistry within reach of hundreds of white-coated researchers. They wander ceaselessly into the unknown. Quite proudly, a Du Pont official said that not a single one of these research laboratories was devoted to research for war.

"We are hunting the things that people here at home will use," he said, "and we hope that these things will make living a little better for all of us."

Academic Quiet in the Labs

Du Pont's researchers, whose laboratories have produced such products as nylon and moistureproof cellophane, work in a quiet, academic atmosphere, on what was once the golf course of the Du Pont Country Club, which has been moved farther west. There is, on these acres, none of the bustle you find elsewhere on the Delaware. Here, as in other laboratories of the great companies on the Delaware, the work goes on that will produce more bustle, more factories to make the things that we dare not dream about now.

Du Pont has half a dozen great factories on the Delaware, the biggest one the Chambers Works across the new Delaware River Bridge, but its influence is felt in many ways other than production. Du Pont has established a pattern of labor and community relations which serves as a guide up and down the river. Employee earnings are exceptionally good. On the basis of 1950 payrolls, a Du Pont auditor did a little figuring. He found that the average salary throughout the company was $4,126, only a little higher than the average for those who actually work in the factories. This same auditor, not content, looked around for an average Du Pont employee and describes what he found:

"We'll call him Charlie. He is thirty-six years old, a high-school graduate and he has been with the company 12 years. He owns his own home, which is valued at about $10,000. He owns a car, carries life insurance, has all those home appliances such as a vacuum cleaner, electric sewing machine, a modern kitchen. He will retire on a pension which will pay him not less than $100 a month and almost certainly more. He is entitled to disability wages (full pay up to three months) but is not likely to do so because of our fine safety record. He has $3,000 worth of company-paid insurance. He has all sorts of benefits in case of illness. He gets two weeks' vacation and will get three after 15 years."

Charlie and his welfare program promise good employee relations to all expanding industry on the Delaware.

The busy auditor also measured the effect of large industrial operations on a community. He discovered, over a year's period, that Du Pont operations on the south Jersey side of the Delaware resulted in local spending of $22,650,000. That was in addition to a payroll of $38,650,000. In the course of this single year, Du Pont did business with 1,300 different suppliers, little firms and big ones, while carrying 8,200 men and women on its own payroll.

But it takes more than money to win a community to your side.

Du Pont, like many other major industries on the river, is doing more than write checks. Every company of any consequence has joined wholeheartedly in a campaign to free the Delaware of pollution—and the campaign is already a success. Within a few months now, the river will be almost free of waste, and a man will be able to take a swim. The shad will be running again in a few years, and there will be the same good fishing there was before poisoned waters drove them away.

Behind the antipollution drive is the Interstate Commission on the Delaware River Basin, called Incodel for short, with a fast-moving executive secretary, James H. Allen, who keeps up an unceasing search for sources of pollution—and then proceeds to plug them up.

Industries and cities, Philadelphia in particular, have spent many millions to beat pollution. "We have that licked, all right," Mr. Allen says, "but that's only part of Incodel's work. We hope to put through our program for developing the whole river, source to mouth, and we can do it without running to the federal government for millions of dollars in appropriations. This program will mean fair distribution of the river's waters among the four states which created Incodel—New York, Pennsylvania, Delaware and New Jersey."

Incodel's river development program calls for a series of dams near the headwaters in New York State. This would provide some diversion of water to New York City, which needs it badly. A greatly increased flow in the river in dry seasons will ensure an adequate supply of good water at all times for domestic and industrial requirements.

The program would cost around $500,000,000 and Mr. Allen hopes that agreement among the four states is not far off. The cost would be paid off principally by the sale of water.

Whatever more is done about the Delaware, it has come upon a time when industrial history is being made along its banks. From Wilmington to Trenton, from Du Pont to U.S. Steel, the lights and torches mean more and more production. This production can be used to secure peace, it can be mobilized to wage war, but the men who run old and new industry along the Delaware hope they can turn their furnaces and lathes to the job of making this country a finer place to live in. THE END

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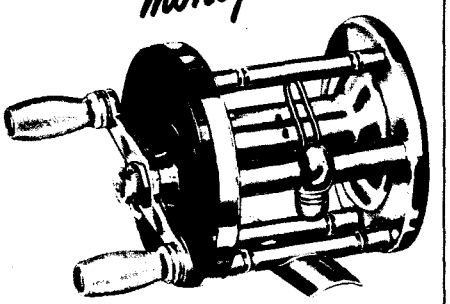

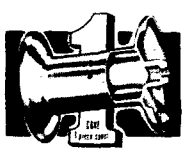

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Pogo's Papa

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

and a natural-born scientist what knows practical everything." Get a load of him trying to cross a yew tree with a geranium to get uranium.

Churchy La Femme is a turtle, a retired pirate with an empty little head, a harmless character who breaks into double-talk songs at the slightest encouragement, and generally has a whale of a good time.

Porkypine is the only professional misanthrope in the Kelly menagerie. "I'm Porkypine," he growls, "what don't like anybody or anything, including this so-called comic (haw) strip." Porky really has a heart of gold under those quills.

Also among the stars is Beauregard Bugleboy, a chesty hound who might well be a caricature of the supersleuths of other comic strips. "I, sir," the hound bays, "am Beauregard Bugleboy, man's best friend—the beloved dog, A-lert, A-ware, and A Number One in perspicacity."

Add to these a steady parade of lesser (but no less fascinating) creatures—like Bun Rabbit, a daffy little drumbeater who, in one sequence, tries to celebrate all the holidays of the year in one day, to get them over with; Mr. Tammananny, a tiger who acts as political adviser to one and all; the Rackety Coon Chile; three crummy bats in derby hats, and a host of others—and you get an idea of what goes on in Kelly's Okefenokee.

Characters Are All Friendly

There is never any violence or cruelty in the Pogo strip. Of greed and sharp dealing there is a smidgen, but it merely makes nature's screechers more the human-bean type. So determined was Kelly to make his characters friendly that he even altered some of their physiognomies to avoid the appearance of meanness. Thus, he gave Pogo a round, fuzzy, baby head and a rubbery, upswept nose, instead of the long ugly snout of the real-life possum. And Dr. Howland Owl has a concave little schnozzola instead of the cruel beak of his kind.

The sharp, topical satire in Pogo has evoked the huzzahs of the same intellectuals who once worshiped at the shrine of the late George Herriman's Krazy Kat, but Kelly bridles at the insinuation made in one review of his book that Pogo is a possum with "snob appeal."

"Me," Kelly says earnestly, "I'm just a Keystone Cop and throwin'-pie humor man. If the high-brows find satire in my stuff, that's fine. The best I can say for myself is that I'm a high low-brow. Kids and bartenders get as much bang out of Pogo as college professors."

But the gleaming satire is there, and Kelly can't rightly disown it. Nature's screechers constantly play out, in their disarming, childlike way, the situations headlined in the world beyond their sweet, sheltered swampland.

Dr. Howland Owl, for instance, dopey bird of science that he is, sets out to make an "adam bomb"—out of adam bugs, of course. He is warned against the venture by Porkypine, the somehow pathetic little world hater, who says: "Bombs is no good. They puts everything too everywhere, and in li'l bits, too."

When Dr. Owl is dictating adam bomb notes to Churchy La Femme, his "fellow-sinus," another swamp denizen sticks his head innocently into the tree-crotch laboratory to "borry the loan of a cup of sugar." Dr. Owl emits a mighty screech of terror. "Yowp!" he yowls at Churchy. "A foreign power! Eat the notes! Eat the notes!" And he jams them down Churchy's gullet.

The timing of the Pogo strip is extremely clever, and Kelly doesn't beat you on the head to make you realize that the action is tied in on a given day with historical events.

On one Lincoln's Birthday, for example, Mr. Tammananny, the swamp's political expert, informed Albert the Alligator that the "candidate for the Top Job gotta be smart, honest, and a fearless leader."

Albert, who has political ambitions, replied: "I was cut in on *all* that stuff, an' is you noticed what a BIG one I is?"

Mr. Tammananny: "But was you born in a log cabin?"

Albert: "You mean a big type fearless leader like me gotta be borned in a backwoods hut?"

Mr. Tammananny: "Oh, my dear sir, it's a absolute irredeemable virtue (i.e., can't do without it)."

Albert (indignantly to Pogo): "By nab! You hear that? My mam an' pap is swundled me outen the Presidensity of the natural born country!"

Mr. Tammananny: "It was close, though, mighty close, friend."

It's dialogue like this that accounts in large part for the Pogo boom. According to Robert M. Hall, president of the syndicate that sells Pogo, it's probably the fastest-growing comic strip in syndicate history. "Its success is all the more remarkable," he says, "because it's an animal-talking strip, and editors have shied away from them for years."

There are no class, age, geographical or sex lines splitting the ranks of Pogo fans. The fuzzy-headed little swamp citizen is equally popular with the hopscotch and the Scotch-on-the-rocks sets. College students all over the country have taken the possum to their bosoms, and college professors have been detected sidling up to newsstands and whispering a plea for the latest quarterly issue of Pogo Possum. Business executives and mechanics, career women and housewives, teachers and chorus girls, teen-agers and grandpappies—they all go for Pogo.

A quick riffle through Kelly's mail (all of which he reads carefully and answers as fast as he can, sometimes enclosing a Pogo original) shows Pogo fan clubs in at least two dozen colleges, including Princeton; New York University; Harvard; Temple; U.S. Military Academy; U.S. Naval Academy; St. Johns College at Annapolis; Georgia Tech; Emory University; University of Wisconsin; University of Virginia; University of Houston; Ohio State; University of Oregon; Hendrix College at Conway, Arkansas; and Trinity University in San Antonio, Texas. At least six college dailies carry the strip.

Enthusiastic Fans in Canada

Canadian papers from Montreal to Vancouver also carry Pogo, and Dominion fans are among the most rabid in the international claque. Newspapers which have carried Pogo for a while and dropped it have been beset by screaming partisans demanding reinstatement.

The possum's strength lies partly in missionary work carried on by his fans. They are forever stirring up interest in the Kelly product among friends and relatives out of reach of papers carrying the strip. Thus, Kelly gets mail from such unlikely outposts as Paris, Guam, Australia and Ireland.

Kelly, who started the rumpus, was born in Philadelphia, August 25, 1913, but when the future cartoonist was about two years old, his family moved to Bridgeport. (His parents now live in Stratford, Connecticut.) The elder Kelly was a theatrical-scene painter and taught Walter, Jr., to draw. The youngster was a busy little extracurricular bee at Warren Harding High School. He was editor and cartoonist of the school paper, wrote poetry, and acted as news reporter for the Bridgeport Post. He also won fleeting fame, as a senior, by playing the ukulele blindfolded.

Young Kelly tried a number of odd jobs around Bridgeport after graduation, and they sure were odd. He wrapped cloth scraps in a ladies' underwear factory, smashed faulty switches (and his thumbs, of which he seemed to have 10) in an electrical appliance plant, and chased rats in the cellar of an art gallery. Finally, he went to work on the Post as a reporter, writer and part-time artist. He quit during the depths of the depression and took a job as a Bridgeport Welfare Department investigator.

"This," he says, "proved both friendly and educational, but subject to the political winds. They blew me out of office in a few months, and that's when I tackled New York the first time—and got taken."

In 1935, Kelly heard that the Walt Disney studios in California were hiring young artists. It sounded like a good deal, so he took the cross-country plunge. "I borrowed some money from my father, who had to hock everything but the chimney," Kelly recalls, "and I set out for the West by bus."

It was at the Disney studios that the present Walt Kelly, master of line and humor, began to take shape. He was thrown in with brilliant artists and screwballs—and learned something from each breed. This period, he says, was the most important in his formative career.

"I began," he says, "what in many ways was a truly liberal education. Disney realized that men wouldn't come to him already trained, so he had set up an educational program."

After a few weeks of art studies, the hopefuls chosen by Disney to stay on were put to work "in-betweening," which is the process of drawing intermediate positions in the chain of action laid out by the animator for a cartoon movie. Kelly was picked to stay on. His recollections of life in the studio are vivid.

"We beginners were given a chance to learn color, moods, movement and timing from masters," Kelly says. "This and a certain American talent for caustic editorial comment, shearing bluffers of their pretensions, were the gold to be found in the Disney mine."

Typical of the bombast-deflators was an animator named Milt Schaeffer, who one day asked a stuffy colleague where to buy a certain tobacco brand.

"The other guy," Kelly recalls, "puffed ostentatiously at his British pipe and fondled his Scotch turtle-neck sweater. 'Gad,' he finally said, 'I imagine any reputable shop would carry it, old man.'

"Schaeffer looked at him for a minute then asked, 'How about a *dis*reputable shop?' "

Kelly had a chance at Disney's to study some of the most expert practical jokers in California, a state where such shenanigans hold a high rating.

"Cut 'er a little more. Ooops, straighten out . . . Cut 'er again . . . a little more . . . a little more— Hold it! Straighten 'er out again. Once more . . . Now cut 'er hard! Back a li-i-i-ttle more. Whoops, hold it! You're okay"
Stan Fine
COLLIER'S
STAN FINE

A Daily Can of Fruit Juice

Ted Sears and Webb Smith, two of his colleagues, discovered that a British newcomer to the studio was captivated by the wonders of canned juices. Each day, he brought a can to the studio and drank it in ritual fashion at high noon.

One day, Smith swiped a can of berry juice the layout man had put in his desk. He and Sears removed the label and pasted it on a similar can—only the new can contained asparagus tips. They put the asparagus in the juice man's desk. At noon, he got out the can and opened it. He examined the contents, muttered, "Well, *that's* odd," and ate the tips one by one.

The next day the gag men substituted a can of pork and beans for tomato juice. The Britisher looked puzzled. The next day, he got prune juice for grapefruit, and the next, tomato paste for orange juice. "Your canning companies do things in a strange way," he finally said to Sears. Sears listened carefully to the Briton's explanation of what had been happening, then said: "That's one for Ripley. Write him a letter. He pays for such items."

The layout man was seen writing to the late Believe-It-Or-Not mogul that day. The following noon he opened a can with an apricot label. It was full of sauerkraut, and lying on top of the kraut was a note. It

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read: "I don't believe it. Signed, Robert Ripley."

"Such goings on," Kelly says, "kept us from taking ourselves too seriously. Then there was the pie throwing by Roy Williams, a 300-pound gag man who would rather toss pastry than eat it. One day, he couldn't find a target, so he had a little guy throw a pie at *him*. He watched the splash sideways in a mirror and said it was as much fun to get hit with a pie as to throw it. I don't know about that, but it's a theory."

After six years in these cultural surroundings, Kelly went back to New York, where, on the strength of his Disney training, he was hired to do children's comic books by the Western Printing & Lithographing Company. He created a modern fairy tale series built around a little Negro boy named Bumbazine and his furred and feathered friends in the Okefenokee Swamp in Georgia. One of the minor characters in the series was Pogo, a possum.

In 1943, Kelly went to work as a civilian employee of the Army's Foreign Language Unit. The study of language interested him, and on his own hook he did a little haphazard research on American dialects. He became enamored of the Georgia accent—and stored it up for use in his comic strip.

Substituted for Bumbazine

After a run of Bumbazine stories, Kelly decided to retire him. "Pogo was picked to take his place," he explains, "because he just happened to be standing around when the little boy left. His name doesn't mean anything, except that it forms an alliteration with possum." Pogo was endowed with all the charming qualities of Bumbazine—childlike innocence, naïveté, and sturdiness of character. He still has them.

In 1946, just when Kelly was figuring to weed out the kiddy corn from his Pogo comic book and point it at the adult market, the publication folded.

It was then that he first learned about the general editorial distaste for talking-animal comic strips. Determined to make a daily strip of his swamp creatures, Kelly hopefully took a collection of Pogo samples to the office of a syndicate and showed them to the boss, who happened to be a lady.

She looked at Pogo and said: "We're not buying any of these duck strips."

"But it isn't a duck strip," Kelly protested.

The lady boss pointed to Pogo in all his pristine possum prettiness. "What, may I ask, do you think *that* is?" she inquired icily.

"I think," Kelly said with a hearty little smile, "that it's a possum."

"And I," Madam said stiffly, "think it's a duck, and . . ."

". . . We don't want any duck strips, do we?" Kelly finished for her.

"Right," the lady snapped.

"It's been nice meeting you," Kelly said. When he reached the door, he turned and added: "But it's *still* a possum."

For the next two years, Kelly did commercial comics, and, in 1948, was offered an additional job on the New York Star. He was art director, political cartoonist, and editorial adviser. As art director, he directed himself to do a daily strip called Pogo.

John Horn, a writer who worked with Kelly on the Star, describes his daily routine this way:

"Walt would finish up his outside commercial work by 11:00 A.M. and get to the Star office by noon. He'd sit in on policy conferences and go to lunch at 1:00 P.M. At lunch, he'd draw a rough of the next day's political cartoon on a paper napkin. Then back to the office to work on his Sunday stuff and check on the art staff's work. Then he'd look over the late news and finish his political cartoon in 20 minutes. And don't forget—he was doing a daily Pogo strip, too. He was finished by 4:30 P.M."

The Pogo strip caught on at once in the Star. However, the paper lasted only from June 23, 1948, to January 28, 1949. Poor little Pogo (the daily type) was homeless, although the Pogo comic book was revived at about this time on a quarterly-issue basis.

For a few months, Kelly almost despaired of ever getting Pogo back into daily circulation. Then one day, syndicate president Robert Hall asked him to drop around.

"This may mean nothing," Hall began in a megaphone voice, "because I always get giddy riding in airplanes. But I got all the Pogo proofs from the Star and read them—in an airplane—and I laughed all the way to Chicago. Terrific! Tell you, fella, I was knocked cold. WOW! I tell you, son, you'll make a million. Here you are, sign right here."

Kelly signed with the syndicate (then called the Post Syndicate, now Post-Hall), and Pogo went into the New York Post on a trial basis in May, 1949. Soon after, the strip made its bow in the Philadelphia Bulletin, the Washington Star and the Newark Star-Ledger.

"It seemed to attract a few readers during the summer of '49," Kelly says, "but still no great hopes were held out for it. The strip had no real sock gag in the last panel, and nobody was getting shot. But—more on faith in Hall and Glen Adcox, his sales manager, than for any other reason—a few editors took the strip when national syndication started in the fall. Surprisingly, it held up well, and even outdrew some established comics in fan mail.

"A new managing editor was hired on a paper in Erie, Pennsylvania. He took a running kick at Pogo and sent it flying into the lake. He was out wading in the shallows looking for it the next day. The convincer had been 264 phone calls, scores of telegrams and personal calls from angry Pogo fans. The editor sent an urgent wire asking for reinstatement. There was a slight upward revision of the price."

So it went almost everywhere. As Pogo picked up more papers, his fans increased in ardor as well as numbers. Ira Emerich, a salesman for the syndicate selling Pogo, says newspaper workers themselves have been the best advance men for him. "I'm all dolled up," he says, "and I rehearse my lines and put Florida water behind my ears and walk into the editor's office. Before I can get going, he says: 'What are you selling?' I tell him Pogo, and he says: '*That* thing? Here's the contract all signed. The staff talked me into it last month.' "

Book Delighted Pogo Fans

The Pogo book published last October by Simon & Schuster was an instant hit because, for one thing, it gave Pogo addicts a chance to feast their eyes on strips they had missed in the past and which they had been seeking in vain. Although published late in the year, the book helped account for Kelly's earnings of more than $50,000 in 1951—Pogo's sophomore year in the big time. The artist hopes to do a lot better from here on in.

Just as Pogo is a phenomenon among comic strips, so is his creator a paradox among comic-strip men: a rare combination of consummate artist and shrewd businessman. For one thing, he owns the copyright on his creation—a little matter most moonstruck artists neglect to attend to, with painful results. And he's going slow in parceling out the merchandising rights to the Pogo name—a gold mine—until he thinks the time is ripe.

Kelly is a smooth, self-confident, fast worker at his drawing board. His daily strip takes him an hour; a Sunday Pogo page, three hours; a comic book, a week. While working, he wears the brim of an ancient green felt hat which he has cut out into an eyeshade. When possible, he works to the muted accompaniment of radio music. He keeps from six to 12 weeks ahead in his work.

Pogo's creator likes to stress his lack of eccentricity. "Only thing is," he amends, "I'm the only cartoonist who sleeps in a nightcap made of an old pajama leg. Flannel it is, very warm, and soothing to the sinuses. Shucks, anybody can make one. Just cut off a pajama leg and sew up one end. Of course, this leaves you with one cold leg, but you can't have everything.

"Oh, yes," Kelly adds. "One or two more little quirks: I always seem to wind up with two coats and one pair of pants to a suit instead of the other way around, and never can figure out how come. I own a car, but I wouldn't think of learning how to drive. I love baseball, but I never go to big-league games, because crowds make me hysterical. I guess that's about all."

Signatures Without Sense

Kelly may be completely uneccentric, but he's a wham with a whim. He got one not long ago as he brooded over the ancient custom cartoonists have of signing their names with a flourish in the last panel of a strip. Kelly suddenly stopped doing it.

Instead, a weird procession of signatures adorned Pogo, sometimes in the last panel, but more often in other panels—an iconoclastic departure in itself. Kelly signed his work with such impossible handles as Prudy Loobin, Nimbus Cloudly, Bipple Gooter, Gundy Mumble, Aptly Winded, Hurty Gurdee, Mims Goody, Wump Didley, Odeo Wiburg and Geano Windys.

Almost at once, a flood of querulous mail from Pogo fans descended on the New York offices of the syndicate and the papers in which the strip appears. The customers wanted to know what had happened to Walt Kelly? Why wasn't he doing Pogo any more? Who was Bipple Gooter? What's going on here?

The editor of a Midwestern paper carrying Pogo received a letter from a reader who wrote: "Who is this Prudy Loobin? I must say that since he's been doing Pogo, it has gone back a whole lot."

The worried editor relayed the complaint to syndicate boss Hall, and added: "Frankly, now that the reader mentions it, I also have noticed that Pogo has deteriorated since Loobin took over. I would advise you to get Kelly back in there."

Just as abruptly as he started the signature switch, Kelly ended it. "I can get as tired of a gag as anyone," he observed.

Kelly, who has been married twice and has four children—Kathleen, nine, Carolyn, six, Peter, four, and Stephen, three months—divides his time between his house in Darien, Connecticut, and a studio in New York City. This once led to an unforgettable moment in his career.

The big, outdoorsy-looking artist was on his way home at dusk one evening. As he walked up the road toward his house, past a wooded area, he saw something in the path ahead. "It looked as big as a large collie," he recalls, "—or, better yet, a Shetland pony. You could see it was real hungry. It seemed to snort and paw at the ground, and every once in a while it would lift its head as if to bay at the moon—which is what I understand lions do all the time!"

Kelly made a big, wide end run around the threatening creature and arrived home breathless an hour later, having gone by way of South Norwalk, several miles away, but a mighty pretty town. As he staggered in the door, his daughter Kathy, then age four, grabbed him by the hand. "Daddy, you just missed it," she said. "I found the cutest animal, all gray and furry."

"Where *is* it?" Kelly asked suspiciously.

"I carried it back to the woods," Kathy said. As she told her story, Kelly realized that she had encountered the same monster he had just escaped. "Mr. Neighbors saw it, too," added the child. "He says there are lots of them around here."

Kelly felt his hair rise. "What," he asked, "did Mr. Neighbors say it was?"

"A *possum!*" Kathy said merrily. THE END

Sauce for the Gander

I'm all for equal rights:
If women want them, let them.
What worries me of nights
Is how we men can get them.

—NORMAN R. JAFFRAY

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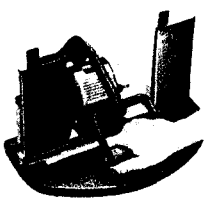

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Ridgway—Will He Succeed Ike?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

Rolled together, General Ridgway's jobs give him an immensely important and backbreaking task. It is enough for several men. But U.S. foreign policy and the industrial treasure of Europe have made one other military post abroad even more important and perhaps, in statesmanship, more exacting. This is the command of General of the Army Dwight D. Eisenhower whose mission is to weld an alliance of 12 (soon to be 14) powers into an effective first line of defense against Russia from the Black Sea to the Baltic.

If General Ridgway has paid any attention to the irrepressible reports that he will be appointed to succeed General Eisenhower at SHAPE (Supreme Headquarters, Allied Powers, Europe) on an old farm at Rocquencourt outside Paris, he gives not the slightest sign of it. He is quite aware, though, that the choice of a successor is not far off. Whatever the course of General Eisenhower's career, he is certain to step out in the months ahead. At Washington, in Tokyo and at SHAPE itself, General Ridgway has been made the odds-on favorite for the job, although nearly all this country's ablest military leaders have been mentioned for succession. These are men such as General Alfred M. Gruenther, Eisenhower's Chief of Staff, and General J. Lawton (Lightnin' Joe) Collins, the U.S. Army Chief of Staff.

General Ridgway, the impeccable soldier, is simply awaiting his next orders. He is ambitious, naturally, but his associates say he would never lift a finger to influence his orders. Characteristically, he says: "It is my belief that officers of high rank should leave the determination of their assignments to their superiors."

Restoring an Army's Morale

There are two broad sides to Ridgway of the Orient.

Shivering GIs of the terrible Korean winter of '50 and half the world won't forget the grenade-carrying three-star general, in paratrooper's garb, who left a desk in Washington to take command of the Eighth Army after General Walton Walker was killed in a jeep accident. The Eighth was in retreat, badly hurt after escaping from the bloody Chinese meat-chopper in North Korea. The GI didn't want to run. It wasn't like him. But there didn't seem to be much sense in this kind of war. The word was passed along that we might pull out of Korea altogether. "To live to fight another day" was the way some put it. More retreat and then, possibly evacuation —that was the desperate prospect.

Almost the first thing General Ridgway said was this:

"I am in Korea to stay."

The general then turned the retreating army around to face the enemy again—and he faced the enemy with his men. His strategy was to attack. He shook up commands, and he fired brigadier generals and colonels who weren't aggressive enough. He wanted his high officers to stay with the troops. He built morale by seeing that front-line fighters got fresh meat rations, better and warmer clothing and, mainly, by showing confident and personal leadership.

One of General Ridgway's best commanders, Major General B. M. Bryan, of Alexandria, Louisiana, of the splendid 24th Division, wrapped it up:

"I arrived in Korea to take over the 24th just about the time morale was going up. The general had already had the tremendous task of taking an organization, which had suffered and was not offensive-minded, and making it want to go knock the daylights out of the Chinese. But I wasn't surprised that he did it. I knew him and I knew he wouldn't stay on the defensive. It was tough and it was cold as the devil, but Ridgway got the men out of the foxholes and got them moving. And his influence kept them moving."

Operation Retreat became Operation Killer.

General Ridgway let few details escape him. In his light, single-engine L-19 liaison aircraft, a pigeon against almost any kind of fire, he flew an average of two and a half hours a day for observation in all kinds of weather. He flew over his own lines and beyond the enemy lines, too. Captain E. M. (Mike) Lynch, his pilot, took him into the Chinese-held territory on 35 flights.

The pilot is a candid admirer. He says: "He (the general) is completely without fear. I've known very few people since I've been flying who would go up in the kind of weather he would take off in. Sometimes there would be less than a 200-foot ceiling and visibility of not more than a mile. And more than once at the front, the ceiling would be so low that we'd be flying lower than the hilltops where the Chinese positions were."

But General Ridgway, an old paratrooper, has a fondness for the air and a determination to know what's going on when he's running a war.

There was the time of the 187th Airborne Regimental Combat Team's jump, on March 23d, at Munsan, a tough spot crawling with the enemy. The general wanted to make the jump with the men, an unheard-of idea among commanders of his rank and importance. Brigadier General Frank Bowen, Jr., commander of the 187th, said: "We had one hell of a time with him because he was too valuable a piece of property to risk on such an adventure." (Bowen himself made "one damn' jump too many" and left Korea in a plaster cast from shoulders to waist.)

Nobody knows exactly who talked General Ridgway out of making the jump. Some say his staff did. Others say that General MacArthur, then in supreme command, got word of General Ridgway's plan to parachute and forbade it. There's no doubt, though, that the old paratrooper likes to jump. He once described how it feels. "It's the most glorious feeling in the world. You feel like a lord of all creation floating way up above the earth."

He couldn't jump at Munsan, but General Ridgway intended to get there. On the morning of the 187th's drop, Mike Lynch got a call from the general, who asked if he thought he could land the small L-19 in the drop zone which was about 25 miles inside enemy territory. "Yes," Mike said, "I think so." The general replied, in effect, let's go. The general's plane got over the drop zone while some of the air elements were still parachuting in. Ground control said that the Munsan airstrip would be checked for mines and that panels would be laid out for the general to land when all was clear..

The panels didn't appear, according to Mike, so "we went down to see if there were any marks of excavations for mines. We didn't see any and asked ground control if there was any enemy opposition for the landing. We got quick word back."

"Yes," ground control said, "there's a lot of small-arms fire and we advise against landing."

General Ridgway went in anyway. The L-19 finally landed on a bumpy, shot-up road. At the end of a 500-foot stretch, a knocked-out military vehicle blocked the way and the plane just managed to stop. Within a few minutes, the enemy opened fire on the plane. First it was small arms and then mortar shells began dropping around the craft. Mike Lynch said: "We took off after the general had spent about 45 minutes inspecting the exploding area and consulting with the staff. The enemy mortars were zeroing in on the plane."

General Ridgway's risks were many and great in Korea but no one ever implied that any of them were foolish. The general merely did what he felt was necessary. Correspondents who accompanied the general on occasions were constantly impressed by his coolness.

At a Front-Line Foxhole

At Anyang-ni, in the thick of a battle, Richard Applegate, the veteran war writer, said the general went down a slope to talk to a GI digging a foxhole and trying to set up a 75-mm recoil-less rifle. "Afterward," Applegate recalls, "I went down to get the soldier's name and to find out for myself how close to the front the general came on these visits of his. So I asked: 'How close to the front line are we?' 'Bud,' the GI said, 'you're standing on it.' He must have been right. I passed that way again the next day and there was a guy lying in the same foxhole. He had a bullet hole through his head."

Correspondents had a code name for General Ridgway in Korea. They called him "Grenade Six."

General Ridgway's grenades, attached to his paratrooper harness, have become almost as famous among correspondents and soldiers in the field as the late General George Patton's pearl-handled revolvers. In World War II, when General Ridgway was leading his troops in a bitter scrap with the Germans near the little French town of La Haye-du-Puits, a brash young correspondent noticed the general's grenades, worn in double-breasted fashion, and asked an aide, "What the hell is a general doing with hand grenades? Going to celebrate the Fourth of July?"

Later in the battle, after the general had returned from the front lines to division headquarters, the young man saw that one of the grenades was missing. "Lose your grenade?" he asked the general. He got no reply. One of the Ridgway aides took the correspondent aside for a tart explanation.

"Lost the grenade?" the aide said. "He got into the scrap and threw the damned thing about ten minutes after he left you guys this morning."

One of General Ridgway's great loves is the 82d Airborne Division, whose heroic exploits are boldly inscribed in U.S. history. He trained the division and led it in our first large-scale airborne assault—the attack on Sicily. He fought with the division in the Italian campaign, and, in June, 1944, parachuted with the leading elements of the division into Normandy, shoved across the Douve River with meager forces and finally, with little more than a prayer and his hand grenades, bottled up four German divisions. General Eisenhower had him marked for bigger things. He was made commander of the 18th Airborne Corps.

Brigadier General John H. (Mike) Michaelis, former commander of the famed Wolfhound Regiment in Korea and now stationed at SHAPE, fought with General Ridgway on both sides of the world, and he draws a parallel between Ridgway of World War II in Europe and Ridgway of the Orient. General Mike sees his old boss as an accomplished diplomat as well as a smart military man, and says he proved he was both during the fateful Battle of the Bulge.

Anglo-American tempers were red-hot (as General Mike tells the story) when British Field Marshal Bernard Law Montgomery swarmed down from his command area and succeeded in getting control of all Allied forces north of the bulge. Ridgway's own 18th Airborne, being held in readiness for a jump across the Rhine, was rushed in by Montgomery to plug the line. General Ridgway wasn't happy about it. His elite troops, long- and hard-trained for air operations, were being used as everyday infantry,

U.S. ARMY PHOTOGRAPH

The general brought his wife, Penny, and son Matthew, Jr., to Japan not long after succeeding Gen. MacArthur. He loves to roughhouse with son

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VIP'S WAR

COLLIER'S "No smoking in ranks, Filstrup" VIRGIL PARTCH

and, moreover, were absorbing heavy casualties. He objected diplomatically but, throughout, maintained excellent relations with the field marshal as well as his staff.

"You know," one of Montgomery's aides said in high tribute, "your General Ridgway. The way he acts and talks, one might almost think he were an English officer."

General Ridgway was not in tactical command at the time of the decisive battle (General Mike goes on), but his advice was eagerly sought and accepted by other key commanders. "In fact," Michaelis sums up, "the similarities between the fighting on the northern hinge of the bulge and the job General Ridgway did in straightening the line below Seoul (soon after he took command in Korea) are remarkable, indeed. You would think the same man had done both jobs and, in a measure, that is quite true."

Tactful Handling of a Dispute

In Korea, General Ridgway's tact was no less effective than it was at Montgomery's headquarters. Perhaps his outstanding accomplishment in diplomacy, according to disinterested observers, was in keeping the peace among the various services under his command. When he first succeeded General Walker, an argument over combat air power was beginning to boil. In general, it involved the control of tactical, or close-support, aircraft. The debate was fundamental: How much control should Army ground commanders have over these planes? How much the Air Force? How should these planes be deployed for tactical operations?

General Ridgway didn't think it was the time or place to raise such issues. By adroit compromise, he kept the argument in hand and the services hand-in-hand. He didn't resolve the issues, but very wisely left the burden of doing so up to the policy makers back in Washington.

The general gets along well with all branches of the military—the Air Force, the Marines and the Navy as well as his own Army people. He visits the units of the various services all over Japan; lets them know he's with them. There's proof of how those in the other services feel about him. A high naval officer—strictly Navy—had this to say: "So far as the Navy is concerned, any of us who have come to know Ridgway would like very much to work for him any time, anywhere. And that's quite a statement, because there aren't many Army people I'd say that about. He has a good appreciation of air and sea problems—and he lets us run our own shows."

General Ridgway has run the whole show by letting others run theirs and, most agree, by making them want to do their jobs well. His associates like to describe him as a "perfectionist." Certainly, he demands perfection. It is doubtful that he would have accomplished in Korea what he did accomplish, with very much less. In a few months in command there, he racked up a record that has rarely been bettered by any American general.

Looking back a bit, over a year ago the United Nations position in Korea seemed hopeless. There were plenty of arguments that we should pull out or take the chance that our military forces would be cut to pieces. Morale in the retreating Eighth Army was at its lowest ebb. Neither the United States nor any of its UN allies had any large reinforcements to move in. General Ridgway had to do the job with what he found in Korea. The result was that he made over the Eighth Army into what many call the "best fighting outfit" the U.S. Army has ever produced. The general said he didn't want real estate; he wanted to kill Chinese. The Eighth Army has killed hundreds of thousands of them.

That is one side of Ridgway of the Orient—the successful field general.

Last April, less than a month after the general had been dodging enemy fire at Munsan, another kind of bomb burst. General MacArthur was stripped of all his Far Eastern commands, and General Ridgway, who had just turned fifty-six, was named to succeed him. General Ridgway got the word while he was touring the front with Secretary of the Army Frank Pace. Captain Mike Lynch flew him back to a rear base for the trip to Japan.

"General," Mike ventured, "I would like to congratulate you, sir."

General Ridgway replied: "It's so big I just don't want to talk about it now."

There was silence for the rest of the flight.

Tokyo had scarcely caught its breath when General Ridgway got there. The Japanese, many of them still unbelieving, couldn't digest the fact that General MacArthur had suddenly—and summarily—been removed. He had taken on an importance in Japan that few Westerners can understand. He was the mighty symbol of authority. He had been the conqueror, and not a cruel one. He had established the definite leadership that he felt was needed to fill the vacuum caused by Japan's overwhelming defeat. He had maintained a policy of aloofness. Emperor Hirohito called on him; not he on the emperor.

General MacArthur occupied a special kind of place in Japan and had won a special kind of admiration from the Japanese. General Ridgway was quick to recognize his own position. He said:

"You do not succeed a man like MacArthur. You follow him."

Times were changing in Tokyo. The beaten Japanese of '45, when MacArthur came, were rapidly moving toward sovereignty in '51. Japan, moreover, had declared itself on the side of the anti-Communist nations and, in fact, was training the nucleus of an army that might one day fight with, not against, Allied troops. Things were different, indeed.

MacArthur Routine Abandoned

It was clear from the beginning that General Ridgway, once ensconced in General MacArthur's sixth-floor office in Dai Ichi, was going to conduct himself as supreme commander in his own way. This showed in small things almost at once. The Japanese were startled. For five and a half years, General MacArthur left Dai Ichi to drive to the American Embassy, his home, at the same time every day. His car followed exactly the same route. Japanese usually gathered to watch him. Three days after General Ridgway assumed the command, an American correspondent's phone rang. An excited Japanese editor wanted some information:

"General Ridgway has just left his office but instead of driving straight toward the embassy, he made a U turn in the middle of the street and headed toward the Inagibashi section of Tokyo, and there we lost him. Where has he gone?"

General Ridgway may have gone sightseeing. He believed it important for him to see and learn more of Japan. He wanted to mingle with the Japanese people. This was a long step away from General MacArthur's policy, but General Ridgway appeared determined to demonstrate his own personal good will toward the Japanese. It is certain, too, that he felt the new times called for such a demonstration.

The new supreme commander, in fact, wanted to call on Emperor Hirohito right away. Members of his staff talked him out of this. They pointed out that if he were to call on the emperor before the emperor called on him, many Japanese would take this to mean that Hirohito was on a superior level. They didn't want the Japanese to get any notion like that until Japan's return to full sovereignty.

At any rate, three weeks after General Ridgway took over, the emperor did call, and His Imperial Majesty got a personal briefing on the Korean war from the general.

The Ridgways, the general and his beautiful, dark-eyed wife, known better by her nickname "Penny" than by her real name, Mary, were later invited to luncheon at the Imperial Palace, which is just across the street from Dai Ichi but which, for all practical purposes over these last few years, might just as well have been a million miles away. Mrs. Ridgway was impressed. She described the empress as looking "exactly like an exquisite Japanese painting." But she was also a trifle embarrassed. "I had just put a bite of fish in my mouth and was having a dreadful time with some small, sharp bones, when the emperor asked me a direct question. I couldn't do anything but try not to choke."

Mrs. Ridgway arrived from the United States shortly after the general's appointment, with their only son, Matthew, Jr. (Mattie), who will be three years old in April, and she lost no time in assuming her role as the first American lady of Japan. Like the general, she has a big job as mistress of the American Embassy, one of Tokyo's handsomest buildings and much more imposing than Washington's temporary White House—Blair House. She and the general have done a thorough job of making the embassy over into a home to their liking. Incidentally, State Department officials have occasionally shown their irritation over the supreme commander's resi-

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dence at their embassy. They are anxious to get it back.

Every large room in the spacious embassy has been redecorated in light, cheerful colors. Most of the painting was completed before Mrs. Ridgway reached Tokyo. The general had written, asking if she had any color preferences and suggesting that perhaps they might use the same color scheme they had in their home at Fort Myer, Virginia, since they had selected the colors together. Mrs. Ridgway was delighted and air-mailed the color formulas to Tokyo. "I like green very much," she said, "so we made our drawing room here exactly the same shade as our rooms at home."

Mrs. Ridgway brought the things she thought most homelike. She has her own silver and linens "and all the books we have," she said, indicating the well-stocked shelves. (Kipling is a favorite.) There are signed photographs in the general's study and halls—General Omar Bradley, chairman of the U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff, Field Marshal Montgomery, Bernard Baruch, and a man who might figure in General Ridgway's future, General Eisenhower, among them.

An artist, Mrs. Ridgway also brought some of her own paintings. One, a scene in Washington, hangs on a paneled wall downstairs. "The general asked for it," she said. "He wanted one of my paintings down here. I might add," she beamed, "that this painting won a prize. I submitted it in an exhibition of the National League of American Pen Women before I left the States, and was notified that I'd won a prize after I got to Tokyo." She has very little time for her hobby in Japan except for occasional charcoal drawings and "a very few oils."

A Day With the Ridgways

The Ridgways live a jam-packed life in Tokyo.

At six thirty in the morning, the general and Mrs. Ridgway are up in their private apartment at the embassy. Mattie gets in an extra half hour's sleep and then comes in from the nursery to play. He usually eats part of the general's breakfast before his own is served. This is one of the playtimes of the day for the general and his son—and they play rough. Just before eight, the general leaves for Dai Ichi, and Mrs. Ridgway gets down to her own work.

Mrs. Ridgway plans menus (mostly beef, fowl or sea food), discusses the details for official functions, and answers her mail. She has no social secretary and answers all her letters in longhand. She has many activities and has joined wholeheartedly in Tokyo life. She is honorary chairman of the Young People's Symphony (she and the general have attended several concerts), collects wood-block prints for which the Japanese are so famous, plans her own floral arrangements, generally Japanese, which is no trifling task in a country with a tradition in flower arranging. And there is Mattie, handsome and bouncing, to keep track of. He gets around, though. Mrs. Ridgway says he already has a "Japanese vocabulary larger than mine."

General and Mrs. Ridgway try to have luncheon alone—about the only time they are out of the goldfish bowl which is no less transparent than the one the President of the U.S. and his family live in. Mrs. Ridgway discovered this when she was shown a photograph of herself and the general in the embassy garden. No one with a camera had been present. A Japanese photographer, standing on the roof of a building across the way, had taken the picture with a telescopic lens.

The general usually leaves his office between five thirty and six thirty in the evening—and from then until dinner, unless something of extremely urgent importance comes up, his staff tries not to disturb him. His secretary, Warrant Officer William McCleary, explains that "it's the only time he can count on having with his family, especially the baby." Just before dinner, the four-star general and his son really go at it. Intimates say they tumble about on the floor, with Mattie usually on top. The Japanese, whose fetish for dignity carries over into everything, would be aghast at such a performance by the supreme commander.

The Ridgways swim in the embassy pool in summer and often, winter and summer, play badminton. Both go for sports: hunting and fishing mostly. They once went bear hunting on Hokkaido, the northern island of Japan, but didn't get a bear. They have fished in the lakes and streams in mountainous Karuizawa, about four hours from Tokyo. And associates say that the general plays a furious game of cribbage.

After a highball, the Ridgways usually have dinner at seven thirty and the general is in bed by nine thirty or ten. This is by no means a day-in, day-out routine. Unlike the MacArthurs, the Ridgways carry on a heavy schedule of entertaining, with many Japanese as their guests. They have given large receptions, and at least three times a week they give luncheon or dinner parties at the embassy. They have from 10 to 34 guests at the dinner parties, and serve cocktails, wines during dinner and liqueurs. The MacArthurs served no liquor at their infrequent dinners.

The shock of General MacArthur's removal was followed by another detonation among the Japanese. At the Ridgways' first large reception at the embassy, just after Mrs. Ridgway had completed redecoration, Japanese leaders were included among the guests. It was the first time since V-J day that any Japanese had been inside the embassy socially. Since then, whenever possible, Japanese are invited to the Ridgways' luncheons, dinners and receptions. Oddly, this has brought criticism upon the general and his wife from some Tokyo circles. These critics argue that they "go too far" in inviting second-string Japanese government officials, thus losing face among the "really important people."

General Ridgway is not likely to be much affected by such scrutiny of his guest lists. He has gone out among the so-called lower classes of Japan as well. He has talked to workers and farmers. (An aide said the general talked to Japanese farmers as he would talk to those back in Iowa.) With Mrs. Ridgway he has visited Japanese factories, potteries, newspaper plants and even the celebrated Mikimoto pearl farm in the southern part of the main Japanese island of Honshu. A Tokyo businessman said:

"Ridgway fits the present stage of Japan. He has adopted an entirely different policy from MacArthur's—he meets people, he gets to know them at the dinner table, he gets out and sees the country and finds out what our problems are. He is trying to come to an understanding of us. And now that the military occupation is about to end, I think that's probably the right technique."

There is no question about General Ridgway's sincerity toward the Japanese, according to most Tokyo observers. His feelings toward them are very American; he does the natural things he would do back home. Most progressive, modern-minded Japanese understand and accept this. Yet, in the strange ways of the Orient, there is much wagging of heads among the old-fashioned Japanese over the Ridgways' friendly efforts to bring Americans and Japanese closer together. These Japanese do not explain their attitude very well. They simply say: "The Ridgways do not follow custom. This is not America."

The Japanese had become accustomed to Mrs. MacArthur, who kept well in the shadow of her husband. They do not yet quite understand Mrs. Ridgway, though she is a warm and gracious, as well as beautiful, hostess. Some of the more critical describe her as "aggressive." Although Japanese women have been given their suffrage since the war, the men feel much as they always did: women should be useful and as unobtrusive as possible.

The Ridgways, by the way, are constant churchgoers and, like MacArthur, General Ridgway sometimes uses Biblical references when he speaks.

Japanese often try to compare Generals MacArthur and Ridgway. There's no really fair way to do it. Personalities are different and so are the times. The Japanese set up General MacArthur as a kind of idol to be viewed from afar. That, many agree, suited his purpose in the years he was in Tokyo. General Ridgway has insisted upon everyday, human contacts with the Japanese. That seems suitable, too, in a nation, soon to be freed of occupation, which promises bases for our military and co-operation in the struggle against Communism in the Far East. If any Japanese has misgivings about General Ridgway, *he* has few about *them*.

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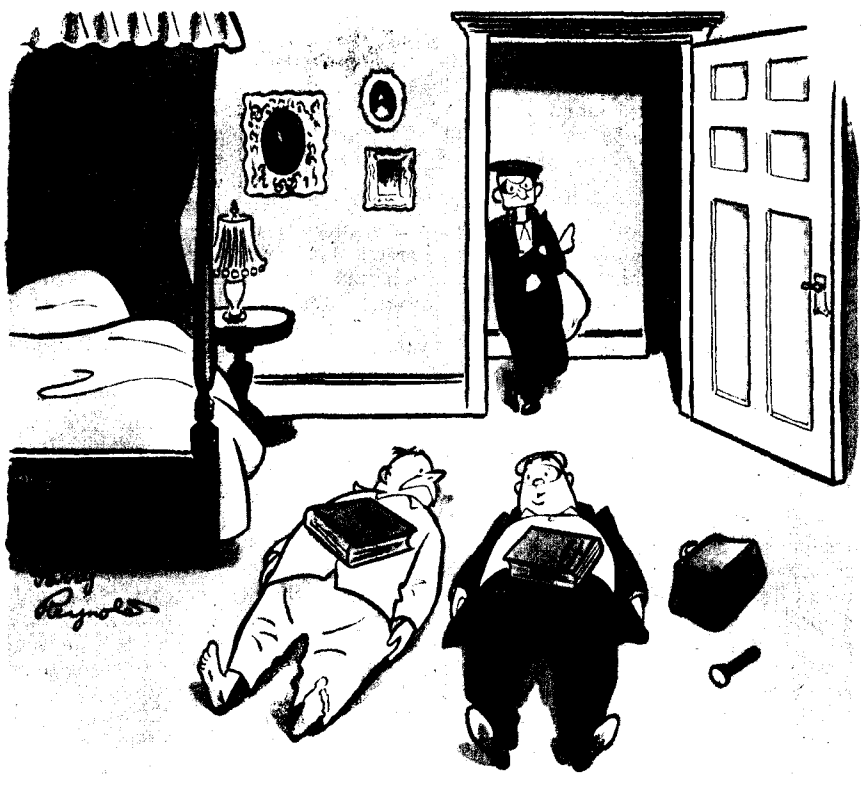

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In his office at Dai Ichi, the general talked about Japan. He was as certain as General MacArthur that the island country of 80,000,000 people has made long strides toward democratic ideals. "I think," he said, "that their acceptance of these ideals has been very real and positive." How long will this "democracy" endure in Japan? The general said he couldn't answer that but pressed his point by saying that there is "not the slightest indication to make me think that it has not taken a very real hold."

How to Keep Japan as an Ally

General Ridgway thinks the big American job in Japan now is building co-operation, which, of course, explains his own policy of getting out among the Japanese. In that way, he says, Japan can be kept on the side of the West, and he does not foresee any necessity for the application of any kind of pressure on the Japanese, economic or otherwise, to keep the Japanese there. He did add, though, that there must always be "a practical realization of mutual self-interest."

"Do you see a possibility of the military class in Japan rising again?" the general was asked.

He thought a moment and then said quite frankly:

"Naturally the pendulum is going to swing a little away from the state of complete disarmament and disbanding of the military organization here right after the war. Certainly, there must be elements in Japan which would like to see a return to power of this group, but there are now so many healthy checks on that very thing that I think it is unlikely."

"You do not fear it at all, General?"

"Not at all," he emphasized. "Certainly not in the foreseeable future, anyway. I am convinced that the Japanese people as a whole are determined to see that the military arm must henceforth be completely subordinate to civilian control, however determined they might be to build up their own internal security."

In the conduct of general headquarters (GHQ) in Tokyo, General Ridgway operates more according to the "book" than General MacArthur, the innovator, did, officers stationed there say. Office hours now are a strict eight to five (except in emergency), six and sometimes seven days a week. General MacArthur usually worked from ten to two and from four-thirty to nine in the evening. There are no Wednesday afternoons off. General Ridgway always consults his staff, and other departments and officials in Tokyo or Washington who may be concerned with what he does. He delegates responsibility. One of his staff officers says:

"When he (General Ridgway) meets his staff, he doesn't waste any time. He arrives at his decisions after an open discussion with any of us who might have different views. He never tells anybody. He listens to what his staff says and then comes to his conclusions. A very important conference may last only 15 minutes. I think the thing you remember most about him is his unfailing courtesy. He's always considerate of every single person he talks with, no matter what his rank."

As in MacArthur's case, General Ridgway's relations with American correspondents in Tokyo have been spotty. He enjoyed a honeymoon of many weeks after taking over, holding a number of press conferences and giving a great deal of time to cameramen. Then, some of the correspondents say, the door was shut. They attribute this to officers at GHQ who are trying to insulate the supreme commander.

General Ridgway has done much to ease occupation controls in Japan. The Great De-Purge, as it is called in Japan, restored civil rights to thousands of former Japanese military and political leaders. This had been planned for many months by General MacArthur, but General Ridgway executed the orders. The gesture served well in General Ridgway's efforts to create good feeling among the Japanese.

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Irritating restrictions have been lifted. There were discriminatory signs all over Japan reading "Off Limits to Japanese." General Ridgway ordered these signs taken down; he also reduced other special privileges of the American occupation. He has now begun the difficult process of turning back to the Japanese people hotels and buildings which were requisitioned for the occupation after Japan's defeat. These buildings, hundreds of them scattered all over Japan, house military and civilian personnel, and the Japanese desperately want them back, not only because they need the buildings but as a matter of national pride. The process will be slow. The Korean war has put a heavy strain on facilities for Americans in Japan.

Wherever General Ridgway encounters discrimination against the Japanese, he stops it. Quite by accident, he learned at a staff meeting one day that no Japanese was allowed to enter the dining room of the spacious, Western-style Imperial Hotel in Tokyo, once a center of Japan's upper-class life. Instantly, he said: "That is not right. Change it."

That is the other side of Ridgway of the Orient—the supreme commander, the successor to General MacArthur.

General Ridgway, a six-foot, solid 180-pounder, is all Army. The son of a Regular Army artilleryman, Colonel Thomas Ridgway, he was born at an Army post—Fort Monroe, Virginia—March 3, 1895. Naturally, he went to West Point, and was graduated in 1917 in a class which included General Mark Clark and General Collins, present U.S. Army Chief of Staff. At school, he played hockey, managed the football team and was described in the military academy's yearbook as the "busiest man in the place." Later on, the general served for a while as graduate manager of athletics at the Point.

On Many Foreign Missions

In the peacetime years, young Ridgway was marked for brass. He moved through the advanced staff schools, and was given frequent assignments which sharpened his understanding of international politics. He served with the American Electoral Commission in Nicaragua; with the commission assigned to settling the explosive Bolivian-Paraguayan boundary dispute; as a technical adviser to Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., governor general of the Philippines; and, just before World War II broke out, he went to Brazil with the then Brigadier General George C. Marshall on a special mission.

At the end of the war in Europe, General Ridgway and his battle-hardened 18th Airborne Corps returned to the United States for redeployment to the Pacific. He was flown to the Philippines to prepare for his corps's participation in the invasion of Japan, which never came.

General Ridgway's peacetime role once again turned his attention to international affairs. In 1946, he was assigned to represent General Eisenhower on the military staff committee of the United Nations and, in addition, was designated senior U.S. delegate to the Inter-American Defense Board, of which he became chairman. Within two years, he was senior U.S. Army member of the UN Military Staff Committee. Brief duty as Commander in Chief of the Caribbean command then took General Ridgway south to the Canal Zone.

In 1949, General Ridgway became Deputy Chief of Staff for administration, U.S. Army, with the additional duty of chairman, Inter-American Defense Board.

No associate of the general fails to mention what they consider his most unusual trait—an amazing memory for names and details. An officer recalls a visit of the late General Patton to the 82d Airborne in Africa just before the Sicilian invasion. Generals Ridgway and Patton stood in a tent while all the field-grade and general officers, about 130 of them, came through. General Ridgway introduced each man by name to General Patton without a moment's hesitation in any case. In Japan, it is said, he remembers the names of Japanese, too, "once," as he says, "I get the proper spelling."

The general slipped up once though, but he soon corrected his oversight. It was in the flurry following his elevation to General MacArthur's job. Two days after he got to Tokyo from Korea, he messaged his former executive officer:

"Overlooked recommending Corporal Wortham for promotion. Consider him well qualified and so recommend."

The corporal is now Sergeant Wesley V. Wortham, of Cedar Hill, Missouri.

Doomed to Pentagon Oblivion

In December, 1950, General Ridgway was happily at home in Quarters No. 7 at Fort Myer, Virginia, with Mrs. Ridgway, whom he married in 1947, and his son Mattie. Asia and battlefields seemed far away, indeed. He was "lost in the Pentagon," a fellow officer said, "just another lieutenant general among a whole flock of lieutenant generals whom nobody ever heard much about."

General Walker's sudden death on a freezing road in Korea changed that. Within weeks after he took command in Korea, General Ridgway's name was blazing across the front pages. He had turned the tide of defeat. When Americans thought of generals, they thought of MacArthur, Eisenhower, Bradley—and Ridgway. And, a few months later, when a successor was being chosen for General MacArthur, the choice was obvious. General Ridgway advanced to all American, Allied and UN commands in the Far East.

General Ridgway's admirers believe that he has the stature for the NATO (North Atlantic Treaty Organization) command. They recite his most imposing qualifications: an outstanding commander in Europe in World War II, an active participant in internation military affairs through his service on the United Nations committee, his distinguished fighting career in Korea, his thoroughly democratic administration of the military occupation of Japan, and his ability, which has been compared with Eisenhower's, to get along with people.

In Korea, General Ridgway won the confidence of the soldiers of Britain, Turkey, France and other nations as well as those of the United States. In World War II, at Montgomery's headquarters and along the battle lines, he was greatly respected by British and French troops. An associate said:

"General Ridgway may act in ordinary ways but he is an extraordinary man. Certainly, his record is that of a successful military statesman."

Others say that the NATO command is far more complicated than any job General Ridgway has had in the Orient. They say that General Gruenther would be a far better choice because he has been with General Eisenhower from the beginning of NATO, and they insist he is General Eisenhower's own choice for succession. General Gruenther has proved, according to these sources, that, like Eisenhower, he can channel the divergent interests of many nations into the job of building an effective Western Europe defense.

The delicate decision of choosing a successor to General Eisenhower is sure to come before long. It is taken for granted that the successor will be an American general, since this country is making the greatest contribution to building Western Europe's defenses, but the man must be acceptable to 13 other governments. They will want someone cut to the pattern of General Eisenhower who has tremendous prestige among the Europeans as well as the confidence of the soldiers he commands. The job calls for a soldier-statesman.

The name of the man who succeeds Ike (and greater conflict in Asia could eliminate General Ridgway) must be one the enemy will reckon with, and one that will stiffen the free world's thin line against the aggressors. THE END

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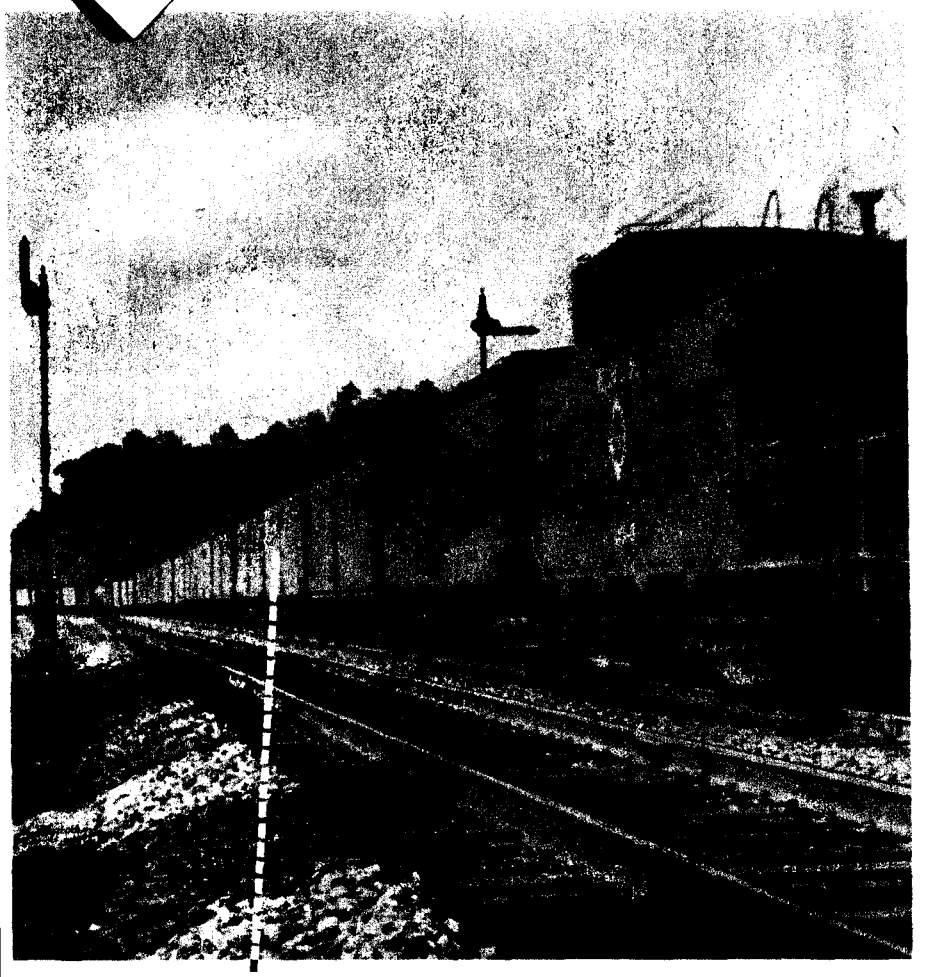

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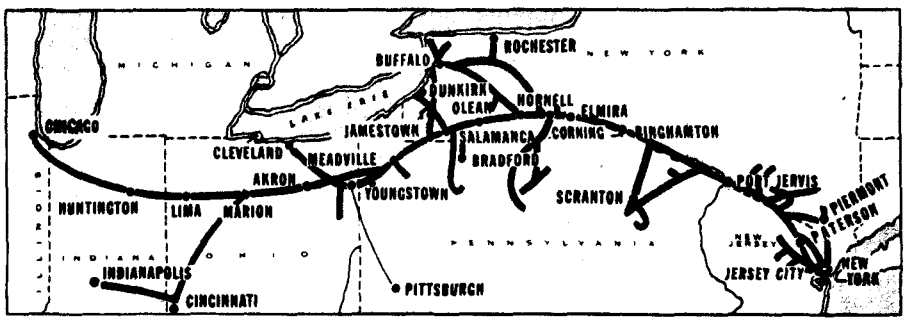

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HARRY DEVLIN

On the Brink of Socialism

SOME MONTHS AGO the United States and Canada concluded a new treaty which effected a sort of compromise between tourism and hydroelectric power at Niagara Falls. It was agreed, for the benefit of honeymooners and other sightseers, that 100,000 second-feet (cubic feet per second) of water should go over the falls during the daylight hours of the tourist season, and 50,000 second-feet at night and during the slack season. The rest of the water is divided between the two countries. On the American side it can be utilized to generate more than 1,000,000 additional kilowatts of power.

This new arrangement gave the federal government the idea of going into the power business on the Niagara River. The state of New York was seized by the same notion. And five private utility companies in New York also decided that they could and should increase the output from a site where private companies have been developing and distributing power since 1895. Three bills representing these different views are now before Congress.

There are two reasons why this New York State hassel is of interest to the country at large. One, of course, is that the taxpayers of the entire country would have to get up the ante for the project if the federal government gets its way. The other is that this is a clear, though not isolated, example of Washington's effort to muscle private companies out of the power business.

The government itself, to be sure, has been in the power business for a number of years. But until recently the development of power has been a legitimate by-product of projects such as reclamation, flood control and navigation, which are traditionally government business, and which states or private interests are usually unwilling or unable to undertake. The Niagara story is different. There is no question of flood control or reclamation. It has nothing to do with the St. Lawrence Seaway proposals. (The St. Lawrence River is at the opposite end of Lake Ontario from the mouth of the Niagara, a distance of nearly 200 miles.) Washington simply wants to go into competitive business with these New York companies.

What does the government have to offer? Well, the Niagara project would cost an estimated $350,000,000—a figure which ain't hay, even today. This cost would naturally come out of public funds. The government would collect no taxes from itself on the project.

The story of New York State's development of the project would be about the same.

And what about the private companies? They would finance the development with private capital and without cost to the taxpayer. They would pay about $20,000,000 a year in additional federal, state and local taxes after the project was completed. They could probably do the whole thing at less cost than either the national or state government, because they already have facilities in existence which the governments would have to install.

We don't want to get technical, and we aren't informed enough to do so even if we wanted to. But it seems logical even to our layman's intelligence that if you generate a million kilowatts of electric power at one spot, you have got to spend money on means for carrying that power to the consumer. The private companies already have such transmission facilities, though they would have to be reinforced. The government does not.

In addition, there is the problem of maintaining what the engineers call "firm power" from a source which can vary, in this case, 100 per cent or more within 24 hours. That calls for the use of other hydro equipment and steam plants. The private companies have them. The government does not. Then how about rates? Would a new Niagara development by private concerns mean higher electric bills for the New Yorkers served? All we know about that is that the New York State Public Service Commission has always been vigilant about protecting the citizens of the state from exorbitant charges. And we believe on the past record that there would be little to fear in that regard.

So there you have it. Five private companies stand ready, willing and able to do the job. Two governments are anxious to block them out and do it themselves. We don't think that the position of either government is defensible, but we are particularly concerned about the federal government's attitude, from both the theoretical and practical points of view.

In the first place, this is hardly the time, when the President is asking for billions in new taxes, for his administration to propose spending the people's money on something that can be done as well or better at no public expense.

Second, Washington proposes to assess the whole taxpaying population for the benefit of a small section of the country which already is being adequately served, and which can be served in the future without additional taxation.

Third, the government's proposal is another example of the creeping Socialism that we discussed last week. There is no historical justification for this type of federal competition with private business. And it is not fair competition. The government doesn't have to pay taxes. It is not even under any compulsion to make money. The private operator may, voluntarily or by legal compulsion, charge the most fair and reasonable rate for a profitable operation. But the government can always undersell him.

The Niagara situation, as we said earlier, is not a unique example of the obvious intentions of the present administration, and particularly of its Department of the Interior. On more than one occasion, for example, the department has tried to prevent private companies from undertaking needed power developments simply because it has announced its intention, at some vague and unspecified future date, of doing some developing itself.

The whole thing discloses symptoms of a quiet but disquieting move by the administration toward a philosophy of government which is foreign to our free institutions. We don't like it. We object to it. And we believe that others who feel as we do would be wise to let their objections be known in Washington.

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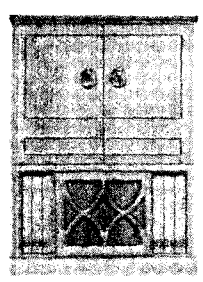

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